

# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

VOL. I.—No. 5.

MONTREAL, 4th AUGUST, 1888.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM.  
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A new version of "SHE," or The baneful effect of Power on Policy.



# The Dominion Illustrated.

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G. E. DESBARATS & SON, Publishers,  
162 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

4th AUGUST, 1888.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

**N**OW is the time to subscribe to the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, and secure the back numbers while they are to be had. Send \$1.00 for one year, or \$1.00 for a trial of three months, to the Publishers, or the Toronto office.

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AGENCY OF "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED" IN TORONTO.—Messrs. ALEX. S. MACRAE & SON, of 127 Wellington street, Toronto, are our agents for Toronto and Western Ontario, authorised to receive subscriptions and take advertisements for "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."

**TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.**—We are anxious to procure good photographs of important events, men of note, city and town views, forest and farm operations, seaside resorts, mountain and prairie scenery, salmon and trout fishing, yachting, etc., from all parts of the Dominion, and we ask photographers, amateur and professional, to show their patriotism, as well as their love of art, by sending us prints of such subjects as may enable us to lay before our readers, at home and abroad, interesting and attractive pictures of Canada.

Correspondents sending manuscripts which they wish returned, if not accepted, are requested to enclose stamps for return postage.

Next issue will contain a fine Cartoon on the Welland Canal question; views of the Toronto University Buildings, the Glacier Range in the Rockies, &c.; portraits of the Hon. Mr. Mercier, Premier of Quebec, J. J. Curran, M. P., for Montreal Center, etc., etc.



A wild story comes from the Eastern Townships. A man, named Morrison, killed another, called Warner, and fled to the woods. A reward of \$400 is offered for his capture, but he braves his pursuers and they dare not go near him. He roams over the whole country side, spreading terror on his path. He stalked into Richmond town the other day, with loaded rifle, walked up to a public bar, gulped down a drink, and strode back, hurling defiance right and left of him, and tauntingly asking about the "detectives" watching his tracks.

Newspapers have made us familiar with such scenes and we do not mind them. But what we should mind is that this lawlessness is invading our own country and our own homes. There is no comfort in seeing our peaceful provinces become as unsafe for human life as the American Wild West, or the Land of the Abruzzi. It is to be hoped that Morrison will be hunted down and caught by some brave man or men, and that Canadian bushmen will get rid of the would-be Canadian Werners, Monreales and Fra Diavolos.

There seems to be a clear case against the sparrow. For years past complaints have been made of him, and when, for a time, the story went forth that the birds were dying out, congratulation be-

came general. But the pest is now worse than ever. They have not only driven away our native birds, but they live almost wholly on grain and fruit. They appear to be especially fond of grapes. In England there are periodical raids against the bird, fifty of which go to the making of a pie, but they soon swarm again over all the hedges and garths.

A proof of the revival of interest among Canadians in their history is the celebration of anniversaries of national events as they come around. The festivities held at the village of Drummondville, near Niagara Falls, to commemorate the seventy-fourth anniversary of the battle of Lundy's Lane, is a case in point. The trenches where the gallant dead were buried, in the village graveyard, were strewn with flags, and the tomb of Laura Secord, whose name Mrs. Curzon and Charles Mair have embalmed in verse, was the goal of patriotic pilgrimage.

More striking than any similar event, because of the pleasant personal aspect of the case, is the return of Lord and Lady Dufferin, from India to England, by the Canadian Pacific steamer and railway. It was just like Lord Dufferin's thoughtfulness and fancy for agreeable coincidences to take in Canada on his way home, passing with a rush of steam over those prairies, and through that Fertile Belt, which he was one of the first to make known to the world.

All the respectable press of Canada should combine to have an eye on the Ishmaelites who manufacture stories meant to stain the fair name of their country, impair its credit abroad, and give the croakers, within its borders, an opportunity of venting their spleen on institutions which they hate in their hearts and would exchange for a foreign sway, if they could. The American press has many features which we do not fancy, but there is one which we should follow. Every American paper always speaks well of the country, and never allows one word to appear against it in its columns.

There seems to be a great deal of idle talk, founded on ignorance and irresponsible rumour, about the withdrawal of the Pope from Rome to Elba, or some other island of the Mediterranean. Whoso understands the Papal system, philosophically and historically, should know that Rome and the Pope are one and the same thing. The eighty years of Avignon have proved that forevermore. The Pope will not leave the Eternal City unless he is driven from it *vi et armis*, and that is a contingency which cannot easily be foreseen.

Of the four candidates for Presidential and Vice-presidential honours in the United States, whose likenesses were published last week in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, only one—Allan G. Thurman—is a truly great man, while the others are but "available mediocrities." Indeed, of the twenty-one Presidents, only half a dozen may be ranked in greatness, as Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson and Lincoln. Whatever his grade as a soldier, General Grant was not a great President, and neither is Mr. Cleveland, in spite of his sturdy common sense and high honour. Mr. Thurman is cast in another mould altogether, being a genuine statesman, who will leave a lasting name behind him.

New Jersey is making an innovation, or, rather, a reformation, which is so simple that we may well wonder that it was never undertaken before. Hereafter the two sexes will not be allowed to

bathe promiscuously in the great tank lately constructed on the beach at Ashbury Park, although ladies may still meet their friends in the surf. Coming nearer home, it has always looked odd to us that the bathers of the Montreal Swimming Club, at St. Helen's Island, should be exposed to the view of women and girls sitting on the rocks above.

After New Jersey, its neighbour, New York, introduces what it pleases to call another reform. The pain of death by hanging is to be abolished and replaced by the electric shock, and the gallows must give way to the galvanic battery. If the object be to make death instantaneous, it is to be hoped that electricity will prove more effectual with man than it does with cattle, where it was sought to supersede therewith the butcher's cleaver, club or knife, without much success. Strangling and beheading—as in the modern guillotine—have hitherto been practised with great expedition, and it is doubtful whether electricity will invariably work as well.

## THE PROGRESS OF CANADA.

We briefly stated, last week, the shrewd appreciation expressed by the London *Standard* of the geographical situation of Canada, and of the prosperity thence arising. The full text of the article confirms the favourable view which we entertained, and the reader will doubtless be pleased to learn how sensible men regard our prospects and our standing. Canada is set down as at once the oldest and the youngest daughter of the Imperial house of which Great Britain is the head. Canada alone among the British colonies has a history of respectable antiquity. She alone has an European population which has been settled in the country so long that it may be considered native to the soil. And this is a point which some people in the Province of Quebec should remember when balancing the relative rights and merits of the different populations—that the people of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, New Brunswick have race and territorial claims, dating back over a hundred years, and grounded on services to the State, both political and military. Ontario, which is comparatively the youngest of the old provinces, has also completed her century, and taken a lead which has made her the ruling spirit of the Dominion.

Pursuing its summary of events, the metropolitan journal next properly says that, while the Canada of the provinces is old, the Canada of the Dominion is young, having celebrated its majority only on the 1st of last July. In 1867 the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia were isolated governments, ruled by parish politics, and incapable of more than a narrow local expansion. Now these provinces have joined hands and grown into a nation, which, within the short space of one and twenty years, has taken its place among the peoples of the earth, and displayed possibilities of development that the most sanguine would not have dreamed of when the British North America Act was draughted. Then follows a glowing description of the resources of this new land; the progress of the elder provinces; the marvellous opening of Manitoba and the Northwest; the birth and spread of our industries and manufactures; the extent and usefulness of our great public works; the exploitation of our mines, forests and fisheries; the facilities of our ocean and inland navigation; the



carrying advantages of our railways and the vast improvement in our modes of agriculture. All this is told in language of genuine admiration, and the writer winds up with fitting words on our geographical position. "The Dominion sits astride the civilized world. Its territories lie on the track of one of the great lines of commerce of the future. On one side it commands the Pacific, on the other the Atlantic. It holds out one hand to the civilized East and the other to the swarming and now awakened West. The short way from China to Europe lies through Canadian territory, and, thanks to Canadian enterprise, it is now possible to travel from England to Australia without once leaving the shelter of the British flag."

### THE NATIONAL SPIRIT.

The Canadian colony in London were mindful of the twenty-first anniversary of the birthday of Confederation, and they gathered at a banquet, on the 12th of July, to celebrate the event. Leading Canadians, and Englishmen, having had dealings with Canada, were there, and some stirring speeches were made. While all the utterances were timely and thoroughly in situation, that of the Honourable Oliver Mowat, First Minister of Ontario, was pitched in so fitting a key, and attuned to such lofty sentiments, that it deserves more than a passing notice. After complimenting his friend, Sir Charles Tupper, on his patriotic allusions to his native land, he recalled the fact that he himself, with the Honourable the Agent-General, had attended the conference of 1864, and that they were, therefore, both among the Fathers of Confederation—a title to glory and remembrance quite enough for any man. Mr. Mowat declared that the British North America Act was as perfect as they could then make it, but that it still afforded room for improvement, and they were endeavouring to better it by infusing therein a larger portion of the spirit of the British constitution. This is simple, but very sound, doctrine, and the honourable Minister broadened it by the argument of contrast, saying that while our constitution was not without its weak points, which experience shows ought to be strengthened, still, in his judgment, it is far superior to the American constitution.

Animated by his surroundings and the inspiration of his subject, Mr. Mowat made one or two important statements which certain public speakers and writers will doubtless take a note of in future discussion. He said that while the flaws in our constitution are removable, it is well to remember that this instrument was of our own forming, and not imposed on us by the Imperial Government. Here is a very important statement made by one of the three chief leaders of the Liberal party, and one of the most successful public men in Canada, and it is in contrast to what we used to hear of Nova Scotia having been driven, and Quebec hoodwinked, into the Union.

Mr. Mowat then waxed eloquent in praise of the Mother Country, and of the relations which Canada has held, is holding and should hold with the birthplace and the home of so many Canadians. At the same time he could not say that these relations will be lasting or that they will remain unaltered. On this question of the future, the speaker was plain-spoken, reminding those "enthusiastic Canadians" who yearn for Independence that twenty-five years from now we might think of that change, but "we cannot think of it now." The dream of

Imperial Federation he passed over without argument, but on the scheme of Annexation he said he would have no discussion, as he thought there was no one present "who would look at the proposal that we should give away this great country, which has been entrusted to us, to another country altogether." This sentiment was received with cheers, that will find an echo on our side of the water, and Mr. Mowat closed the speech of a statesman and a patriot by saying that whatever may happen in our relations with the old land, "it will make our connection with the Mother Country indissoluble and perpetual."

### IS CANADIAN LIFE INTERESTING.

A few weeks before his death Matthew Arnold managed to offend the American people. He had looked at their life, that is, their manners, their morals, and he pronounced the whole uninteresting. It wanted beauty and distinction. A first reading of Matthew Arnold raises a suspicion of harshness, but a second or third reading invariably puts one in touch with his method, his secret, and enhances one's estimate of his wisdom and his justice. What he said about the American people in his article in the *Nineteenth Century* was not really harsh when considered as a whole, but he had taken the newspapers as an illustration of the want of beauty and distinction, and the newspapers took their revenge by publishing only his hardest-hitting sentences. The indignation of the people was great, but his death changed the course of the torrent, or stopped it, and they are now reading what he really said, and there are evidences in the reviews, and elsewhere, that some of his remarks are being thoughtfully considered and taken to heart.

Is Canadian life interesting? We propose to apply Mr. Arnold's definition of the word *interesting* to Canadian life. He chose the word from one of Carlyle's letters. One of Carlyle's younger brothers had talked of emigrating to America. Carlyle dissuades him.

"You shall never," he writes, "you shall never seriously meditate crossing the great Salt Pool to plant yourself in the Yankee land. That is a miserable fate for any one, at best; never dream of it. Could you banish yourself from all that is interesting to your mind, forget the history, the glorious institutions, the noble principles of old Scotland—that you might eat a better dinner, perhaps?"

Mr. Arnold went on to say:—

"There is one word launched—the word *interesting*. I am not saying that Carlyle's advice was good, or that young men should not emigrate. I do but take note, in the word *interesting*, of a requirement, a cry of aspiration, a cry not sounding in the imaginative Carlyle's own breast only, but sure of a response in his brother's breast also, and in human nature."

Perhaps a slight emphasis on one word in Carlyle's letter might weaken the force of the definition. "All that is interesting to *your* mind." It is just possible that an educated American may find something that is interesting to *his* mind in the history, the institutions and the principles of the United States! Mr. Arnold does not seem to deny this, but his contention appears to be that there is not a sufficient quantity of that which is interesting to give beauty and distinction to the national life. How is it with us in Canada? Is our history rich enough, are our institutions glorious enough, are our principles noble enough to impress our national life with beauty and distinction? The question is a vast one, but it must be briefly answered here.

And, first, we have a rich history. It has not, however, been well popularised to any extent. It has not yet been placed before the people in such a way that its lessons can affect or its fortunes attract the popular mind. The textbooks in the schools, in fact, are calculated to repel from the study. We have able students and

earnest engineers engaged in the subject, but we still want a popular history that will inform the national mind with beauty and distinction. Our institutions were almost peacefully made free, but they are none the less valuable on that account. They are valuable, but they are not valued as they might be. They are certainly not esteemed as glorious. Finally, our principles are not compact enough, nor definite enough, to inspire one with their nobility.

Canadian life is not, we believe, interesting in the Arnoldian sense. It might be made so, however, by the development of a stronger national spirit; and a stronger national spirit would be developed by a more profound, a more *interesting*, teaching of the course and the purpose of our history. Let us begin at the foundation by making the right book to put in our schools!

Richmond, P.Q.

J. C. S.

### LITERARY NOTES.

The new Duchess of Rutland is a frequent contributor to several English magazines.

More than one-half the scholarships given at Cornell this year were won by female students.

Benjamin Sulte has just published a history of the parish of St. Francois du Lac, in the Nicolet district.

The *Union Libérale*, of Quebec, will devote a weekly column to Canadian antiquities. The writer signs "Biblo."

The Duchess of Rutland, a writer on social topics for women, is coming to America to widen her sphere of observation.

The sister of Keats, the poet, is living in Madrid, Spain, and is in good health. She is employed in an attempt to obtain from the English Court of Chancery a fortune which belonged to her grandfather.

A portrait of Robert Burns was discovered not long ago in a junk shop, at Toronto, where it was purchased for a few dollars. The signature of the Scotch painter, Raeburn, was found on it, with the date 1787.

The publication of a paper has just been commenced at St. Paul, Minn., called the *Western Tree Planter*. The paper will advocate the planting of trees on the western prairies, and will give special directions as to tree planting.

M. O'Reilly, of Rouen, a Frenchman, of Irish descent, whose son studied in Montreal, two or three years ago, is about to publish a new History of Canada in French. In France his name is pronounced *Auréli*, or, *Anglice*, *Oralee*.

Joaquin Miller is living the existence of a hermit in the mountains near Oakland, Cal. He is engaged upon a poem of some length, entitled "Legends of Christ," embodying quaint stories picked up by Miller when he lived in the Levant.

The *Canadian Gazette* learns that Mr. Henry F. Moore, the well-known editor of *Bell's Weekly Messenger* and the agricultural correspondent of the *Times*, will pay a visit to Canada this year for the purpose of reporting upon that country.

Mr. John Ropes, of Hartford, has been engaged for thirty-five years in making a collection of ancient newspapers. It embraces 51,000 copies of papers, in which are represented 8,000 different publications. The claim is made for the collection that it is unrivalled.

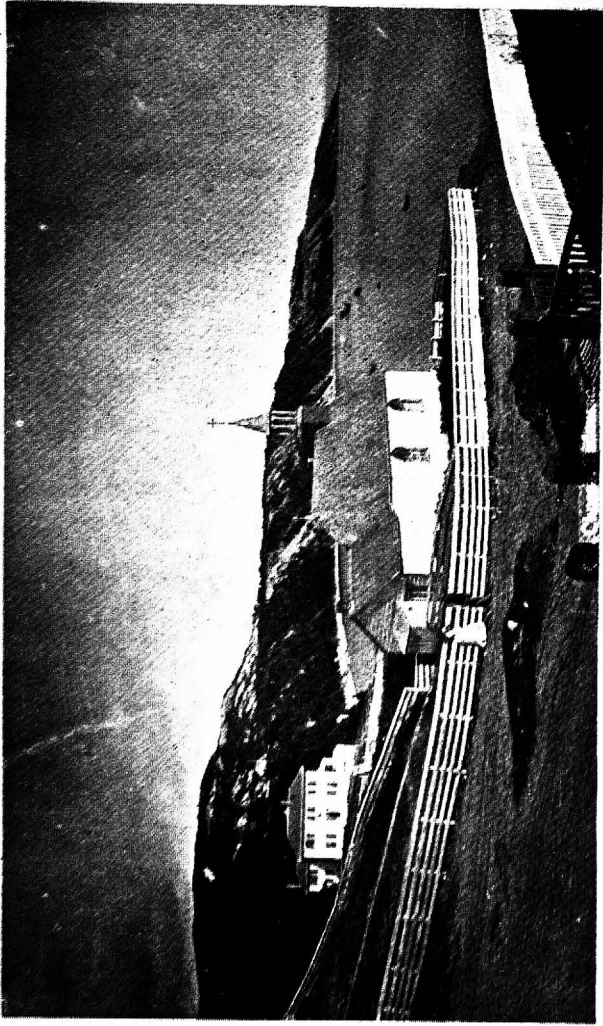
The most valuable manuscript in the United States, judging from the price paid, is in the possession of John Jacob Astor. It is the "Sforza Missal," for which \$15,200 were paid. It is dated in the fifteenth century, and comprises 484 pages of vellum bound in red morocco.

The story is told that a lady who had read Rider Haggard's "She," noticed two startling grammatical blunders, and wrote a few lines to the author, calling them to his attention. A few days later she received a letter of thanks from Mr. Rider Haggard, enclosing a cheque for a guinea, as a reward for her pains.

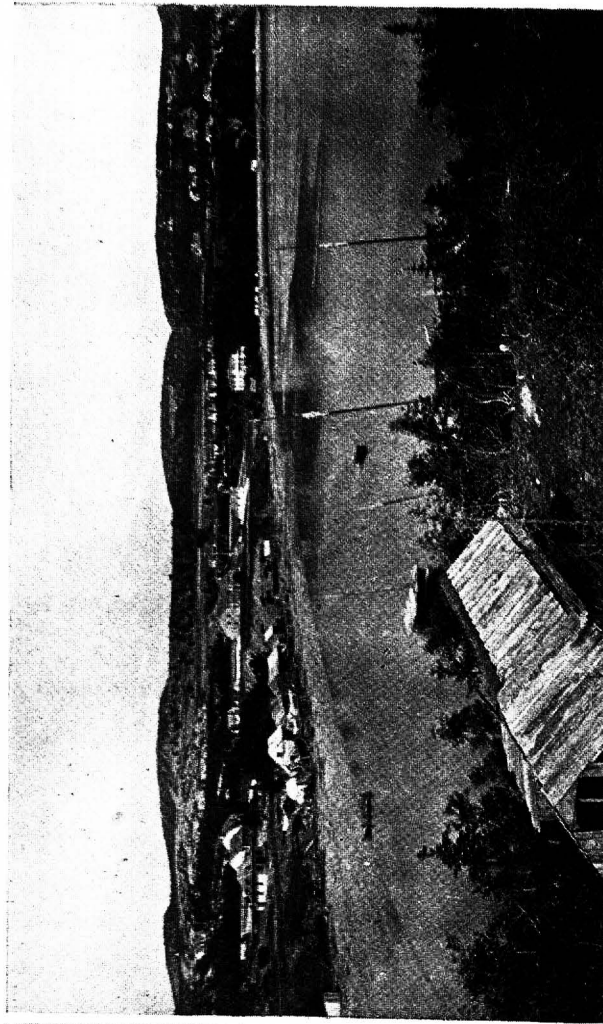
The largest sum ever known to have been paid for a single book was \$50,000, which the German Government gave for a vellum missal, originally presented to King Henry VIII. by Pope Leo X. Charles II. gave it to an ancestor of the Duke of Hamilton, and it became the property of the German Government at the sale of the Duke's library a few years ago.

The first volume of the new "Oxford Dictionary of the English Language" has just been completed, after thirty years' labour. Although foreign, obsolete and compound words have been eliminated, there still remain over 15,000 words, beginning with A to Z, which are current, though doubtless not in every day use. And yet Shakespeare and the Bible were written with a vocabulary of only 7,000.

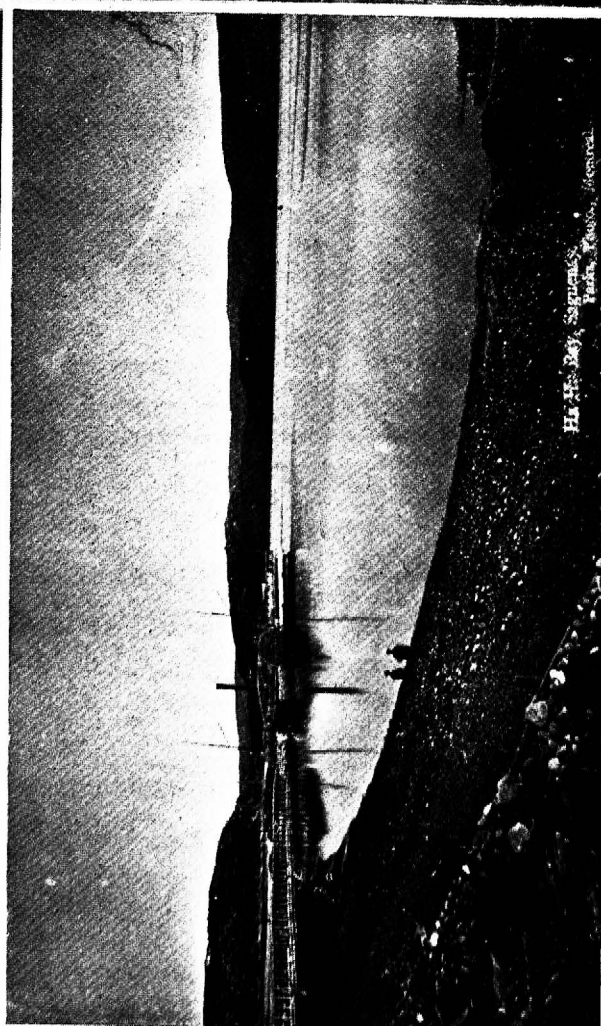




THE OLD CHURCH, TADOUSAC.  
HA-HA BAY.



TADOUSAC BAY.  
CHICOUTIMI.

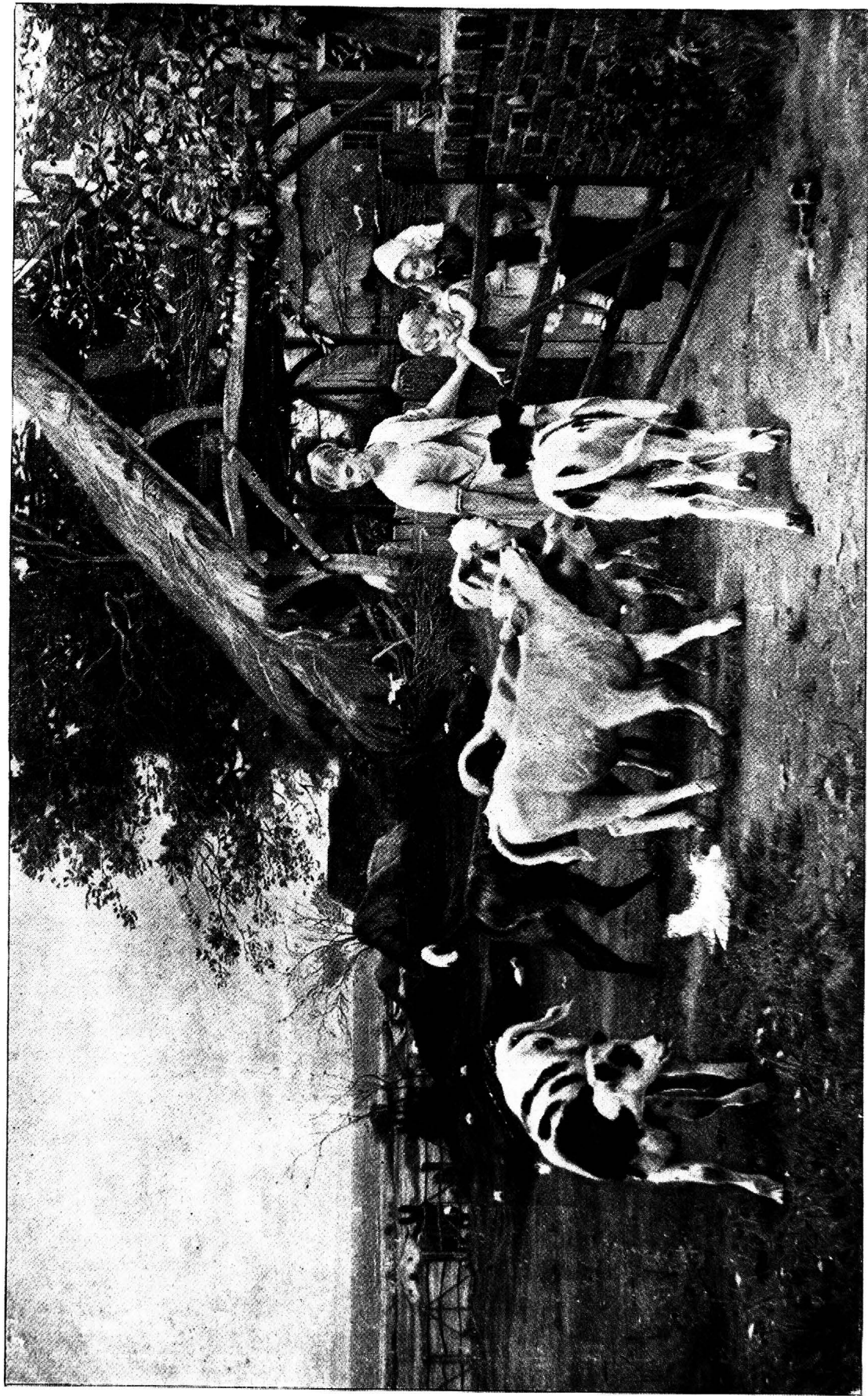


HA-HA BAY, SAGUENAY.  
TADOUSAC, CHICOUTIMI.



VIEWS ON THE SAGUENAY.  
From photographs by Parks.



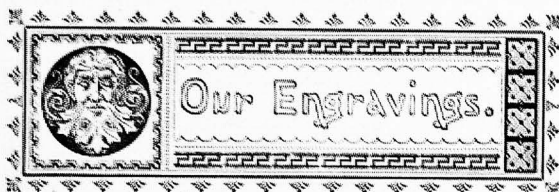


### GREEDY CALVES.

From the painting by Otto Weller.

Photograph supplied by Alex. S. Macrae & Son, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.





**OUR CARTOON.**—When Ayesha, in Rider Haggard's "She" passes through the column of life-giving fire, to renew her youth and immortality, the mysterious fluid has the precisely contrary effect, and the reader is wofully disappointed when he sees the glorious and beautiful Ayesha shrivel up, fall to the ground, a hideous old hag, and die. Not so in our cartoon. We represent "Policy," a beautiful, pure, refined and radiant creature, with lovely promises inscribed on her banner, about to enter the fire column of "Power." But on the hither side, ye gods! how does she emerge! Shrivelled and shrunken up? Oh, no! Still more beautiful and perennial? Neither. But bloated, gorged and bedazzled—a veritable parvenue—and of her mottoes of fair promise nothing left; instead, a sickening array of corrupted and corrupting ways and means. Such, alas! is too often the effect of the trying ordeal of "Power" on the "Policy" proclaimed by parties when in the cool shades of Opposition.

**VIEWS ON THE SAGUENAY RIVER.**—This group is representative of a very old and very interesting region of the country. The church at Tadousac, although more than modest in all its appointments, has the prestige of being the oldest in Canada, and, for over two centuries, it has quietly looked down into the broad waters of Tadousac Bay, perhaps the finest beach on the lower St. Lawrence, a sketch of which is here given. The glories and wonders of Ha! Ha! Bay and the beauty of Chicoutimi are also set forth in the present number. From Tadousac, with its famous trout fishing, boating and yachting, the voyage lies to Chicoutimi, about 100 miles, on the Saguenay, the largest tributary of the St. Lawrence, and one of the most remarkable rivers of the continent. It is 141 miles down the St. Lawrence from Quebec and the chief outlet of Lake St. John, which is its headwater.

**GREEDY CALVES** is from a painting by Weber. Which of us, one time or other, does not remember a similar greeting from the hungry denizens of the barnyard, so cleverly depicted in this admirable picture? It mattered not how wild each of them might be for the expected feed; calves, turkeys, geese, hens, ducks, screaming and crowding, all "eager for the fray;" it was only the calves that came rubbing about you, licking your hands, as if in seeming right to a more immediate sustentation than them all, including even the donkey over the fence, for instance, which, pricking his ears, wonders, no doubt, what in the world it's all about. Otto Weber was born at Berlin. The highest critics admit that he was fully the equal of Landseer, Bonheur and Troyon in animal painting, but their superior in landscape. His brilliant career, which seemed likely to surpass all others, was suddenly cut off during the Franco-German war. He was killed fighting for his country in 1870, and, strange as it may seem, some of his paintings, including, we believe, Greedy Calves, took prizes in the Paris Salon the same year.

**HON. JOHN CHRISTIAN SCHULTZ.**—This remarkable man is of Danish blood and born at Amherstburg, Ont., on the 1st January, 1840. He was educated at Oberlin, Ohio, and graduated in medicine, after studying at Kingston and Cobourg, in 1860. That year he went to the Northwest, where he at once identified himself with the country. He practised his profession at Fort Garry and embarked in the fur trade. At the rebellion of 1870 he was leader of the Canadian party and came near losing his life. He was first returned to Parliament for Lisgar in 1872, and sat till 1882, when he was defeated. Then he was appointed to the Senate. His nomination to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Manitoba is a reward for long and important services.

**HON. JOSEPH ROYAL.**—The new Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories is another representative man. He was born at Repentigny, P.Q., in 1837, and educated for the Bar, at which he at once won a front rank. After practising his profession, and engaging, for several years, in journalism, he went to Manitoba to settle in 1871, where he became the natural leader of the French-speaking population. The number of appointments filled by Mr. Royal, throughout his long career, in Lower Canada and the Northwest, would almost fill a column, and, in all these, he acquitted himself to the public satisfaction. He served under several provincial governments of Manitoba, as Minister of the Crown, attaching his name to many important provincial laws and legislative measures. He was elected to the Commons for Provencher, in 1879, and re-elected in 1882 and 1887. To his administration of the Northwest Territories he will bring full experience and unimpaired energy.

**THE HON. ARCHIBALD WOODBURY MCLELAN** was born at Londonderry, N.S., on Christmas Eve, in 1824. He began life by engaging in business, particularly ship building and ship owning. His public life dates back to 1858, being returned to the Legislature for Colchester, and then represented that county in the Commons from 1867 to 1869, when he was called to the Senate. After filling important offices in the interval, he was sworn into the Cabinet, in 1881, and successfully held the portfolios of President of the Council, Minister of Marine and Fisheries,

Minister of Finance and Postmaster-General. His appointment to the Lieutenant-Governorship of his native province is a crowning honour.

**WILLIAM H. HOWLAND.**—Mr. Howland has filled the public eye for many years, but, strange to say, never entered the Legislature or Parliament. The bent of his mind and of his great energy is toward social reform. He made a name for himself as Mayor of Toronto, having won that chief magistracy, after a hard contest, and then discharged its duties with distinguished ability. He is now promoted to a responsible position in the National Prohibition movement, having presided at the last convention, and there all his rare gifts of character and administration will be brought into play. Mr. Howland is still in the prime of life, a fine specimen of intelligent and handsome manhood. He is a son of Sir William Howland, one of the leaders of the Liberal party of Canada, a Father of Confederation, Senator of the Dominion and Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. Mr. Howland is a brother-in-law of Sir Leonard Tilley, having married a sister of Lady Tilley.

**BASS FISHING ON THE CHATEAUGUAY.**—We have pleasure in laying before our readers two sketches, by a Canadian artist, Mr. R. Harris, thus carrying out one of the missions of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, the production of native subjects by native pencils and brushes. Mr. Harris is well known throughout the country as a distinguished member of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts. The first sketch is of our own neighbourhood, in the beautiful valley of the Chateauguay, and near the ancient village of St. Joachim. The river, at that point, teems with bass, and lovers of the sport hie thither in vast numbers during the season.

The other sketch is of real life in Toronto streets, representing a march-out of the Salvation Army, where the attitude of the leader and the grouping of the chief members form an attractive and amusing picture. It is drawn from life.

**UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE.**—Eastward along Queen street, the visitor arrives at University of Trinity College, Toronto, standing back some distance. It is a very handsome building, in spacious grounds, facing the entrance to the bay. The college was erected in 1831, at a cost of \$40,000, after plans prepared by Mr. Kivas Tully. The building is of white brick, with stone dressings, and is designed in the third period of pointed English architecture. It has a frontage of 550 feet, facing south, with wings projecting east and west, 53 feet each. It is designed to accommodate eighty students, with class-rooms, chapel, library and museum; also private residences for the provost and two senior professors. It is a great ornament to the unwearied zeal of the Right Rev. Dr. Strachan, Lord Bishop of Toronto. The college is the training school of the clergy of the diocese, and has a high reputation.

**VIEW FROM THE BOW PASS.**—The Bow River has occupied much of the attention of the Geological Survey, in their explorations of the Rocky Mountains, and our sketch represents one of the prettiest of these views. The description of this country and valley occupies several pages in the report, details being given of Bow River and lakes, the Fairholme and Palliser Mountains, the Cascade Trough, the Castle Mountain Range and the Wapta (Kicking Horse) River.

**SEASIDE COSTUMES.**—Although the summer, so far, has been unusually cool and pleasant, and, at the seaside and other summer resorts, rather chilly in the evenings than otherwise, the ladies will be pleased with the light and airy dresses, and other articles of raiment, just received from Europe, which we set forth in to-day's issue.

**INDIANS FISHING.**—The scene of this sketch from nature is interesting as showing the modes of fishing practised by Indian tribes comparatively little known in this part of the country. Portions of British Columbia, including the valley of the Skeena River, about which so much has been lately said, are still unexplored, and, but for the Geological Survey of Canada, we should have learned little about them beyond their names.

## HEAVEN AND EARTH.

There are no Shadows where there is no Sun;  
There is no beauty where there is no shade;  
And all things in two lines of glory run,  
Darkness and light, ebon and gold inlaid.  
God comes among us through the shrouds of air;  
And His dim track is like the silvery wake  
Left by yon pinnacle on the mountain lake,  
Fading and reappearing here and there.

The lamps and veils through heav'n and earth that move,  
Go in and out, as jealous of their light,  
Like sailing stars upon a misty night.  
Death is the shade of coming life; and Love  
Yearns for her dear ones in the holy tomb,  
Because bright things are better seen in gloom!

F. W. FABER.

[One of our papers has blundered amusingly in ascribing this beautiful poem to F. W. Faber, in the *New York Tribune*, as if the writer had written it for that journal. The Reverend Frederick William Faber was one of the chief Oxford men who followed John Henry Newman Romeward, some two scores of years ago, and, who distinguished himself by a number of brilliant works, in his new career. He left a volume of poems, which places him in the front rank of our modern poets, of the Wordsworth school.—Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]

## VANCOUVER. B. C.

In July, 1886, the city had a population of about 1,200.

In July, 1887, the population was 3,000.

In July, 1888, a careful calculation shows that the city has some 8,500 people within its limits.

And it is estimated that by July, 1889, the population of Vancouver will be at least 20,000.

The western terminus of the Canadian Pacific railway, the only railway line on the American continent that reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific which is controlled by one company. Vancouver has, from this circumstance alone, the certainty of becoming a place of great importance. In addition to this, however, she is the only seaport on the Pacific coast of the Dominion that has a harbour capable of being entered at all states of the tide and at every season of the year by the largest ocean-going vessels. This has consequently led, in connection with her being the railway terminus, to Vancouver's being selected as the home port of the lines of mail steamers to Japan and China, New Zealand and Australia. The former service has already been commenced, and it is anticipated that within a few months the Australasian service will also be inaugurated.

In 1886 Vancouver had no communication by railway with the rest of the world, and the only way by which passengers or mails arrived was by a steamer calling on its way from Victoria to Port Moody. Now Vancouver has a daily steamer from here to Victoria; a steamer twice a week (shortly to be made three times weekly) from Port Townsend, Seattle and Tacoma; a steamer every three weeks to Japan and China, besides extra boats on frequent occasions, and numerous steamers from the various provincial ports. Vancouver has a daily mail service over the C. P. R. with the East, and three trains a day between this city and Westminster. Letters have arrived here in twelve days from England, and with faster steamers on the Atlantic it is contemplated that, within a few months, Vancouver will be within eight or nine days of England.

The industries and resources of Vancouver are many in number and diverse in their character. The production of lumber on Burrard Inlet is the largest on the British Pacific coast. Great as it is a considerable addition is expected to be made to its amount in a short time by the erection of one or more large mills. Within the past year sash and door and furniture factories have been started, and already their productions are being shipped to the far east, both to the Dominion and to the United States. Several other wood-working industries are expected to be commenced shortly.

Vancouver's future as the centre of one of the most important industries—that of smelting gold and silver ores—is assured. Ground has been purchased within the city limits for the erection of large smelting works, and before the close of the year they will be in full operation. The history of Omaha, Denver, Butte City and Salt Lake will be repeated at Vancouver, and around the smelting works will spring up a large population, and the city will be the location of numerous subsidiary industries. Already there are in operation iron works and foundries, boiler works, shipyards and boat building establishments, and many smaller factories and works of other descriptions.

The location of Vancouver is probably the finest of any city on the coast. Situated on Burrard Inlet, which is a natural harbour, 11 miles long by 2½ to 3 miles wide, completely landlocked, it is impossible to conceive a more favourable position for a large naval and mercantile port. What San Francisco is on the Pacific and New York on the Atlantic to the United States, or Liverpool to Great Britain, Vancouver will become to the Dominion, while as the half way house on the peculiarly British route between Great Britain and her Indian and Australian dependencies, she will be always a city of great importance in the views of the Imperial Government. For beautiful situation, for the building of a great city with excellent drainage and everything which tends to attract population, the location of Vancouver leaves nothing to be desired. With the Inlet on the north



and False Creek on the south, the city is easily accessible by water, thus affording excellent opportunities for bringing in cheaply all kinds of supplies.

With her streets all planked or gravelled, with good sidewalks, locomotion around the city is both easy and agreeable at all times, while the streets and buildings are lighted with both gas and electricity. The Canadian Pacific railway has recently completed and opened one of the finest hotels on the continent, while there are numerous other hotels and boarding houses in the city, affording accommodation at prices to suit the means or tastes of every visitor. In the western portion of the city there is a public park of 1,000 acres in extent, on which the city has expended \$30,000 in making rides and drives. From various points on these roads can be obtained some of the finest views of the Inlet, of English Bay, and of the mountains on every side.

A road is now in course of construction connecting Vancouver with one of the richest agricultural districts in the province, situated within a few miles of the city, at the mouth of the Fraser river. The farmers from there will, on the completion of this road, be able to reach, with ease, one of the best markets on the coast for their produce, while the trade will add considerably to the volume of the business of Vancouver.

Ample educational facilities are afforded by three public schools, located in the eastern, western and southern portions of the city respectively. Besides these there are several private schools. The Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists and Congregationalists, all have places of worship, and some of these denominations are about erecting additional churches in other parts of the city.

## THE DEMOCRATIC WAGGON.

Composed for the DeSoto Democratic Club by  
J. H. WAGGENER.

*Air:* "WAIT FOR THE WAGGON."

Come, all ye sons of freedom,  
And help to swell the throng,  
We're going to the White House—  
So come and go along;  
Cleveland is the driver,  
With Thurman by his side,  
So jump into the waggon, boys,  
And all take a ride.

*Chorus:*—Jump into the waggon—  
The Democratic waggon—  
Jump into the waggon,  
And all take a ride.

Our waggon is a good one,  
It's large and safe and sound—  
The best in all the country  
That ever has been found;  
The seats are made of Hick'ry wood—  
They're easy, long and wide.  
And lined with Jack-on's overcoat,  
So come and take a ride.  
*Chorus.*

We want a crowd of jolly boys  
To help us win the fight  
Against Protection's Robber Kings  
That rule us with their might;  
We're armed with Truth and Justice, too—  
We ask naught else beside,  
So jump into our waggon, boys,  
And all take a ride.  
*Chorus.*

We're going to down the Rads again,  
Hoosier Ben and all;  
Levi Morton's lengthy purse  
Can't save them from the fall;  
So if you'd like to have some fun  
And see 'em run and hide,  
Just jump into our waggon, boys,  
And all take a ride.  
*Chorus.*

[The Americans have always been famous for their campaign songs, a feature in which they, singularly enough, follow the French. These songs are generally good-natured—in striking contrast with their newspaper paragraphs—and clever. The example given above will afford the reader a smack of that kind of literature. The two first stanzas are not at all bad.—Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]



Sir Donald Smith is out of danger, but his convalescence will be slow.

Mr. George M. Pullman is building himself a winter palace at the Thousand Isles.

Hon. Mr. Chauveau has returned to the city after a three days' visit to the Baie des Chaleurs.

Gen. Lennox, of England, arrived in town on Saturday night, and is staying at the Windsor.

The Governor-General has consented to become a patron of the Dominion Artillery Association.

Sir George and Lady Stephen leave for Europe on August 18, where they intend passing the winter.

Prof. Goldwin Smith has left Toronto for a month's visit to Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh J. Macdonald will spend their summer with Sir John Macdonald at Rivière du Loup.

Miss Mary Tillinghast is one of the most successful among the women who have made a business of decorative art.

From the gifts received at his jubilee, the Pope is going to send a present to every cathedral church in the world.

Hon. Cecil Parker, nephew of the Duke of Westminster, has arrived in Canada and will go west over the C. P. R.

The leading woman physician of England, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, is said to have an income of \$50,000 a year from her practice.

The Empress of Austria never goes anywhere without a fine picture of St. Elizabeth, which she always hangs up in her bedroom.

Mr. Sanford Fleming has gone to Winnipeg to confer with Mr. Owen Jones, of New Zealand, regarding the proposed cable to Australia.

Mme. Meissonier, wife of the celebrated painter, is dead after a brief illness. She was the sister of Steinheil, a painter of religious subjects.

His Honour Lieutenant-Governor Royal arrived in Montreal from Regina, N. W. T., and proceeded to Vaudreuil, where he intends spending a few days with his family.

Lord Randolph Churchill is a descendant of Wanchil de Leon, who came over with the Conqueror. He was Lord of Courcil, in Normandy; whence the name of Churchill.

Lady Cardigan, widow of the English earl who led the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, is threatened with imprisonment for debt. She has large estates, but dislikes parting with ready money.

There has arrived in Winnipeg a very interesting personage, Rev. John Sinclair, a full-blooded Cree Indian, who is stationed as missionary on English river, east of the Hudson Bay post at Isle à la Crosse.

Hon. J. R. Thibaudeau has sold his residence, Mille Fleurs, near Montreal, for \$12,000, to Mr. Daunay, a French-Canadian millionaire, who has resided in the United States for a number of years.

Col. Otter, of Toronto, has forwarded his report on the subject of the Lundy's Lane memorial. It is understood that he recommends the erection of a monument or obelisk on which should be inscribed particulars of the engagement.

Professor Frewan, professor of natural history in the College of Agriculture, Salisbury, and consulting botanist to the British Dairy Farmers' Association, will leave England by the next steamer for the purpose of making a study of the agricultural resources of Canada.

Her Majesty is just now deeply interested in a group painting of herself and family, the work of several artists. This picture will be placed in Windsor Castle among Her Majesty's collection of paintings representing various events of interest which have occurred in her family since her accession to the English throne.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone celebrated their golden wedding on the 25th of July. Testimonials in the shape of letters, telegrams and presents poured in upon them in hundreds. The couple were given a reception at the residence of Earl Spencer and presented with portraits of themselves painted by Frank Hall and Hubert Herkomer.

Lord Albemarle, the Waterloo veteran, is a small, spare man, with bright eyes. He wears a black velvet skull cap. He is now 89 years old and is the sole survivor of the eighty-four officers who sat down to the Duke of Wellington's last Waterloo dinner. He is given a reception every year on the anniversary of that "world's earthquake."

## TOM MOORE'S GRAVE.

Michael MacDonagh, in his pilgrimage, thus writes: I reached Bromham Church, in the county of Wilts—the spire of which I had seen a mile off—with a mind at peace with everybody, and tinged with a melancholy appropriate to the object of my visit. I walked through the little village of Bromham without meeting any of the inhabitants, and, ascending a few steps, passed through a wooden wicket into the little graveyard which surrounds the church. With quick steps and eager eyes I went among the tombs to the left of the church as I entered, passed around to the rear, and there in a few seconds my eye caught the name "Moore" on the slab that marks the grave of the poet. The grave lies about three feet from the gable of the church, and is of a very simple and unpretentious character. It is marked by a long, narrow stone slab, lying flat, about two inches above the ground, surrounded by a strong and high iron railing. The inscription is as follows:

ANASTASIA MARY MOORE,  
Born March 16th, 1813.  
Died March 8th, 1829,  
Also,  
Her Brother,  
JOHN RUSSELL MOORE,  
Who died November 23rd, 1842,  
Aged 19 years;  
And their father,  
THOMAS MOORE,  
Tenderly beloved by all who knew  
The goodness of his heart.  
The Poet and Patriot of his country,  
Ireland.  
Born May 28th, 1779.  
Sank to rest, February 25th, 1852.  
Aged 72.  
God is love.  
Also his wife,  
BESSY MOORE,  
Who died 4th September, 1865.  
And to the memory of their son,  
THOMAS LANSDOWNE PARR MOORE,  
Born 24th October, 1818,  
Died in Africa, January, 1846.

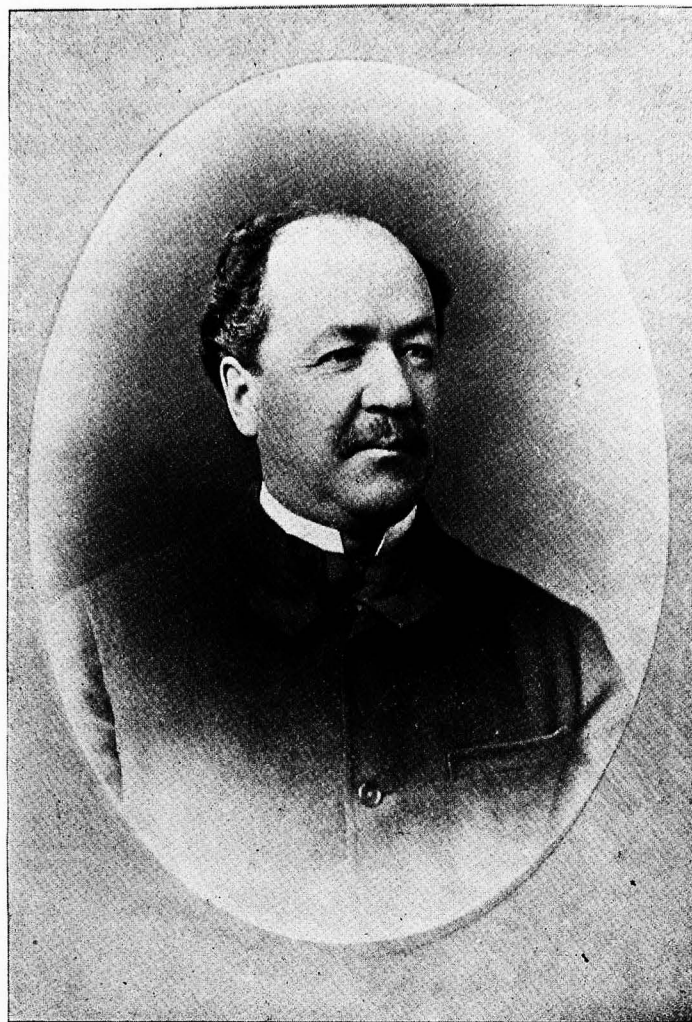
Moore had five children, three daughters and two sons, all of whom died before him. Two are sleeping with him and his wife in this grave. John Russell, one of the sons who is buried here, was a lieutenant in the 25th Regiment; and the other son, Thomas Lansdowne Parr, was an officer in the French service, and was interred in Africa, where he died.

The grave looks as if it were being carefully attended to, the stone evidently being periodically cleaned, and the lettering of the inscription kept clear and distinct. Plucking a few ivy leaves from the gable of the church which overshadows the grave, I passed around to the door of the sacred edifice. On entering I found myself at the end of the church near the portion evidently set apart for the choir, for there was music scattered about on the seats fronting a small organ which stood between two large windows. One of the windows is of stained glass, representing the Day of Judgment. Christ, attended by two angels blowing trumpets, is the central figure. Seated below the Redeemer is Justice, with sword and scales in her hands. To the right is an angel bearing an olive branch and welcoming the just, while to the left another angel with a flaming sword is banishing the unjust to the fires of hell. Above over all are twelve angelic figures carrying shields, on which are inscribed the words of Moore's sacred song, "Sound the Loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's Dark Sea," and below is the inscription—"This window is placed in the church by the combined subscriptions of two hundred persons who honour the poet of all circles and the idol of his own—Thomas Moore." There is another stained glass window, representing the Crucifixion, erected in 1866, "in honour of God and in memory of the widow of Thomas Moore, of Sloperton Cottage."

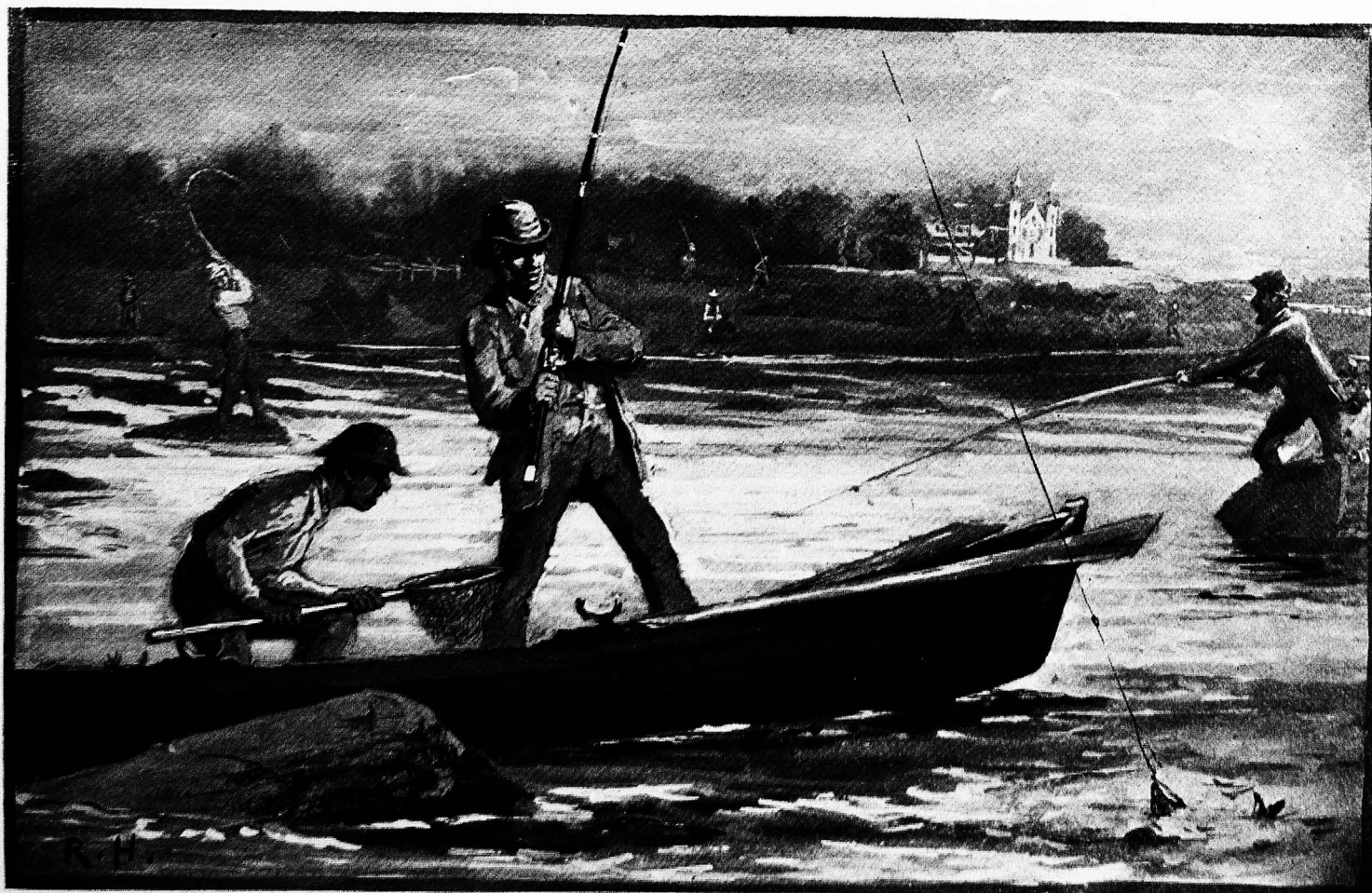




HON. JOHN SCHULTZ,  
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF MANITOBA.



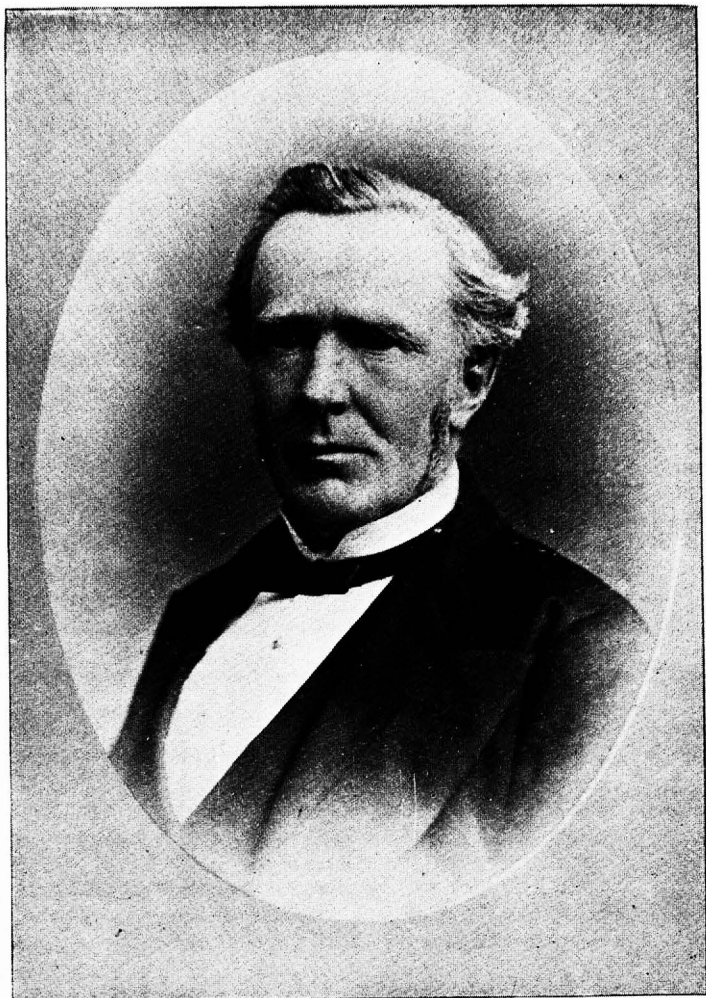
HON. JOSEPH ROYAL,  
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF THE NORTH WEST TERRITORIES



BASS FISHING ON THE CHATEAUGUAY, OFF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOACHIM.

From a sketch by R. Harris, R. C. A.





HON. W. McLENNAN,  
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF NOVA SCOTIA.  
From a photograph by Topley.



W. H. HOWLAND, ESQ.,  
PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL PROHIBITION CONVENTION.  
From a photograph by Bruce.



MARCH OUT OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN TORONTO.  
From a sketch by R. Harris, R.C.A.



## ACADIA.

THE CLASSIC LAND AS VIEWED BY A MODERN WRITER.

Longfellow never saw the Acadia of which he wrote. There is a letter in existence penned by the poet in which he declines visiting the romantic region of Grand Pré because he feared that by setting eyes on the locality the environs would dispel from his mind the tender limnings his glowing fancy had created. In this letter admission is also made that the material for the pathetic romance of "Evangeline," and the tragedy of Acadia around which it is woven, was chiefly furnished the Cambridge bard by Hawthorne. There are other facts not related in the books, proving that the author of the "Scarlet Letter" contemplated a prose romance upon the subject-matter of Longfellow's mellifluous measure, but that the very colour of it all so depressed and disheartened him that the project was abandoned. As splendid a creation as was Longfellow's, it is deplorable that the wizard pen of Hawthorne was turned from this task. The poet directs the eye and heart to but one spot, incident and time. The surpassing poetical recital confines historic and literary interest too closely. Had the tragic tale been alone told, or also told in Hawthorne's magic prose, how clear and bold all these noble mountains, vales, streams, and shores, and these wraithful presences of Indian, Englishman, Frenchman, Puritan, actors in countless peaceful and bloody prologues to American independence and civilization, would have been graven upon the tablets of history and the minds of men. For the real Acadia that was, and for more than 150 years before Liberty bell pealed at Philadelphia, it was the vast and endless battle-ground where the mightiest of European powers struggled for mastery over a new world.

### I.

There are no histories in which can be chronologically followed the discovery of, and the struggles and changes within, the marvellously interesting region of old Acadia. This little section, that single state, another secluded province, this sea-beaten isle, that New England borough, all have their "histories." Brilliant adherents of the greatest two religious sects of Christendom have fought the battles anew, in type, with more than mortal rancour. Historical societies have interchanged dreams of dreamers and sketched and plodded in sumptuous persiflage. But this whole northeast coast which, from Portland, where Longfellow first drew breath and earliest sang, to Cape Breton island's Louisburg, where once, under the lilies of France, glowered the walls of the most massive fortress ever built on American soil, was for 200 years the battle-ground of two empires and the real birthplace of America's to-day, is historically all but lost in the somnolence of tradition. Every river flowing to the sea, every cove sheltered by headland and embowered in plenty, every sunny isle of the coastwise thousands, is a mute, unheeded shrine to that daring and sacrifice which make history and have made freemen. In these summer days these summer shores are gay with half a continent's pleasure troopers, who, for the dearth of history, are mindless of the myriad wraiths of fallen, and listless of the hoarse voices of the sea, in every sound of which are the ghostly tones of legions calling in vain to be heard. No so superlatively romantic and stirring a field awaits the great historian. No so barren a one confronts the writer of an hour. One must needs burrow long and deep in the olden manuscripts, the records of parliament and cabinets, and the scattered chronicles of adventurers and commanders, to reach the mere entrance of these splendid domains of historic quest. But when even that little is done, journeyings in and reveries on old Acadia are seasons of winsomeness and delight.

Old Acadia was variously called "L'Acadia," "Lacadia," "Acadie," "Accadia," "Acady" and Acadia. Its confines were expressly named by Henry IV. of France in his letters patent of No-

vember 3, 1603, to Sieur De Monts, whom he constituted lieutenant-general over the "country, territory, coasts and confines of Acadia, from the 40th to the 46th degree." Thus the original Acadia comprised the North American coast and "circumjacent territory and islands," to the mouth of the then unknown Hudson River to the eastern extremity of Cape Breton Island, just northeast of the peninsula of Nova Scotia. De Monts and Poutrincourt arrived at Le Have cape and bay May 6, 1604. Sailing around the western end of Nova Scotia, Port Royal (now Annapolis) was selected for the future residence of Poutrincourt, under grant from De Monts. The latter explored the Bay of Fundy, Passamaquoddy Bay and the River St. Croix, building cabins and fortifications on its islands, where he passed the winter of 1604-5. During the next spring and summer he explored the Penobscot, the Kennebec, Casco (Portland) Bay, Saco River, and the coasts of what is now Massachusetts to the shores of Cape Cod. Returning, he removed his stores from the St. Croix to Port Royal, where he made a settlement and constructed a fort, and in the autumn of 1605 he set sail for France with Poutrincourt to lay his discoveries before King Henry, leaving at Port Royal, Dupont, the intrepid Champlain, whose name is preserved by the lake of that name, and Chauvin, to further explore the country and perfect the settlement.

The voyages, discoveries and settlements by De Monts and the earlier discovery and possession of Canada by Cartier were the first under seal of European power on these shores, between Newfoundland and the Chesapeake; and from these came whatever rights France subsequently sought to maintain in America.

True, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who had obtained in 1578 a grant from Elizabeth, and who was driven to England by the violence of the sea in 1579, had finally reached Newfoundland in 1583, only to lose his ships and his own life off Sable Island on the return voyage; and under other patents from Elizabeth to the brave, brilliant and unfortunate Raleigh, half brother to Sir Humphrey Gilbert, there had been the exploration of Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds in 1584, the second exploration to Roanoke, in 1585, the third, of two parties, in 1586, and the fourth in 1587; but not until May 13, 1607, under patents from James I. to the London Company, was there made (at Jamestown, Va.) the first English settlement in America. Sir Humphrey Gilbert's death in 1583 had voided the patents of 1578. The debasement, conviction and attainder of Raleigh had annulled the Elizabethan grants of 1584. In strict truth, France, by formal entry and actual settlement, had acquired undoubted right of possession, and in 1604 owned, under her lieutenant-governor, De Monts, all of his discovered North America north of what had been already claimed by the more enterprising adventurers of the then prosperous and mighty Spain.

### II.

Behind this dim time these splendid shores possessed romantic history. There seems to be growing conviction in the minds of those who delve among such fascinating lore that the ancient Norsemen were frequent visitors to these regions, and indeed to lands much further to the south. Discoveries at different points in Maine show that habitations of stone and brick were erected half a thousand years before the settlement by De Monts; and credible Scandinavian writers assert that the old stone mill now standing at Newport must have been built by Norsemen that long before English settlements of America. Undoubtedly, Biarne and his followers knew the coast of Maine well in the tenth century. There can hardly be question that the three adventurous sons of Eric explored it in the eleventh century. Gudrida, the fair bride of Thorfin, certainly followed her own glowing dreams, and accompanied her bold lord to the enchanting countless islands, coves and inlets of our northeast coast. Then there was the voyage of John and Sebastian Cabot, in 1497, in which many of the islands about Newfoundland were visited, and the entire American

coast, from Labrador to Florida, closely cruised and scanned. Jacques Cartier, the French navigator, under orders of Charles V. of France, sailed from St. Malo in the spring of 1534, touched Newfoundland, penetrated the St. Lawrence, discovered Canada, and took possession of the country in his king's name. Gosnold, an English navigator, visited Maine in 1602, and the next year Martin Pring, of Bristol, England, explored the Penobscot and other rivers and bays to the southwest, bringing (to England) "the most exact account of the coast that had ever come to hand." So, too, there is every reason to believe that fishermen of different European nations had, during the entire fifteenth century and for a long period earlier, cast their nets and lines from Cape Cod to Cape Bauld, precisely as they do to-day. Scavalet, an old French mariner and fisherman, had made more than forty voyages to the Bay of Canseau, which lies between Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island; and it is well established that the French Baron de Levy undertook to form a settlement on the shores of this bay in 1518. France, under the Marquis de la Roche, made Sable Island a penal colony in 1598; and there was record in 1578 that 100 Spanish, 50 or 60 Portuguese, 30 to 50 English, and fully 150 French sailors then annually came to our American and Canadian fishing-grounds of to-day to take cod and whale.

From the time of De Monts' discoveries and settlements in 1604, and the adventures of Weymouth along the Maine shores in 1605, the activity of the English and French for precedence and supremacy, not only in the territory and along the coasts of old Acadia, but along the entire American coast and the shores of the St. Lawrence, was continually increased. Grants, patents and privileges were continually issuing. The Virginia magistrates authorized Capt. Argal to expel the Acadian French at Port Royal. This was done in 1613. Possession of the whole New England coast-line, as well as of Canada, was wrenched back and forth by contending colonists until the treaty of St. Germain, in 1632, which again gave Acadia to the French, and reduced its confines to those of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and that part of Maine east of the Kennebec; though claim to the latter was always vigorously disputed with force of arms by its English colonists. Then came a quarter century of struggles between the Government of Massachusetts and the Maine colonies for absorption by the former and defence by the latter, interspersed by Indian wars, in which contending colonists made common cause. Protector Cromwell ordered the reduction of Acadia, under cover of an expedition against the Dutch in Manhadoes, and entirely subjugated it in 1654. Then the English held Acadia thirteen years, when it was resurrendered to the French under the treaty of Breda in 1667, without any specification as to boundaries. Its first active French governor was M. de Bourg, who was followed by Mons. Denys. Under the latter's administration the French built forts throughout Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and as far west as the Penobscot, and held possession until that brilliant buccaneer and wrecker, under James II., Sir William Phips, recaptured it in 1690, on his way to his memorable defeat by the French at Quebec, whose consequent embarrassments to the New England colonies led to the first issuance of paper money in America in the form of "bills of credit" for £40,000, put in circulation the same year by the General Court of Massachusetts. At the treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, Acadia was again resigned to France, and the western boundary stoutly claimed as far as the Kennebec.

But in 1709-10 its final conquest occurred in the capture of Port Royal (now Annapolis), by the expedition from Boston, under General Nicholson, of Virginia, and his adjutant-general, Samuel Vetch, a noted figure in provincial trade and politics, who was appointed English governor of Nova Scotia, which now became the final Acadia of provincial and poetic history. From that day to this, it has remained a British possession.



But from the first—down through discovery, buccaneering, reprisal, wars of European nations here immeasurably intensified, worse wars of religious zealots, and the awful Indian wars without number, through the epoch when French and English adventurous noblemen built and defended here and there mimic principalities and sustained tawdry courts; through the desperate rivalries of La Tour and D'Aulnay, the less courtly but more blunt and vigorous diplomacies, governings, up-buildings and spoliations of Vetch and Phips and Gorges; the idyllic romances of the Castines; the bigoted potherings of the Puritans; past valour of pioneers and heroism of the revolution—to the calm and peaceful scenes of these summer shores of to-day; there has been within every square mile of what was once old Acadia such luminous limning by the hand of change, such marvellous store of that which should glow in history's page; that, with the faintest outlines of those who came and went, and the tremendous reach of illimitable tragedies in human activities before one's vision, every object upon which the eye may rest from Cape Elizabeth to gruesome Cape Bauld, from which can be faintly traced the silent heights of Labrador, possesses a hidden life and interest, an eloquent silence into which there are winsome communions, and a companionship in which there are limitless sunny wanderings and zest.

Old Portland town, just within the threshold of this rare region, fairly glows with a welcome for him who will contemplate her charms in this loving, appreciative mood. Poets came from out her warm mother-heart, and many well remembered writers have known her stores of inspiration. But the historian or the master of fiction must yet come here. Only one whom the world remembers ever caught even a tittle of the noble uplifting to enduring fiction which centres here from a myriad of mountains, streams and vales, and glints and glimmers from countless islands heroic suggestions of the great sea beyond. Hawthorne drew much of his inspiration from this immediate region. But one longs that some new Hawthorne—as spiritual, fine, true and tender, but made and moulded with the strength, vigour and cheeriness of our later and brighter time—could come here to revive and preserve the fair and sweet, unctuous and sturdy, brave and noble pictures which life, death and change have here left upon the face of time. I do not recall a spot in any clime where land and sea, history and romance, age and newness, so blend in all the requisites for exalted work. Even Longfellow in his poems, nearly all made after he left the locality, but with its strong influence ever upon him, barely hinted of what lay untouched. This whole coast line should grow with romance and echo with song; while the American artist who lives in a Dutch garret to mimic a Rembrandt, or who becomes a Thames water-rat to bedaub a canvas with the fog-mulls of a Turner, deserts skies that rival Italy's stretches of shore that are nobler than, and as historic as, England's, islands more picturesque than the Azores, vales sweeter and greener than lie between the Alps, streams more beautiful and winsome than Great Britain's bards have sung, atmospheres as weird and dreamful as veil Venice, and snow-capped mountains that blend with the very heaven.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

## MUSIC AND THE STAGE.

Annie Pixley will pass the summer at her Canadian home. "The Red Bandanna" has already been chosen as the title of a play.

Mme. Christine Nilsson says that nothing will induce her to return to the stage.

Mrs. Hopkins-Searle, at Barrington, Mass., owns the largest organ in America.

Billy Emerson is said to be the highest salaried performer and the most popular song and dance artist in the minstrel business.

It seems to be definitely settled that Major Anderson, of the Forty-third, will succeed Lieut.-Col. White, senior Major Walsh being obliged to decline promotion on account of press of business.

## QUAINT FANCIES AND RHYMES,

BY A COLLECTOR.

### IV.

#### THE PANTOUM.

The Pantoum is of Malay origin, and not at all ungraceful. It is more popular with the French than with us. The stanzas are of four lines, the second and fourth lines of each verse forming the first and third of each succeeding one, through an indefinite number of quatrains. At the close, the second and fourth lines of the last stanza are made from the first and third of the first verse. The following is in the best vein of that specialist, Austin Dobson, and suitable to this season of blue flies:—

#### IN TOWN.

The blue fly sung in the pane.

—TENNYSON.

Toiling in town is "horrid"  
(There is that woman again!)—  
June in the zenith is torrid,  
Thought gets dry in the brain.

There is that woman again:  
"Strawberries! fourpence a pottle!"  
Thought gets dry in the brain;  
Ink gets dry in the bottle.

"Strawberries! fourpence a pottle!"  
Oh, for the green of a lane!—  
Ink gets dry in the bottle;  
"Buzz" goes a fly in the pane.

Oh, for the green of a lane,  
Where one might lie and be lazy!  
"Buzz" goes a fly in the pane;  
Bluebottles drive me crazy!

Where one might lie and be lazy,  
Careless of town and all in it!—  
Bluebottles drive me crazy;  
I shall go mad in a minute!

Careless of town and all in it,  
With some one to soothe and to still you;  
I shall go mad in a minute;  
Bluebottle, then I shall kill you!

With some one to soothe and to still you,  
As only one's feminine kin do,—  
Bluebottle, then I shall kill you;  
There now! I've broken the window!

As only one's feminine kin do,—  
Some muslin-clad Mabel or May!—  
There now! I've broken the window!  
Bluebottle's off and away!

Some muslin-clad Mabel or May,  
To dash one with eau de cologne;—  
Bluebottle's off and away,  
And why should I stay here alone?

To dash one with eau de cologne,  
All over one's eminent forehead;  
And why should I stay here alone?  
Toiling in town now is "horrid."

### V.

#### THE RONDEL.

This is one of the earliest forms of Provençal verse, dating back to the old days of Froissart, in the fourteenth century. At first, the Rondel consisted of two verses, each having four or five lines, rhyming on two rhymes only. In its eight or ten lines, but five or six were distinct, the others being made by repeating the first couplet at the end of the second stanza, sometimes in an inverse order, and the first line at the end of the first stanza. Here is a sample of the fourteenth century, by Eustache Deschamps:—

Est-ce donc vostre intencion  
De vouloir retrancher mes gaiges,  
Vingt livres de ma pension?  
Est-ce donc vostre intencion?  
Laisser passer L'Ascension,  
Qui henni soit vostre visaige!  
Est-ce donc vostre intencion  
De vouloir retrancher mes gaiges?

With Charles d'Orléans the Rondel took its present shape of fourteen lines on two rhymes, the first two lines repeating for the seventh and eighth and the final couplet.

The Rondel has proved uncommonly popular with our modern poets, almost all of whom have tried their hand upon it, with such success that it is hard to make a choice, within the narrow space

of this column. We shall favour the reader, however, with three or four of the best examples. Walter Crane's "Book of Hours" will do very well to begin with:—

This book of hours Love wrought  
With burnished letters gold;  
Each page with art and thought,  
And colours manifold.

His calendar he taught  
To youths and virgins cold;  
This book of hours Love wrought  
With burnished letters gold.

This priceless book is bought  
With sighs and tears untold,  
Of votaries who sought  
His countenance of old—  
This book of hours Love wrought  
With burnished letters gold.

Richard Wilton's "Benedicite," a paraphrase of the Psalm, *Benedicite omnia opera Domini Domino*, follows in the second place quite nicely:—

O all ye Green Things on the Earth,  
Bless ye the Lord in sun and shade;  
To whisper praises ye were made,  
Or wave to Him in solemn mirth.  
For this the towering pine hath birth,  
For this sprang forth each grassy blade:  
O all ye Green Things on the Earth  
Bless ye the Lord in sun and shade.

Ye wayside weeds of little worth,  
Ye ferns that fringe the woodland glade,  
Ye dainty flowers that quickly fade,  
Ye steadfast yews of mighty girth:  
O all ye Green Things on the Earth  
Bless ye the Lord in sun and shade.

The Rev. Charles D. Bell gives us a graceful monotone, "The sweet, sad years," showing the wonderful pliancy of the Rondel:—

The sweet, sad years: the sun, the rain,  
Alas! too quickly did they wane,  
For each some boon, some blessing bore.  
Of smiles and tears each had its store,  
Its chequered lot of bliss and pain.

Although it idle be and vain,  
Yet cannot I the wish restrain  
That I had held them evermore,  
The sweet, sad years!

Like echo of an old refrain  
That long within the mind has lain,  
I keep repeating o'er and o'er,  
"Nothing can e'er the past restore,  
Nothing bring back the years again,  
The sweet, sad years!"

For the final gem we shall add Austin Dobson's translation of Horace's ode (iii., 13), "O Fons Bandusiae," and that the reader of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED may judge of the fitness of the old Rondel for literal versions, we publish the Latin text, however well known:—

O fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro,  
Dulci digne mero non sine floribus,  
Cras donaberis haedo  
Cui frons turgida cornibus  
Primis et venerem et praelia destinat,  
Frustra: nam gelidos inficiet tibi  
Rubro sanguine rivos  
Lascivi suboles gregis.  
Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae  
Nescit tangere: tu frigus amabile  
Fessis vomere tauris  
Praebes et pecori vago.  
Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,  
Me dicente cavis impositam illicem  
Saxis, unde loquaces  
Lymphae desiliunt tuae.

Here is the translation:—

#### "O FONS BANDUSIAE."

O babbling spring, than glass more clear,  
Worthy of wreath and cup sincere,  
To-morrow shall a kid be thine  
With swelled and sprouting brows for sign—  
Sure sign!—of loves and battles near.

Child of the race that butt and rear!  
Not less, alas! his life-blood dear  
Must tinge thy cold wave crystalline,  
O babbling spring!

Thee Sirius knows not. Thou dost cheer  
With pleasant cool the plough-worn steer,—  
The wandering flock. This verse of mine  
Will rank thee one with founts divine;  
Men shall thy rock and tree revere,  
O babbling spring!





UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

From a photograph by Bruce.



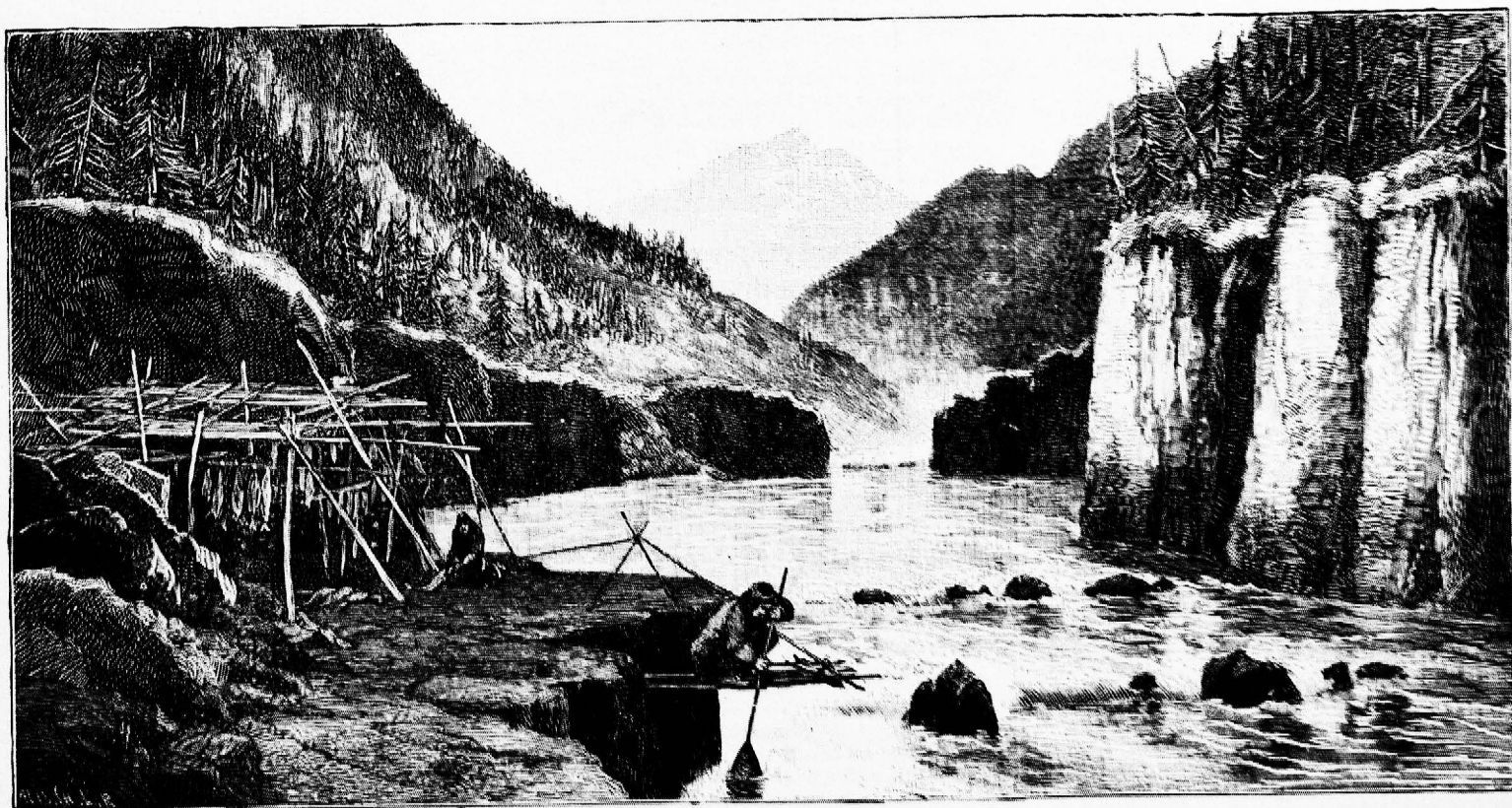
BOW RIVER PASS, ABOVE BANFF.

From a photograph by Dr. G. M. Dawson, in Geological Survey Report.





SEASIDE COSTUMES.



INDIAN METHOD OF FISHING, ON THE SKEENA RIVER, B.C.



## CANADIAN WRITERS.

It has been whispered that an historical novel, Canadian in scope and treatment, and referring to the early part of the eighteenth century, is being written and is nearly completed. I do not think I am violating any confidence in stating that the author is Mr. H. Beaugrand. He wields a facile pen, but whether he can do justice to his subject remains to be seen. Certain it is that no one wishes him more success in this work than I do. The field is an almost untrodden one, and the wealth of matter and incident to be treated of is apt to seduce a writer into superficiality and even mis-statement.

The histories of Canada hitherto published are, speaking of them as a whole, unsatisfactory and perfunctory; all are marred, even to the very latest, by prejudice and provincialism, and many contain glaring historical errors. These latter are due, in a great measure, to lack of investigation, for which, it must be confessed, our paternal and patriotic governments, both Provincial and Federal, are very seriously to blame. But little has been done relatively in the way of securing copies of manuscripts, now in the archives at Paris; of State papers in London, and of a large amount of uninvestigated matter, which certainly exists in Spanish and Portuguese collections. The historical societies of New York and Massachusetts have done much more in this regard than have the Canadian governments, and Canadian students must rely on transcripts of these documents, some of them still unpublished, for the verification of certain historical facts. I am well aware of the good work, in fact, most excellent work, being done by Mr. Douglas Brymner, as public archivist, and only regret that his earnest efforts are not encouraged still more by large grants from the public purse. If fifty thousand dollars were given annually, for four or five years, an extremely valuable collection might be made.

And, hidden away in private collections, throughout the Province of Quebec, is much valuable material which should be accessible in some shape or other to the student. The difficulties of consulting these precious documents are only known to those who have made the attempt. I have had personal experience of this, and I regret to say that the jealousy of some collectors is such that consultation of matter in their possession is refused, or so beset with conditions as to render it practically impossible. In this connection, however, I have much pleasure in stating that to Messrs. D. R. McCord, of Montreal, and J. M. LeMoine, of Quebec, I am greatly indebted for favours extended from their valuable collections. There are others, I am sure, who are as obliging, but many seem to think their collections are "caviare to the general," and entirely forbidden to the few who need them.

Of late it would appear that a taste and demand for Canadian historical matter have been on the increase, and it is sincerely to be hoped this is true. The recently formed Society for Historical Studies in Montreal has been the means of bringing forth some admirable papers, which, it is sincerely to be desired, will be issued in a permanent form, and, of course, properly edited before publication. The trouble with many of our amateur historians or historical specialists is that their matter is altogether too redundant, and they frequently make statements not warranted by the historical evidence. It is ever to be remembered that there is much yet to be known about our earlier history, and much of the ecclesiastical matter has to be very carefully judged and examined. New facts are yearly coming to light, so that a writer has to be extremely careful in his conclusions. I might give many instances to confirm this.

It will, doubtless, be suggested to many—what profit is there in these writings to the writer? And the answer is not an encouraging one—nor is literature, historical or otherwise, a profitable profession in any country, except to the greater lights. And Canada is no different in this particular. A Canadian writer of merit can succeed here, and even writing only of Canadian subjects. But

those, or, at least, many of those, who assume to be Canadian writers, are mere scribblers, having never had any practical training. And yet they are the first to find fault with the Canadian public for lack of appreciation. It would hardly do for me to specify more particularly. Efforts have been made, from time to time, to establish a monthly magazine, a literary weekly, and all have been very conspicuous failures. Why? Well, I must candidly confess that my honest opinion is that they did not deserve public support. The *New Dominion Monthly*\* was a wretched affair, both in matter, literary style, choice of articles, printed very badly and on poor paper. It met a deserved death. The monthly started in Toronto, which also came to an early grave, was much better; still it was wishy-washy, and aimed at servile imitation of the leading English and American reviews. Like many imitations, it was a complete failure. And that weekly, the *Canadian Spectator*, which started out with such a noise and such a beating of trumpets, dragged out a miserable existence. It was soon seen that it was only a donkey in a lion's skin.

Writers forget the important element in the establishing of a weekly or monthly—namely, the business management and financing. And writers must remember that, though their articles may be very clever, they may not be worth ten cents to the publication to which it is sent. Of Newton's *Principia* probably not more than fifty copies a year are sold, yet no one will deny their exceeding value. And I must say that Canadian writers—the majority of them—are sadly in need of experience and training—that is, practical training in journalism. Some may possess it through intuition, but they are very few.

Montreal.

HIRAM B. STEPHENS.

\*The writer was quite a youth, I fancy, when the *New Dominion Monthly* was going on, and hence his unsatisfactory impression. It must be remembered that this was one of the pioneers of periodical journalism, quite equal to the opportunities of the times, and numbered among its contributors some of the best writers of the period. Bound sets of the *Dominion Monthly* would probably furnish very pleasant and useful reading to-day. Mr. Stephens speaks out his mind, like a man, on historical and other writers of Canada, and he, and others who have the right of speech on such subjects, are welcome to these columns.—Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]

## A CHILD'S PITY.

No sweeter thing than children's ways and wiles,  
Surely, we say, can gladden eyes and ears;  
Yet, sometimes sweeter than their words or smiles,  
Are even their tears.

To one, for once, a piteous tale was read,  
How, when the murderous mother crocodile  
Was slain, her fierce brood famished and lay dead,  
Starved, by the Nile.

In vast green reed-beds on the vast grey slime,  
Those monsters motherless and helpless lay,  
Perishing only for the parents' crime,  
Whose seed were they.

Hours after, toward the dusk, our small blithe bird  
Of Paradise, who has our hearts in keeping,  
Was heard or seen, but hardly seen or heard,  
For pity weeping.

He was so sorry, sitting still apart,  
For the poor little crocodiles, he said,  
Six years had given him, for an angel's heart,  
A child's instead.

Feigned tears the false beasts shed for murderous ends,  
We know from travellers' tales of crocodiles;  
But these tears wept upon them of my friend's  
Out-hine his smiles.

What heavenliest angels of what heavenly city  
Could match the heavenly heart in children here?  
The heart that, hallowing all things with its pity,  
Casts out all fear?

So lovely, so divine, so dear their laughter  
Seems to us, we know not what could be more clear.  
But lovelier yet we see the sign thereafter  
Of such a tear.

With sense of love, half laughing and half weeping,  
We met your tears, our small sweet-spirited friend,  
Let your life have us in your heavenly keeping  
To life's last end.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.



The Bishop of Carlisle in a sermon referred to "a text floating in a vast quantity of weak soup." The subject of his discourse must have been the oyster.

Professor of English—"I wish you could have been present at our college commencement."

Speaker of English—"I was, sir. I helped lay the corner stone."

"Fellow citizens," exclaimed a Smithville orator, "when the war cry rang over this broad land—" "You was in the barn loft, under six foot of fodder!" shouted a man in the crowd who knew him.

Woman (kindly)—"You say you are very hungry, my poor man; that you have had but little to eat for several days?"

Tramp (very earnestly)—"Madame, there is a wooden toothpick that has lasted me nearly three weeks."

She (of Boston)—"I have seen it stated that Browning has refused \$1,000 for a short poem."

He—"Is it possible! Why, what do you suppose he means?"

"Impossible to say. Nobody knows what Browning means."

"Can I get a position as canvasser for that new book you intend to issue?"

Publisher—"Do you know anything about the book?"

"Yes, I'm the author; and I thought if I could get a position as canvasser I might be able to make a little money out of it."

A Biddeford man while washing the outside of his own windows with the hose thought he would do a neighbourly kindness for the lady who lived in the tenement overhead. He meant well, but as the deceptive scenic screens failed to show him that the windows were wide open, the effect was not just what he expected.—*Lewiston Journal*.

Mrs. Bradleigh—"What name did the Abbots decide on for their new yacht?"

Mr. Bradleigh—"They call her the Come-in-To-morrow, I believe."

Mrs. Bradleigh—"What an awfully slow name!"

Mr. Bradleigh—"Yes, but it harmonizes beautifully with the way she is being paid for."

Friend—"I called to see, Courtly, if you could let me have the \$20 you borrowed a couple of months ago of me."

Courtly—"Can't do it possibly this morning, dear boy."

Friend—"Well, I was passing, and I thought I would stop, thinking I would catch you in."

Courtly—"Yes; five minutes later and I would have been out. You are in luck; yes, you are positively lucky."

Gerald Griffin, in a letter, mentions that one morning at breakfast he asked the waiter, at the Inn of Bromham, did he know anything about Mr. Thomas Moore, of Sloperston Cottage.

"Yes," replied the waiter, "he is a poet."

"I did not know," writes Griffin, "whether to embrace the man for knowing so much, or to kick him for knowing so little."

"Mr. Scrapem," said the hostess to an amateur violinist at an evening gathering, "you play the violin, do you not?"

"Yes—after a fashion, you know," was the modest reply.

"How nice!" murmured half the company.

"Did you bring your violin with you?"

"No, I did not."

"How nice!" murmured the half of the company in fervent unison.—*Merchant Traveller*.

A TOUGH BOY—"Your wickedness will bring down your father's gray hair in sorrow to the grave," said an Austin school teacher to the worst boy in the school.

"Oh, no, I guess not."

"Are you going to reform, then, and lead a new life?"

"Not much; but I'm not going to bring the old man's gray hair in sorrow to the grave, for the old duffer wears a wig and belongs to a cremation society."

A—"Have you read Mr. Gladstone's remarks upon Col. Ingersoll's rejoinder to Dr. Field's answer to Ingersoll's reply to Dr. Field's Open Letter to Mr. Ingersoll's retort to Gladstone?"

B—"No, I have not; but I am waiting with no little interest Mr. Gladstone's reply to Col. Ingersoll's retort to Dr. Field's Open Letter to Mr. Ingersoll's rejoinder to Dr. Field's answer to Col. Ingersoll's reply to Mr. Gladstone's remarks."

As he arranged her rugs and adjusted her steamer chair she said, dreamily:

"Mr. Byron, don't you think the Etruria is just the sweetest ship afloat?"

"No, indeed, Miss Classic, I don't do anything of the kind," he murmured.

"What ship do you prefer, then—the Umbria?" she enquired, with some surprise.

"Well, I think courtship is about the sweetest of the fleet, don't you?" he asked, innocently.

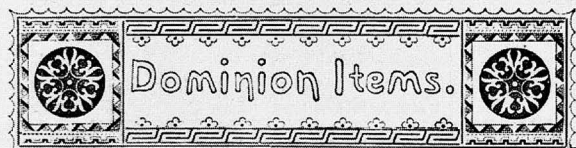
But she pretended to be asleep.



## CANADA IN ENGLAND.

The following, from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is pretty well put and complimentary. The readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will be glad to keep the paragraph as a memorial:—

"An increasing spirit of self-reliance, an increasing consciousness of strength," without any diminution of "filial allegiance and devotion" to the Mother Country, are the signs Lord Lansdowne detects in Canadian life. Patriotism and energy go on developing. The Marquis of Lorne says very much the same thing. "The spirit of union which had led to the Federal constitution had created a nation." Canadian growth inevitably suggests the Irish question. If a nation can be made out of Frenchmen and Englishmen, old settlers and new, and the raw elements of a young colony, what hope is there not for Ireland under some Federal arrangement? The Canadian Dominion is now twenty-one years old. The experiment doubted by the timid has become an example for the wise. Federation is a novelty in the British Empire. It appears to cut up political power into "small morsels," as Sir Henry Maine has declared to be the tendency of modern liberty, but that scission is perfectly compatible with large views, with political growth, and with Imperial patriotism. Canada is the example that silences scepticism.



Manitoba's surplus of wheat this year will amount to 20,000,000 bushels.

A largely attended Blackfoot sun dance was held last week near Calgary. Only two braves were made.

It has been decided to appeal to the Supreme Court against the decision of Chief-Justice Ritchie in the Ayer case.

Considerable amounts of liquor and tobacco have been seized while being smuggled into Canada from St. Pierre and Miquelon.

Canada has the largest per capita average of railway mileage of any country in the world, the number of miles being over 13,000.

The interviews of Gabriel Dumont in eastern papers are looked upon by his compatriots in Winnipeg as the vapourings of a man seeking a little cheap notoriety.

The French Admiral on the North American station has arrived at St. John's, Nfld. It is understood that the flagship Bellerophon is also on her way to that port.

Grasshoppers are more plentiful in Carleton, Russell and Ottawa counties than they have been for ten years past, and are doing considerable damage on high lying farms to grass crops, and also to oats and barley.

The big tree that stood since 1822 on the corner of Scott and Gabriel streets, Quebec, has been felled to the ground. It was planted by Mr. Ernest, ship builder, and was one of the best known landmarks in the city.

The Ottawa Fisheries Department has concluded the payment of bounty claims to Canadian fishermen, who number over forty-five thousand. Forty thousand cheques, involving an expenditure of \$150,000, were issued.

Permits in the Northwest are now being issued to keepers of hotels, with a capacity of twelve sleeping apartments and stabling for five horses, to import and sell beer containing 4 per cent. of alcohol, the Government receiving 10 cents per gallon.

The Calgary district has this year produced about 200,000 pounds of wool, of a fine quality. There are, it is said, about 40,000 head of sheep in the immediate vicinity of Calgary. These western ranch sheep are all cross breeds of Merinos, similar to the Montana sheep.

Complaints are made by the Newfoundland fishermen that caplin are getting scarcer and do not "school" on the shore in such vast bodies as formerly. They attribute the scarcity to the practise of seining this bait in large quantities for farming purposes, and say that caplin are deserting their spawning grounds in consequence.

At the last meeting of the council of the Manitoba Rifle Association it was decided that the annual matches should be held at the Stoney Mountain ranges in August, the exact date not yet being fixed. Capt. Swinford, 90th Rifles, who has so ably filled the office of secretary to the association, asked to be relieved, as he expected to be absent from town all summer. His resignation was accepted, and Major Buchan, Mounted Infantry corps, was appointed to the position.

## LUNDY'S LANE.

SEVENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE.

The seventy-fourth anniversary of the battle of Lundy's Lane was right loyally celebrated on the 25th ult., at the historical little village of Drummondville, on the ground where the battle was fought. The village was crowded with Canadians and Americans from New York State. The graves of those who fell and were buried in trenches in the old village graveyard were profusely decorated with flowers and Union Jacks. From wires stretched above trenches hung the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, side by side. The grave of Laura Secord, who walked to Beaver Dam and gave information of the approach of the American army to the British troops, has, with her husband's, been restored and enclosed with a handsome picket fence. They also were decorated with flowers and Union Jacks. At 2 p.m. all the places of historical interest and position of the contending armies were pointed out to the visitors, and, later on, a meeting was held at which speeches were made and appropriate resolutions passed. Several Americans took part in the platform exercises.

## GOOD ADVICE ABOUT THE EYES.

Of all the organs of sense, the eye is the most ornamental as well as the most useful. Every object we see has its picture formed on the back wall of the eye, a picture as distinct as that in the camera obscura. How the impression is carried along the optic nerve to the brain is beyond our knowledge. In gathering distant pictures the normal eye finds no trouble, but it is in near work, as reading or sewing, that the difficulty comes. In reading, the book should be held at a distance of from ten to fifteen inches from the eyes. The reader's position should be such that the light may fall on the book and not on the eyes. The light itself should be sufficient; nothing is so injurious to the eyes as poor light in reading. Next to sunlight, the incandescent light gives the best illumination for reading, and all notions of the injurious effects on the eyes of the electric light are erroneous. Reading while riding in the cars should be avoided. The jolting and shaking of the train cause a great strain to the eyes and injures them.

There is a great deal of popular prejudice against spectacles, but there are two good reasons why they should be worn, and only two. One is that we may see better, and the other that strain on the eyes may be relieved. The near-sighted child should wear spectacles, because they are the best preventive against increase of near-sightedness, and also because he loses a great part of his education in not being able to see more than a few feet away. When a person grows old the power of accommodation is lost, and even if he be not near-sighted, the hardening of the crystalline lens prevents sight at short distances. Hence he is obliged to wear glasses. The vast majority of persons who wear glasses can see as well without them. They use them to avoid a constant strain on the eyes. The act of focalization is a muscular act continually. The results are headache, irritability and nausea. The only remedy in such cases is to wear glasses. For eyes in a healthy state, pure cold water is the best wash. When the eyelids are inflamed, a weak solution of salt and water makes the best domestic eye lotion. Never apply poultices to the eye.

**THE VIOLET IN VOGUE.**—It is curious that the modest violet should have become the favourite flower at the same moment in Paris and in Berlin. The Emperor Frederick affected it as his father did the cornflower; the vases in his room were kept supplied with violets; the curtains and carpets were violet coloured; the loyal Berliners wore violets as a token of their devotion to the Kaiser; they figured in advertisements of all sorts. The enormous trade which is being done in violets at Paris this year is reported to be due to a discovery recently made by a well-known author. He has

got a sight of the recipe used by the Empress Josephine as a means for rendering her "beautiful for ever," and to which she owed that marvellous tint which was the wonder and despair of the French ladies of the time. The wife of Napoleon used to have boiling milk poured over a basin full of violet flowers and with this decoction she bathed her face and neck every morning. No sooner was this old secret brought to light than the Parisian ladies began to order great basketsful of violets to be left at the doors daily, and this home-made cosmetic is reported to be in daily use this season by thousands.

## THE DOCTOR OF THE POOR.

(FROM JACQUES JASMIN.)

Noon chimed at Boé, as two girls appeared,  
Each from a woodland pathway. Soon they neared  
The old stone windmill, doubtful whether  
Their stroll could be prolonged together.  
From their slight figures it was seen  
The years of each were nigh fifteen—  
Each with complexion, fresh and fair,  
But not the same brisk, buoyant air.  
One was all smiles, and danced along,  
Flowers in her hand, with mirth and song:  
Her playmate walked with tardier pace,  
"Whither, dear Mariette, away?"  
Exclaimed the grave one to the gay:  
"To Agen I am bound to-day,  
And soon shall pass beneath the shade  
That by its arching limes is made.  
I only hope I may be sure  
To find the Doctor of the Poor:  
I'm taking him this sweet bouquet,  
And silver, too, our debt to pay;  
See the bright pieces! Shall I count?  
Well, they in all to ten amount,  
And, let me tell you, we have others  
Laid by within a drawer of mother's!"  
The simple child, without perceiving  
That she to whom she spoke was grieving,  
Paused to reflect, a moment's while,  
Then said between a tear and smile:  
"We all had fever in the winter past—  
We were too poor the needful drugs to buy—  
And, when our furniture was sold, at last,  
Nothing was left for us, except to die!  
Oh! then, a gentleman with smiling face  
Came to our home, and, looking round the place,  
Cried: 'My good friends! they told me you were ill,  
And I am here to cure you—not to kill.'  
My mother answered: 'Sir, it is too late:  
The end draws nigh, and we must yield to fate.  
Physic is dear, and, ere our lives have fled,  
Our last few sous must go to purchase bread.'  
I saw him shiver at the tale she told—  
My bed had then no curtains—they were sold—  
'Ye rich!' he cried: but with the words he joins  
A gift to mother of some silver coins.  
'Accept, poor dame, this succour from a friend—  
Blush not! your troubles soon, I trust, will end,  
And, when hereafter you are more at ease,  
You can repay the money, as you please.'  
My mother bless'd him. Soon a change took place.  
The Doctor's care, kind voice, and smiling face,  
Aiding his magic fever-draughts, assured  
Almost a miracle, and we were cured!  
Since then, no troubles in our pathway lurk,  
My mother, brothers, and myself all work;  
He, like the swallows, brought good luck, I vow,  
And we are happy—poor no more—and thou?"  
"And I? I weep: I suffer deeply thus!  
Ill-luck abandoned you, and flew to us.  
My father now is lying ill in bed,  
So worn, that soon I fear he will be dead,  
If this kind Doctor, who can aid the sick,  
Comes not to aid him with his medicine, quick."  
"O poor, dear Isabelle! I pity thee!  
And I, who laughed so gaily! Come with me,  
And find the Doctor: he will always go  
To help poor people in their hour of woe,  
And thus, it haps he is not rich, they say,  
But God will bless him to his dying day."  
Cheered by these words, they travell'd fast—  
The road seemed shorter now—  
And, when beneath the trees they pass'd,  
Each maiden bent her brow.  
O'er the Long Bridge, at length they reach the street,  
But, by a house, what vision meets the gaze?  
A Cross—some Priests, whose chant is sad and sweet—  
They listen in amaze.  
Poor Isabelle is trembling like a reed;  
A corpse! she muses on her father's need,  
Then quickly nears a weeping group to say:  
"Doctor Durand—where is he living, pray?"  
"Hast thou not heard! Behold! he comes this way!"  
Yes, it was he, in truth, who came, but dead—  
Dead—in his coffin—tapers at his head—  
Mourned by the poor, who ne'er would see him more;  
And, in the train of those whose hearts were sore,  
Whose bitter tears fell fast,  
Two more poor children pass'd!  
Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.





NOT WHAT HE WANTED.

ARTIST: Yes, sir; I can enlarge this photograph, and give you a speaking likeness.

WIDOWER (WHOSE KNOWLEDGE OF ART TERMS IS LIMITED, BUT WHO HAS A VERY VIVID REMEMBRANCE OF DECEASED): A speaking likeness! I would like the portrait, but—but I—er—don't care to have it talk much.



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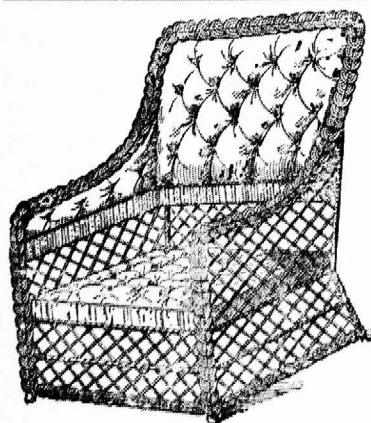
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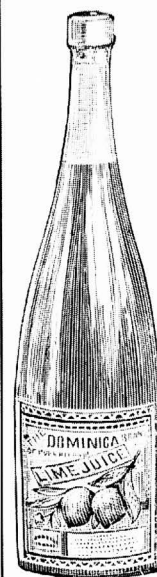
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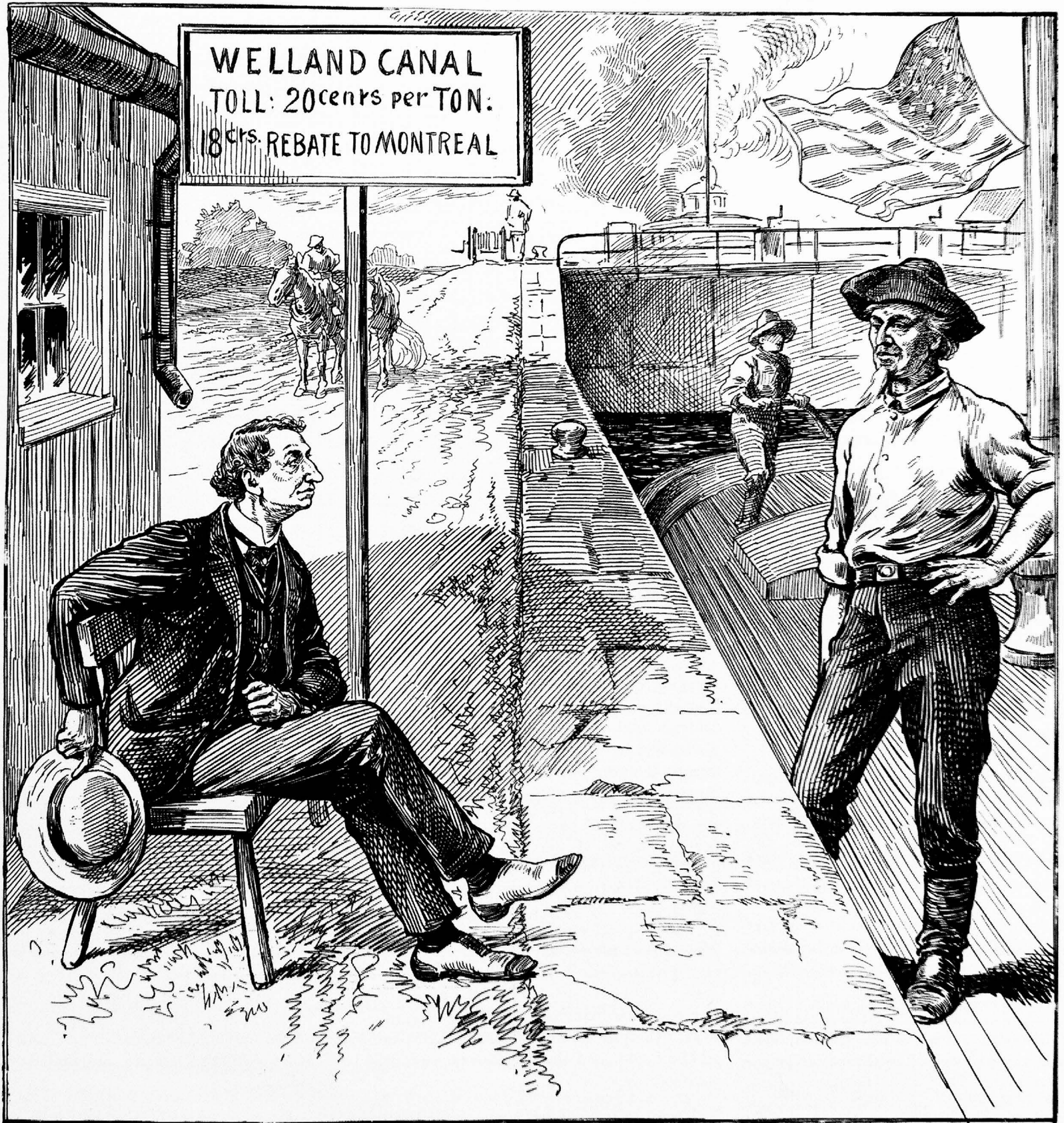
# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

VOL. I.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, 11th AUGUST, 1888.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM.  
10 CENTS PER COPY.



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10 cents per copy; \$4 a year.

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162 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

11th AUGUST, 1888.

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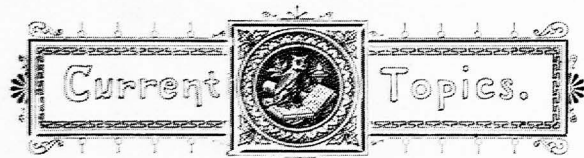
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TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—We are anxious to procure good photographs of important events, men of note, city and town views, forest and farm operations, seaside resorts, mountain and prairie scenery, salmon and trout fishing, yachting, etc., from all parts of the Dominion, and we ask photographers, amateur and professional, to show their patriotism, as well as their love of art, by sending us prints of such subjects as may enable us to lay before our readers, at home and abroad, interesting and attractive pictures of Canada.

Correspondents sending manuscripts which they wish returned, if not accepted, are requested to enclose stamps for return postage.



It has long been an open secret that our salmon limits have been ceded without judgment, entailing serious loss to the exchequer. On the Restigouche there is a contest against the suppression of net privileges, and the natives complain that the "rich Americans" have too much influence with the Government officials. On the Cascapedia the people of New Richmond hold that the water held by the Governors-General would bring a great deal more than the present rental of \$500 for a magnificent stretch of that splendid river, if thrown open to competition. The subject is worthy of legislative consideration.

Travellers bring the best news from two colonies of settlers in the Northwest. The Icelanders, south of Glenboro, occupy a rich domain, with fine farms under cultivation, good roads and comfortable buildings. They adapt themselves well to the ways of the country, are thrifty and take an interest in territorial affairs. Even more may be said in behalf of the Mennonites, who have been long enough in the country to show that the experiment of their transportation was a happy one. The South Russians have the knack of money-making, thus reaping the reward of hard toil.

We were among the first to express regret that Dr. Daniel Wilson, of Toronto, should have thought fit to decline the honour of knighthood,

giving the very reason which it seems prevailed on him to reserve his decision—that he was thus chosen, not only for his own merits, but as a representative of Canadian letters and of the worthy teaching class. We have no sympathy with the spirit that carps at these distinctions. They are old and historical and part of a sound English system of rewards, outside altogether of ribbon, medal, cross and parchment.

A reverend writer, in the *Forum*, makes an onslaught on the funereal customs of the day, going the length of calling them "barbaric." We fear that this is rather strong speech. We question whether it applies to the United States; it certainly does not apply to the Southern and South-western States. It is clearly unjust as regards Canada, where these ceremonies are conducted in a decorous, Christian way, and where nothing is inconsistent "with good taste, intelligent morality and a spiritual religion."

The scheme of Imperial Federation is keeping its hold on public notice on both sides of the Atlantic. A curious mistake with regard to its votaries is, however, that the Tories of Britain and Canada are at the bottom of the "fad," while the truth is as much the other way. The Liberals of England and Ireland, headed by Messrs. Gladstone and Parnell, declared their adhesion to it in open Parliament, the other day, while, in this country, the Liberal leaders, Mr. Blake and Sir Richard Cartwright, have both favoured it in public speeches. The fact is that the question, if understood as it should be—else the project would have no ennobling influence—soars high above petty party divisions.

The Province of Ontario, which generally leads, and is never backward, in the path of improvement, is about introducing a long-wanted reform in the management of her gaols and asylums. The lunatics who were confined within penal walls, for want of special accommodation elsewhere, will now be transferred to the new wing or "annex" of the Hamilton Asylum, just completed. The change will be hailed in every part of the province, and we shall hear no more of the complaints and warnings, on that score, of grand jurymen, at the meetings of the courts of assizes.

In no mood of surprise, but with a grim bow to the despotism of party spirit, we learn the impending defeat of the Fisheries Treaty, in the Senate of the United States. In that body the Opposition have a majority of only two, which will likely be altered to a minority within the next few months, and with that feeble lever they upset a measure of the gravest importance, the work of two governments looking with a single eye to peace and union, and backed by a large majority in the popular branch—the House of Representatives. In spite of all, a loophole of survival will still be found, and the Fisheries question will be satisfactorily settled.

France had better have a care. The publication of vital statistics again shows that she is being gnawed by a cancer. Natality is lessening there at an alarming rate. Births are out of all proportion with deaths. While the small nations around are growing through natural fecundity, the population of France is decreasing from year to year. If the evil goes on, as it will, in half a century from now France will rank only sixth among the nations of Europe. It is a painful subject, but the lesson

is a searching one, which no vain reasoning can get over, that, between religious Brittany and free-and-easy Normandy, the yearly births of the former are 33 for each 1000, while in the latter, they are only 19.

The question of lotteries is being faintly brought up in this Province, the Local Government being desirous of testing the legality of advertisements published by the Le Monde Printing Company for the Louisiana State Lottery, bringing suit against the same therefor. It is to be hoped that the whole subject of lotteries, while we are at it, will be aired in the courts and the press, as there is wide divergence of views among dwellers in Lower Canada on the point. With regard to the famous Louisiana Lottery, it may be of help for some people to remember that the two superintendents thereof are General Early, a good churchman for a soldier, and General Beauregard, another good churchman, who is of French-Canadian descent from the Toutant family of Three Rivers.

There is nothing like going back to first principles. In this age of verbiage, flippancy and presumption, it is well to remember that man and the world are governed by a few slight rules, the forgetting or forsaking of which throws the whole gear out of groove. Dr. Lavell, Warden of Kingston penitentiary, has learned this, through sight and sound of the wretched lives that are locked up under his eye. The Doctor does not seem to say much, but he speaks whole books when he states that the starting point of most of the criminals under his charge may be traced to disobedience to parents, bad company and neglect of Sunday worship.

## THE REFLUENT TIDE.

In "Evangeline," the poet speaks of the returning tide that, afar from the waste of the ocean, comes heaving and hurrying forward. This image is being applied by some enthusiastic papers of the West to a so-called movement of repatriation from the United States into Ontario and other provinces of the Dominion. The story is given out that quite an appreciable number of Upper Canadians who went westward, on the American side, to improve their fortunes, have come back to their former homes, quite satisfied that they can live better, cheaper and with more comfort in their own land. We should like to believe that this account is strictly true; that it embraces a sufficient number of returns worth talking about and building a theory on, and, indeed, that the repatriation is not merely sporadic and intermittent. But the facts which have reached us allow of no such assurance, and we have to fall back, in this instance, as in so many others in a people's life, on the stern routine of money and climactic needs, and the notions, fancies and prejudices of individuals.

The situation is still more glaring in the Province of Quebec. Both parties have been courting popularity, with large grants of money, to induce the thousands of their emigrants to come back. Most unjustifiable political capital has been made of the "exodus" to the United States, often to the abuse of one or the other political parties, and always to the depreciation of the credit and prestige of Lower Canada. The writer is thoroughly acquainted with this whole subject. He knows all



about the matter of emigration and immigration. He denies altogether that the passage of so many French-Canadians across the border is due to political causes or traceable to the poverty of their native province. The movement is natural and spontaneous. It takes place in virtue of the dynamic law, which holds throughout all the works of nature, that the greater draws the lesser—*pars major trahit minorem*—and the United States have an absorbing, attractive power. Besides, the French Canadian is much more of a nomad than the native of France. He has the blood of the *coureurs des bois* and of the *voyageurs* in his veins. He likes to move about and to pitch his tent where he listeth. Many is the laughing reply which the writer has got from toilers in New England factories that they left Canada for a change and more freedom. Any one visiting them at their dwellings will be convinced at once that it is useless talking about their returning to Canada. That cannot be done to any extent, and, what is more, the "exodus" cannot and will not be stopped. It flows on and on, like Tennyson's brook. A frequent and significant sight, at South Quebec, is to see a train, by the Grand Trunk, for Montreal and the West, filled with people from the emigrant ships, and another train, by the Quebec Central, crowded with whole Canadian families and their household goods, bound for the New England States, and both steaming out of the same station, to their opposite destinations. Ontario people will go to the West and Northwest, and Quebec people will go to the Eastern States, and you cannot stop them. No amount of legislation can check that tendency, and were the whole of Canada a Land of Promise, flowing with milk and honey, there would be still a constant outflow of her children to the land of the stranger. No man of sense will deny that we live as comfortably here as in the United States, and that, in proportion to numbers, there is as much accumulated and disposable wealth among Canadians as among Americans, but even that salient circumstance has no weight in the scales. And, of course, there is no cause for alarm. These things balance themselves. The empty spaces are soon filled, and the proof that Canada is making rapid strides in population is patent to the least observant.

### CANADIAN INFLUENCE.

If fresh proof were needed of the stand which the Dominion of Canada is taking on this continent, and of the growing force of its political and territorial power, we find it in the bluster and rhodomontade of certain American papers, when speaking of our public works, and our grip on the channels of freight and travel, by land, lake and sea. The New York *Tribune*, for instance, that has always been erratic under Whitelaw Reid, ever since he got unbridled control of the once great paper, after Horace Greeley, takes the Canadian Pacific Railway as a text, to utter some of the silliest and most insolent threats, and lays down an absurd travesty of a great underlying principle of American polity. In one breath, the metropolitan paper attacks the railway as a ruinous speculation, in its original design, and as a political piece of machinery set in motion to bind together the provinces of the Confederacy, *at the expense of the United States*. It then utters a long whimper about Canadian control of a line of

steamers between Victoria and San Francisco; about the enormous subsidy, from Great Britain and Canada, to four steamers competing with an American line in the carrying trade across the Pacific from China and Japan, "so as to force the Yankees to import their tea from Winnipeg"; about tapping the United States, at many points along the frontier, with a diversion of business in favour of the Canadian trunk lines, which are running across northern Maine, through the Adirondacks and along the north shore of Lake Superior, and, after the Sault Ste. Marie was bridged, pushing new railways to Duluth and Minneapolis as feeders for the Canadian Pacific. Waxing in his wrath, the fiery editor charges his countrymen with folly for closing their eyes to the fact that Canada, *with the assistance of Great Britain*, is becoming a more formidable competitor for the commerce of the continent, and that her "political railway" has snatched from the American trunk lines much of their transportation business, while along the border its feeders are running mostly into American markets. Then comes the culminating threat, for which the editorial writer ought to get a gigantic foolscap: "The Republican platform stands for a revival of the Monroe doctrine and the supremacy of American influence."

It were idle to attempt a reply to such twaddle, which really answers itself. And there is no use getting angry in return, for then we should be as ridiculous as the New York writer himself. Rather should we smile at the insane pretension that the Canadians have not as much right as Americans on this continent, more than half of which belongs to them, and which they mean to settle and people as fast as human appliances will allow. We have that right and will hold it, and we will carry out the further right of trading where and as far as we please, pushing our trunk lines, our ocean steamers on the Atlantic and the Pacific, our inland packets and canal boats, to every point where profitable trade can be obtained.

And as to the invocation of the Monroe doctrine, it is the height of impertinence to call that a Republican principle which was laid down by Monroe, the favourite disciple of Jefferson and Madison, the founders of the true American Democracy. It is clear that the editor does not know what the Monroe doctrine is—and there are not many writers of his ilk that do—else he would not seek to apply to commercial questions a code, anodyne as it is, set forth for high political contingencies only. In the next number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED we shall have a special study on this famous state paper of the fifth President of the United States, viewed from the standpoints of history and of political economy.

### POINTS.

BY ACUS.

Sometimes trembling in the mariner's compass, sometimes being quickly plied with busy fingers, made of that steel which is a proverbial synonym for truth,—the needle, from which (as every school-boy knows) I take my name, performs a useful part, though small and unobtrusive. Upon occasion, also, it has no difficulty in making itself felt. In all its undertakings it never fails of its "point." These good examples, therefore, on the part of the needle, which I have set down for myself to emulate, may not be the easiest in the world to follow; but it will be my endeavour, to the best of my ability, to possess some, or all, of these characteristics.

Lord Stanley of Preston, during his recent brief stay in Ottawa, "rushed" things in a truly American manner. For one thing, his special train arrived considerably earlier than was announced; and the crowd that gathered at the station subsequently to meet him were disappointed to find themselves rather late in the day. Similarly, when His Excellency was to be sworn in, he was again premature, and the members of the Ministry and others who were to have received him came straggling along afterward. Meanwhile, Lord Stanley enjoyed himself among the walks and vistas of the Parliament grounds. One may infer, from these things, that the new Governor will not be at all backward in coming forward.

Among the features of Sir John's individuality, next to his strong and characteristic nasal appendage and his histrionic hair, comes perhaps his red necktie. Wherever he goes, that necktie blossoms like the rose of Sharon. The haberdashers ought to feel very grateful to Sir John, seeing that his example has so much increased the demand for these ties.

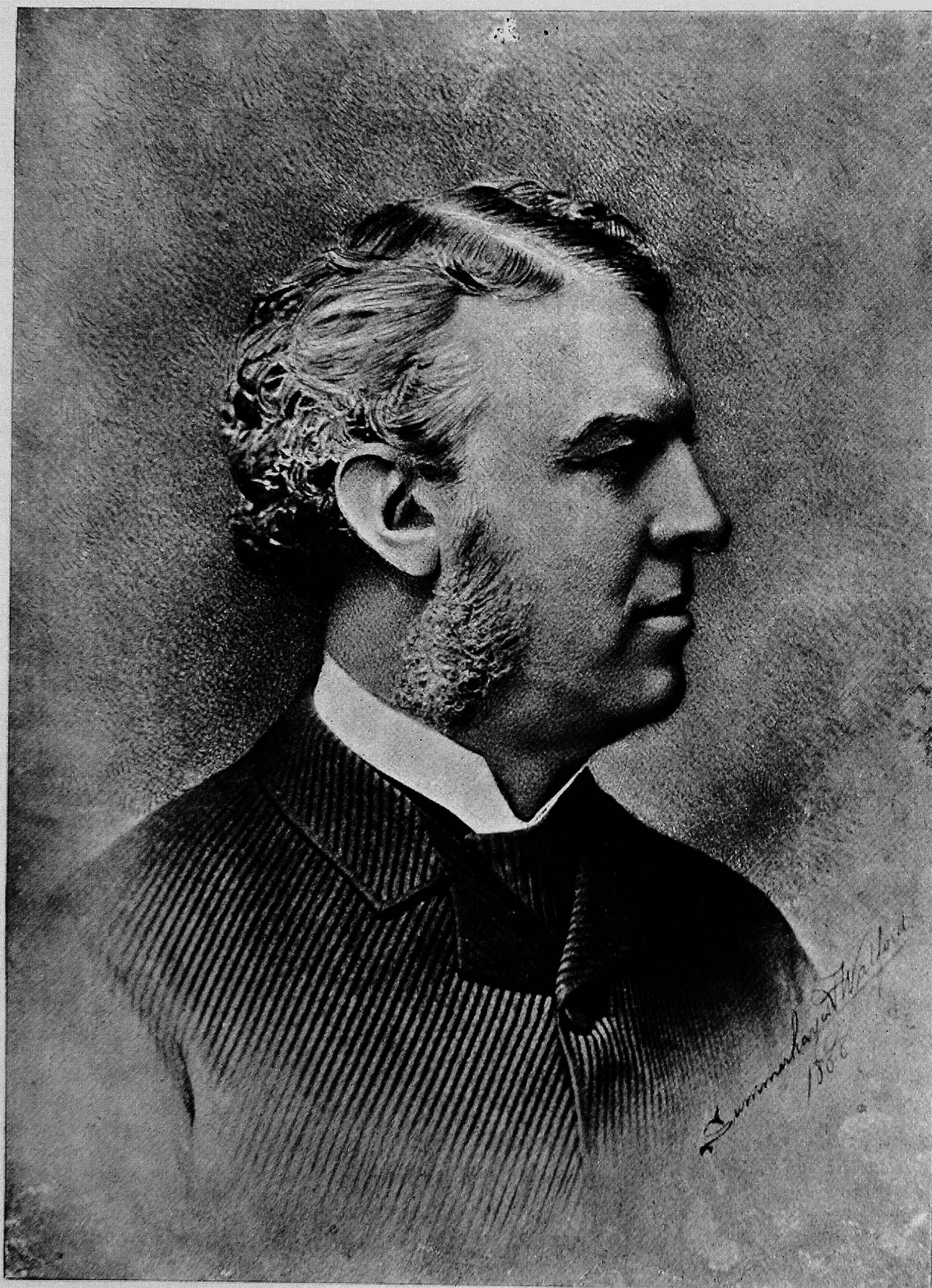
Among the many good things attributed to Sir John Macdonald is his reply to the agent for an American illustrated work, when the latter asked not only that Sir John should furnish a sketch of his life, but that he should pay for its insertion. Sir John, it is said, told the agent that a highwayman asks for one's money *or* one's life; "but," said he, "you want *both*!"

The action of Dr. Daniel Wilson, in refusing the honour of knighthood, is not altogether inconsistent with the record of University College, Toronto. This college is one out of the number of those that have discontinued the distribution of prizes. It has been set down as a principle that knowledge, like virtue, is its own reward. Some such consideration as this may have influenced the venerable president; and he may have felt that knighthood is simply a sort of prize, which the possession of real merit renders superfluous. To the rank and file of ordinary mortals, however, who are less philosophic than the professor, there will always be an air of imposing splendour about the stately "sir."

The Rev. W. T. Herridge, B.D., present incumbent of St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, but formerly a resident of Montreal, has already earned a considerable reputation as an earnest preacher and scholarly writer. But recently he saw fit, publicly, to cast in his lot, on the temperance, with Dr. Macdonnell, of Toronto; and he has consequently broken quite a hornet's nest about his ears. If we are to judge from remarks made by opposing factions, we may believe Mr. Herridge to be either a positive saint or a decided sinner. Seriously, however, while we may question the propriety of his course, there can be no doubt as to his purity of heart or sincerity of purpose.

HOW TO HELP THE POOR.—It is sad to have to acknowledge that the majority of the schemes for bettering the condition of the working millions are worse than useless. They sometimes do actual harm. There is a way, however, that money can be spent advantageously for the benefit of the toilers. Cornelius Vanderbilt has appropriated a large sum of money to build a club house for the employees of the New York Central Railway Company who work around New York. In this club the men are furnished refreshments and opportunities for innocent recreation at a trifling expense. The aim is to give the employees, off duty, a good time in a club of their own, in which there shall be no temptations to dissipation. The Prince of Wales recently laid the foundation of a people's palace in East London. When completed, it will provide a means of recreation for hundreds of thousands of workmen, and also a technical and trade school for the education of boys. It will contain a summer and winter garden, concert halls, swimming baths, gymnasium, reading rooms and a library.





J. J. CURRAN, Q. C., M. P. FOR MONTREAL CENTRE.

From a photograph by Summerhayes & Walford.





THE TORONTO UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS.—WINTER VIEW.

From a photograph by Bruce.

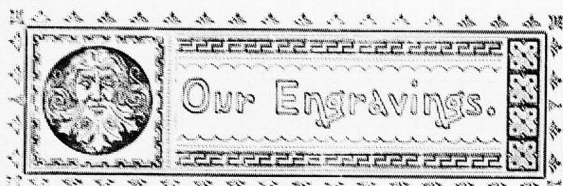


VIEW IN THE SELKIRKS.

SHOWING UNFINISHED SNOW SHED, AND THE SUMMER AND WINTER TRACKS OF THE C. P. RY.

From a photograph by Notman.





**OUR CARTOON.**—No discrimination! No, indeed; that is to say, Canada makes no discrimination as between Canadian and American vessels passing through the Welland Canal, and the Americans show no discrimination in their cry of retaliation. Surely, they don't expect us to discriminate in favour of their vessels, which we would be doing were we to charge them a lower toll when bound to Oswego than we do on Canadian boats bound for Toronto or Port Hope. We discriminate in favour of the St. Lawrence route by granting a rebate of 18 cents on cargoes for Montreal, but we make no difference as between American and Canadian boats, and the complaint of the United States has no foundation in fact.

**MR. JOHN J. CURRAN, Q.C.**—The member for Montreal Centre was born at Montreal, on the 22nd February, 1842, and educated first at St. Mary's College, under the Jesuits, and afterward at Ottawa College with the Oblates. He was graduated B.C.L. at McGill in 1862, called to the Bar in 1863, and made a Q. C. in 1882. He is a Doctor of Laws of Manhattan College, N.Y., one of the chief institutions in America of the Christian Brothers. He unsuccessfully contested Sheford in 1874, and first entered Parliament in 1882, and re-elected at the last general election.

**THE TORONTO UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS.**—This magnificent pile of buildings was erected during the years 1854-59, to provide accommodation not only for the University of Toronto (which simply confers degrees), but also for University College, with its various lecture rooms, residences, and students' quarters. The massive structure was designed by Messrs. Cumberland and Storm, and built under their directions. The chief façades of the building are to the south and east, the former of great and massive elevation, for distant effect from the lake and city. The general outline of the building approaches the form of a square, having an internal quadrangle of about 200 feet square, the north side of which is left open to the park. The main frontage of the south is about 300 feet long, with a massive Norman tower in its centre, 120 feet in height, and comprising two storeys, that on the ground being devoted to lecture rooms, and the upper storey to the library and museums; this may be called the public portion of the building. The east side of the building is 260 feet in length and entered by a subsidiary tower. The west end of the quadrangle is about 200 feet in length, and is used as residences for the students. The whole cost was nearly \$500,000.

The senate of Toronto University met last week, and confirmed the reports of the examiners at the recent matriculating examinations in the faculties of arts and medicine and in the department of agriculture. The following are the scholarships:

The Mary Mulock Classical Scholarship.—W. H. McClive, St. Catharines.

Mathematics.—H. G. Crocker (quadruple), U. C. C., J. A. McMurphy, Hamilton (æq.).

Modern Languages.—H. G. Crocker.

Prince of Wales Scholarship for First-class Honours in Two Departments.—H. G. Crocker.

General Proficiency.—H. G. Crocker; 1, A. Shiel, U. C. C.; 2, A. W. Cameron, Dutton; 3, F. W. Shipley, Brampton; 4, J. McCrae, Guelph.

**VIEW IN THE SELKIRKS.**—Our readers cannot, we are convinced, have a surfeit of the splendid scenery of our great mountain regions, and the beauty and variety of the views are such that we may be expected to present each week two or three of them among our illustrations. Here we have a scene, to the grandeur of which our engraving scarcely does justice. We are at the summit of the Selkirks, and we see in the distance a part of the ice-covered peaks, including a portion of the Great Glacier. In the foreground, to the right, is the winter railway track, covered by the snowshed, unfinished at the time the photo was taken, while the summer track trends off to the left.

**HON. HONORÉ MERCIER.**—The First Minister of the Province of Quebec was born at Iberville, on the Richelieu, on the 16th October, 1840, and educated at the College of the Jesuits in Montreal. He was called to the Bar in 1867, and began his public career, like so many of his countrymen, in the paths of country journalism, being editor of the *Courrier de St. Hyacinthe* for several years. His first entry into Parliament was in 1872 for Rouville, where he sat until 1874, and then returned to private life and his profession till 1879, at which time he was elected to the Quebec Assembly for St. Hyacinthe and was Solicitor-General in the Joly Government for some months. He was re-elected on two subsequent occasions, and in January, 1887, became leader of a new Provincial Government, composed of Liberal and National elements, in which he at first held the office of Attorney-General. He is now mostly occupied with the management of his administration and party.

**FOUNDLING GIRLS** is from a painting by Mrs. Anderson. To our younger patrons, who may not know what a "foundling" is, we would explain that an infant deserted or exposed by its parents, or a child found without an owner, is one. The painting from which this picture was taken endeavours to show us how beneficent people, who have

erected and supported foundling hospitals, have perfected their work. These little foundling girls have been taken in, fed, clothed, educated, even to singing sweet hymns, until we now see a bevy of them, wearing their caps of grace, attending worship, and awaiting their turn to sing or chaunt. The grouping is very natural, the faces all different and equally beautiful. Mrs. Anderson is an English lady famous for two paintings—this one and a companion to it, called "Cloister Boys."

**HON. EDWARD DEWDNEY, C.E.**—The new Minister of the Interior is an Englishman by birth, being born in Devonshire, in 1835. He went thence to British Columbia in 1859 and, as a civil engineer, was employed on the Canadian Pacific Railway survey. He sat for Kootenay in the British Columbia Assembly as far back as 1868; was returned to the Commons in 1872; was appointed Indian Commissioner in 1879 and Lieutenant-Governor of the N. W. T. in 1881. He has just been nominated Minister of the Interior, and will run for East Assiniboia.

**BOW RIVER FALLS.**—These are quite distinct from the falls of the same river, called Kananaskis Falls, previously published in these pages. The latter are some twenty miles nearer Calgary. The former are quite close to Banff, and form an important feature in the landscape of the National Park. The river Spray, a short distance below the falls, joins its turbulent waters to those of the Bow.

**THE WASHERWOMAN.**—The Blass family presents a remarkable succession of talent. Charles v. Blass was born in 1815, in Tyrol, and enjoys the reputation of a gifted historical painter; his two sons, Eugène and Jules, are also artists of note. The elder of them, Eugène, is devoted to historical and modern painting, and Jules consecrates his talent to the drawing of animals, especially horses. The engraving in this number is taken from the original by Eugène, who was first the pupil of his father and then studied in the Venetian and Vienna Academies. After having spent a few years in travelling over Italy, France, Belgium and England, Eugène Blass took up his abode in Venetia. From the past and present of this Adriatic peninsula he draws the subjects of his various paintings, always simple and neat in composition and beautiful in design and colour.

### TOM MOORE'S HOME.

Sloperton Cottage is about as cosy a retreat from the turmoil of towns as could be imagined—an ideal poet's home it really is. The poet went to live there in 1817. He got the cottage, furnished, at £40 a year, but subsequently the rent, minus the furniture, was fixed at £18. He added a wing to it himself, and, procuring a root of ivy from Tara Hill, trained the plant to weave a garment of leaves around it in keeping with the other portions of the building. Along two sides of a kitchen garden at the back of the cottage the poet built a narrow raised bank, sheltered by laurel hedges, which he called the "terrace walk." He told Gerald Griffin that he always composed while walking, and we may assume that many of his brilliant melodies and songs were written as he promenaded on the terrace. "How dear to me the hour when daylight dies," he exclaims in one of his poems; and we are told by Mrs. Moore that he never missed watching the setting of the sun in the west during the summer months from the terrace walk. The walk still remains, and indeed things are pretty much the same as they were when the poet lived, with the exception that the kitchen garden has been turned into a lawn and a portion of land has been added to the grounds as a flower garden. The gardener of the present occupant—a lady named Spicer—says that not many people come to see the place, and that Irish soldiers of regiments stationed in Devizes, a garrison hard by, were the most frequent visitors. He was too young, he said, to have remembered the poet; but Mrs. Moore he knew, and in her declining years she became very feeble and had to be wheeled around in a chair. His father knew Moore well, and often spoke of the pitiable condition to which the poet, like Swift and Scott and other literary men, was reduced for two years before his death. Moore died at Sloperton Cottage of softening of the brain, in the 72d year of his age, and Mrs. Moore died in 1865. The writer supplied himself with some leaves of the "Tara ivy" and returning to Bromham, the neighbouring hamlet, paid another visit to the grave, and prayed that Ireland at least, whatever the rest of the world may do, will never cease

To love and cherish

The wit and song, the name and fame of Moore.



The international type-writing tournament is to be held at Toronto on the 17th of August.

A report to the Winnipeg Board of Trade shows the total of last year's crop to have been fourteen million bushels.

A survey of the approaches to Collingwood harbour will be made under the direction of Commander Boulton, R.N.

The negotiations with the Imperial Government respecting the Canadian Pacific mail subsidy have made excellent progress, and a conclusion is daily expected.

The Post Office Department has arranged to resume the steam mail service between Victoria, B.C., and San Francisco, in accordance with the terms of the union.

Over seven hundred colonists from Iceland will arrive in Manitoba this month, driven from their northern homes by the excessively hard conditions of life in North Iceland.

The Government steam launch Cruiser is en route to Georgian Bay, where she will be used for the purpose of preventing the smuggling of goods from the United States into Canada.

The Imperial authorities have informed the Marine Department that they no longer intend to use Sambro, at the mouth of Halifax river, as a signal station. The regular troops will be withdrawn from the island at once.

Mr. Lynch has concluded his enquiries into the dairying of England, Ireland and Scotland. What he saw on the Continent convinced him that Canada will find a desirable market for butter in England, despite the low prices, if such measures are taken as have raised the Canadian cheese industries.

One hundred and twenty farm labourers are leaving next week for farms of Sir John Lister-Kaye's company in the Northwest, being booked through to Balgonie. It is intended to develop the property forthwith. Nearly all are engaged for two years.

A British firm has completed a large contract for four or five thousand head of Alberta ranche cattle, delivery at the rate of 1,000 per week, to begin the second week in August. Northwest ranche stock was favourably received last year, and good prices are expected. Cattle men say general Dominion cattle reaching the English markets this year is excellent, indicating much progress in quality during the last four years.

The entire Metapedia river is understood to be leased by Sir George Stephen, one of the Canadian Pacific management, but the Metapedia flows through a great deal of wild or Government land. On the Restigouche the club holds the great pool at the junction of the rivers and miles of best water above. Below the junction some pools which are said to be rich in salmon, whose size and agility are a continual joy, are held by the Mic Mac club.

Those who go down to the River Restigouche with nets have a sorry time this season, but the fly fishermen are jubilant over an average of two salmon daily to a rod. This is a remarkable change. The usual thing on a salmon river is the complaint that the nets are taking all the fish. But at present the market fishermen are complaining that the rods are taking the lion's share, although they should be aware what fly-fishing means in the way of material advantages to the country.

### LOVE'S PROTEST TO "LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY."

TO GEORGE MURRAY.

The poets ne'er can Time betray.

When common clay to dust returns,

The breathings of your soul away

Shall live and move while light makes day:

The ashes die, the fire still burns.

You pluckt us treasures from afar,

The close-furled bud 'mid leaves disposed

The bloom, a careless breath might mar,

With petals hanging on by love

Around a golden heart exposed.

Unspoiled and fresh from purer air,

You bring incarnate light and dew

To men pent close in stifling care

'Neath narrow skies. What gift more rare

Could win undying love for you?

Never for you can come the day

"When age no more is loved again,"

Whilst each new day you charm away

Old cares with thoughts or grave or gay;

New love you win, the old retain.

Montreal,

K. A. C.

[We have much pleasure in publishing the "protest"—would we were always protested so—of one gifted writer to another, on account of verses put forth in this journal last week. All of Mr. Murray's poems teem with thought and grace, and the translations with which he has favoured our first numbers have been noticed far and wide, even in print. Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]



## ON THE OTTAWA.

I.

TALBOT ROBINSON.

People who are kept harnessed to the "duty which lies nearest" must, when possible, seize the pleasure closest to hand. Therefore, as a slight relaxation, let us take the market boat and make the run up the Ottawa. This entails early rising—an effort requiring all the resolution and fortitude of a martyr. Many pretty things have been said and written as to the beauties of the morning, but the birthplace of their inspiration was never the town, surely. For there the spirit of the early hours greets you *en papillote*, with tired, sleep-bound eyes, and for the bravery of green tunic and rosy helmet, in which the young day sets forth to new achievements in the country, we see only the dingy garb of resumed toil. Our road, too, seems carefully to select a view of the seamy side of the garment: for, all the way to the canal basin, there is nothing to be seen but smoky factories and the backs of small houses, with the sordid paraphernalia that decent humanity generally crowds away into the rear.

However, here we are at the boat, and there is a goodly number of passengers going aboard,—a sufficient variety, too, to interest one who, without absolutely setting up for a student of human nature, still loves to watch the players for whom "all the world's a stage."

Some few fellow-passengers, like ourselves, are snatching a breathing spell away from the "meagre, stale, forbidding ways" of the city; but the majority are French farmers returning homeward, in various phases of elation and satisfaction, from the markets, where their brown hands have tendered the fruits and received the guerdon of pleasant industry. While the matronly partners of their toil indulge in *crêpe* and mourning to an alarming extent, as if it were an index to the rate of mortality, instead of being merely a tribute of respect to the respectability of black, the farmers themselves and the young men and maidens are gaily attired in the brightest hues of the rainbow. All appear in the highest spirits, and the break-fast bell, which sounds as soon as we leave the docks, is responded to with a hearty alacrity and a joking, jostling rush for places.

It does not do to be too fastidious on a market boat. Here is a farmer beside me; on his other hand sits an Englishman—one of the very sort that supplies transatlantic novelists with material for a *type*. Far be it from us to designate this particular individual under so comprehensive a *nom de guerre* as John Bull. There are Englishmen and Englishmen, and after that more again. Many of these gentlemen have displayed no tendency to conceal the discovery when they happen to alight on a specimen of another race or nation, whose idiosyncracies are sufficiently opposite and—obnoxious to select as a *type*. To retaliate on this plan one need go no further than the everlasting "Arry," as representing in his vulgar person the whole British race. But no. Proceeding on the same lines with our mercantile policy, in pursuance of which our markets are left lean, scraggy, tough, that the best and fat of the land may be sent across to the old country in exchange for wares the most ingeniously adulterated and entirely out of demand, let us return good for evil, and recognize in our fellow traveller a higher genus of frequent transient occurrence in the colonies, and, say instead of the Gallican "X," we represent him by the symbol of "Talbot Robinson."

It is surely by some mistake he has taken the market boat. He treats the conversational overture of his fellow passenger with laconic disdain. We can see the jokes and sallies around the table bore and even pain him. Experience has taught Canadians that, in order to meet the appreciation of Talbot Robinson, it is quite necessary to preface any forcible hyperbole with "as Dickens says," and to father all original jokes by Sydney Smith. Otherwise, you will be met by a blank imperturbability as possibly vulgar, although he would be unwilling to risk his judgment as to even that. This Englishman is very particular to the brand of the wit he countenances. His wariness against the insertion of the tiniest wedge

of sociableness which could possibly serve as a lever in prosecuting an undesirable acquaintance strikes us with admiration and despair as, for us, unattainable.

The farmer at his side has asked him in vain to pass the dish of sausages; but *he* is not the waiter. The most effectual way to repress such insolence is to steadily ignore it. Farmer makes up his mind that this man is stone deaf, and, stretching his fork across, stabs it into the plump object of his desires. Unfortunately, the sausages have been fried without undergoing individualization, and so a chain of "linked sweetness long drawn out" dips in graceful curves along the table, dropping fatness between the points of transfer. The farmer, satisfied that at last his wishes should coerce denying fate, and unaccustomed to nice guaging in *avoirdufois*, concentrates his attention on the goal, and is therefore quite unconscious of the disgust which so revolts his neighbour that he leaves the table amid the laughter of the rest of the company.

Montreal.

K. A. C.

## FADED VIOLETS.

I.

Do you remember these blossoms you tost me—  
Violets once, but now formless and grey—  
In those bright days when my heart was first lost me—  
That's what the sight of your loveliness cost me—  
Do you remember them, pray?

II.

No? Now, that's strange; I was sure you'd remember.  
Dear, think again: 'twas a midsummer night.  
Red shone the moon through the trees, as an ember  
Glows through the grate bars in chilly December,  
Cheerily shedding its light.

III.

Over the arch of each lightly-clad shoulder  
Flowed your white wrap. You'd these flowers at your  
breast.  
Warm though the day was, the night had grown colder,  
Zephyrs had wakened and, in the dusk bolder,  
Softly your tresses caressed.

IV.

Then I said something. Absurd? That's undoubted,  
Grudging the buds their unmerited bliss—  
Love reigns by starlight and caution is routed,  
Lips smile at words that by day would have pouted;—  
Starlight was given for this.

V.

Nothing you answered, but just as we parted,  
You in the doorway and I on the path,  
Shyly you tossed me the nosegay and darted,  
Into the house, while I stood, happy-hearted,  
I who had feared for your wrath.

VI.

Now you remember! What, nothing whatever!  
Love, and you ask—with the buds lying here—  
How I remember? Forget will I never.  
Why? Well, a tale, though at tales I'm not clever,  
Best makes my meaning appear.

VII.

Into the cleft of a cliff, thunder-riven,  
Where a stream gurgles o'er mosses and rocks,  
Chased by the sun, at day dawning are driven  
Out of the star-studded pastures of heaven,  
Night's silent, shadowy flocks.

VIII.

Here, with the spray of the stream in its chalice,  
Dwelt a shy blossom and swayed in the breeze.  
Beetles and ants through its pistillate palace  
Wandered at will, and beslimed it in malice,  
While stole its nectar the bees.

IX.

Ever the dun cliffs the daylight denied it;  
Only by shadows it knew of the sun;  
Darkly the streamlet flowed, moaning, beside it,  
(With but its yearning for ocean to guide it);  
Joy in that cleft there was none.

X.

Soon came a day in the life of the flower  
When slid the sun, like a bird, o'er the cleft,  
Flooded the blossom with light for an hour,  
Then passed away to his occident bower,  
Leaving the poor plant bereft.

XI.

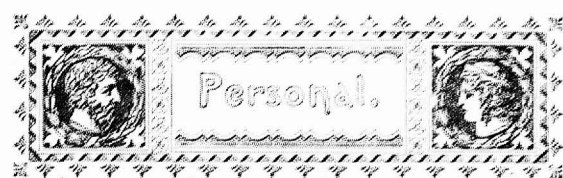
Yet that short hour left remembrance behind it;  
Gaily the plant put forth blossoms anew,  
And, though the gap's awful walls still confined it,  
No more the clustering shadows could blind it,  
For the sun seemed to shine through.

XII.

Phœbus, light bearer, forgot, or knew never,  
How glad he made a life bitterly drear.  
There, that's my tale. You can guess, if you're clever,  
Why in my bosom I carry forever  
Violets scentless and ere.

Valois.

ARTHUR WEIR.



Frank Hall, the noted English artist, is dead.

Sir Wm. Dawson is spending the summer at Little Metis.

Hon. Mr. Mowat intends to leave for home on the 16th of August.

Although 82 years of age, Cardinal Manning is strong and active.

M. Chevreuil, the French chemist, will be one hundred and two years old if he lives another month.

Our Canadian artist, Madame Albani, will visit her native country next winter, spending several weeks with us.

Henri Rochefort has a delicate face, with fine hewn features, white hair, moustache and imperial and heavily-lidded eyes.

Mr. Blake has returned from Europe and stopped at Murray Bay, where he will spend the rest of the holiday season.

Durham University has conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon the bishops of Fredericton and Rupert's Island.

There will be general satisfaction to learn that Hon. John Henry Pope has recovered his health, and returned to his official duties.

Major-General Cameron left Liverpool by the steamship Sarmatian, to assume his duties as commandant of the Royal Military College, Kingston.

H. M. S. Canada, on which the sons of the Prince of Wales visited the city two years ago, is under orders for the St. Lawrence this year.

Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, who spent the hot weather at the Capital, representing the Government, will take a trip to the Northwest and British Columbia.

Sir John Macdonald is a good neighbour down at Rivière du Loup. Spite of much official work during the day, the farmers get a glimpse of him and like his ways.

The Duchess of Marlborough has astonished London society by her beauty and style. She has become popular at a bound, for she has true American tact, and her manners are as charming as her face is handsome.

President Cleveland has returned to Washington from his fishing vacation. One hundred and thirty blue fish were taken by the party in two days off Fire Island, of which a fair average were hooked by the President.

Mr. J. G. Ascher, of the Montreal Chess club, has returned from St. John, N.B. While there he played with six of their strongest players simultaneously, winning four games, and afterward won a game against the whole club.

Lieut.-Col. Maunsell, D.A.G., commander of the Fredericton Military School, has telegraphed to the Militia Department at Ottawa offering the services of the school for Skeena river, and also offering to raise a provincial battalion for the same service.

The statement that the condition of the unfortunate Empress Charlotte "has become quite hopeless," and that "she is rapidly sinking," is pure fiction, for the Empress, who is at a royal chateau near Brussels, is in precisely the same condition that she has been in for twenty years past. Her physical health is tolerably good, and she seems likely to live for many years. The Empress Charlotte is now 48.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—Great care, says W. E. Curtis, in a recent book on Spanish-American capitals, has been taken to preserve the relics of Alexander Selkirk's stay upon the island, and his cave and huts remain just as he left them. In 1868 the officers of the British man-of-war *Topaz* erected a marble tablet to mark the famous outlook from which "Robinson Crusoe," like the ancient mariner, used to watch for a sail, "and yet no sail from day to day." The inscription reads: "In memory of Alexander Selkirk, mariner, a native of Largo, county of Fife, Scotland, who lived upon this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the *Cinque Ports* galley, ninety-six tons, sixteen guns, A. D. 1704 and was taken off in the *Duke*, privateer, on February 12th, 1709. He died Lieutenant of H. B. M. S. *Weymouth*, aged 47 years. This tablet is erected upon Selkirk's lookout by Commodore Powell and the officers of H. B. M. S. *Topaz*, A. D. 1868." No one ever goes to Juan Fernandez without bringing away rocks and sticks as relics of the place. There is a very fine sort of wood peculiar to the island which makes beautiful canes, as it has a rare grain and polish as well.





THE HON. HONORÉ MERCIER, PREMIER OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

By courtesy of the publishers of "LA PATRIE."





FOUNDLING GIRLS.

From the painting by Mrs. Anderson.

Photograph supplied by Alex. S. Macrae & Son, Toronto, Directors for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.



# IN PACE.

A LEGEND OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY JOHN TALON-LESPEANCE.

## I.

"Good morrow, Quintus; thou art up betimes!"  
 "Aye, it is a great holiday, my friend. I have risen, like a loyal Roman, to take my stand beside the Capitol, and see the Imperial pageant. The Emperor and his train halted for the night in the plain beyond. His reception will be magnificent."

"Yes, Quintus, and well deserved. *Io triumphe*, say I. But what have we here?"

The two friends looked up to a large scroll hung on one of the pillars of the Imperial building.

"*Divus Marcus Antoninus Aurelius Imperator!* Why, a new decree against the Christians, I declare."

"The Emperor wishes to grace his triumph by other captives than those taken in Illyria and Thrace, I ween."

"An *aureus* is awarded for every Christian man, woman or child, that shall be seized and sentenced. Merry sport this, eh, my Lentulus? What say you for a hunt after Christian flesh till the trumpets herald the steep ascent of the Capitoline?"

"Agreed, Quintus. An *aureus* is no small matter in these war times, and may serve a poor fellow a good turn in quaffing draughts of Chio or native Falernian to the honour of our Divine Emperor. *O Bacche, quo me rapis!*"

And the two friends locked arms and sauntered down the street.

## II.

The morning light was tipping the crests of the Seven Hills. Imperial Rome was still asleep. Silence reigned in her gardens and public places. Her thoroughfares were deserted.

Lentulus and Quintus walked along the square, when, suddenly, across their path a hooded figure glided and went into a by-street.

"Look, Quintus, at the slender girl! Did you see her face?"

"No, Lentulus, it is too heavily veiled."

"What a lovely form. She *must* be beautiful."

"Who is she and what doing, alone and at such an hour?"

"A daughter of the people, belike, on some household errand."

"Nay, no plebeian she, Lentulus. Look at the jewelled sandal, half hidden under her stole."

"Perhaps a waif of the Suburra."

"Ah, no; too modest and demure."

"Who then?—Let us follow."

"Ha, ha! I have it—'tis Euphrosyné, the pride of Consular Vossii, a Christian, and hieing to Christian rites. The *aureus* is mine!" hissed Quintus to his friend, and, darting from his side, hurried down the street. The hooded figure turned around a corner, and he followed. As for Lentulus, he seemed stunned at what he had heard, and walked away in another direction, shaking his head doubtingly.

The sunset was gilding the tops of the Seven Hills. Rome was awaking from her slumbers. Her avenues were filling with the *plebs*, and, out on the Campagna, resounded the bray of trumpets from the camp of the Divine Emperor.

## III.

The tapers on the altar were lighted, and a few vases of flowers set around the tabernacle of the Lord. A troop of virgins knelt about the holy table. The door of the chancel opened, and the venerable Pacificus entered, accompanied by white-robed acolytes. He performed the sacred mysteries, blessed his little flock, and, when about partaking with them of the Host and the Chalice, thus spoke in a low and impressive tone:

"Let us thank the Master, my daughters, that once more He has strengthened us with His Sacraments. The day of tribulation is at hand; the decree of persecution has been published, and this may be the last time we shall meet upon earth. Eat ye, therefore, the bread of the strong, and drink of the cup of salvation. Put your trust in the crucified spouse of your hearts,

and, whatever may betide, keep your souls in His peace. *'In pace servabitur animas vestras!'*"

He said these words and administered the sacred rite.

The lights on the altar were extinguished; the flowers removed from their vessels; the incense had melted away, and the band of virgins had glided out of the house of prayer. Only the venerable Pacificus remained, bowed before the shrine. Suddenly he felt the hem of his garment gently touched, and a hooded figure stood beside him. The old priest smiled paternally, as he recognized one of his little flock who had just partaken of the mysteries.

"What wouldst thou have, my daughter?"

"I would make an offering to my spouse before I go, for I feel, father, that I am about to depart, never to return."

The pastor looked up to heaven, as though he understood the meaning of the girl's presentiment.

"See in the picture yonder," said she, "how the Saviour sits by the well, on the hills of Samaria, weary and footsore. I would give Him these jewelled sandals wherewithal to go his ways more lightly."

And, stooping, she slipped them from her feet, and set them before the holy picture.

"God bless thee, daughter!" whispered the priest, benignly; "and now go in peace. *Vade in pace.*"

A loud knock at the door, a shuffling of feet in the lobby, a violent crash, and, through the broken portal, there rushed a stalwart man.

"Aye, aye, 'tis she! I recognize those sandals," he cried, and darted up the aisle into the chancel. "Down with thee, old dotard!" he exclaimed, as he grasped the aged priest by his long white beard and dragged him to the pave. Then, laying his hand on the shoulder of the girl.

"Come with me, pretty Christian. Come, Euphrosyné," said he, with a look of sensual scorn.

And Quintus led forth Euphrosyné out into the city, barefoot, on the stony streets.

## IV.

Euphrosyné, the daughter of Vossius, stood alone in her high prison cell.

Leaning her white arms on the iron bars, she looked down upon the great city, arrayed in its holiday attire. She saw its marble columns and decorated fountains; the palaces of its senators and the temples of its gods; the triumphal arches, wreathed with flowers, and the wide streets lined with emblematic bays, in honour of its Emperor.

Euphrosyné mused! She, the offspring of a noble Roman house, illustrious for their deeds in mail and toga; descendant, too, by her mother, of Attic heroes; of him who, in the ancient days, hurled the tyrant from his throne—Aristogeiton, whose avenging blade a grateful people twined with sprigs of myrtle. She, a hopeless captive now, soon to be the bye-word of the populace, the disgrace of her family, the food of wild beasts. She raised her eyes to heaven, now radiant with the sunshine, and prayed—prayed to the Crucified for comfort in her loneliness, courage in her pain, and perseverance in her struggle on the sands of the amphitheatre.

"O," she sweetly moaned, "through it all may I keep my soul in peace. *In pace, in idipsum.*"

Footfalls are heard along the narrow lobby. The door of her cell is opened and her aged father walks forth to meet her. An ancient Roman he, but the tall form is bent, the proud step falters, and the great massive face is shrouded in sorrow. Thou hast come upon a hopeless errand, O Conscrip Father! Thy will, unused to yield, will be gently but firmly met, and not all thy power and consular authority will obtain what this weak child cannot and will not grant. Give up her faith and desert the service of her Lord? Oh! not by thy venerable white hairs, nor by the memory of a buried mother wilt thou compass that. Renounce the troth of her spiritual bridal? Never! The daughter wept in her father's arms. And when he arose to depart, did he curse her in his stoicism, as a Brutus or a Cato would have done? No, but kissing her on the forehead, he said:

"I, too, am a Christian!"

## V.

One trial never comes alone. Scarcely had Vossius left the cell of his daughter than another visitor intruded himself upon the privacy of the persecuted girl. He was muffled in a war-cloak, but she recognized in him the dastard Roman who had, that morning, seized her and led her to the gaol. She turned her calm, blue eyes upon his face, and Quintus could not withstand the look. There was no reproach, no hate, no revenge therein, but it smote him as if these three fastened full upon him. She stood in the embrasure of the window; he, with body half turned, withdrew a little to the shadow of the wall.

"Euphrosyné," said he, at length, with hesitation.

The child lowered her eyes and listened.

"Knowest thou me?"

"I do, O Quintus," she murmured, softly.

"As thy persecutor?"

"Nay, as my benefactor," with a sweet smile.

"No, no! I have wronged thee grievously, and I would repair the mischief."

"There is no need, O Quintus!"

"I would rescue thee from thy doom, thou beautiful. There is one means—accept my troth, and thou art free."

She smiled with a melancholy air, and said:

"My heart is plighted, Quintus."

"To whom?"

She pointed above.

O! she was divinely fair, as she stood there, half turned to the light, her lovely eyes fixed brightly on heaven through the prison bars, and her white hands folded in prayer on her bosom. A feeling of awe fell upon Quintus, as he gazed on the ecstatic, transfigured girl, and he stole silently from the cell, leaving her in rapture. As he crept along the lobby, he stopped a moment and, striking his forehead with his hand, exclaimed:—

"I, too, am a Christian!"

## VI.

The sun had not reached his noon on the same eventful day, when Euphrosyné had been duly questioned and condemned. There is no need to rehearse the details of this scene, common to most martyrs. It is enough to say that the weak, shrinking child faced the judges with unflinching heart, preferring death to apostasy. The strength and resolution of the Martyr of Calvary poured into the hearts of twelve millions of Christian athletes, in presence of the wheel and the faggot, the sword and the cauldron, inspired Euphrosyné in the supreme hour of her trial, and spurning at her feet titles, rank, wealth and happiness—renouncing by an heroic effort the ties of home and family—she chose her Lord and Him crucified as her portion for evermore. Aye, and thou hast chosen the better part, O daughter of consuls, which shall never be taken from thee.

All eyes were fastened upon the angelic girl, and a murmur of pity rang through the crowd when the sentence of death was pronounced against her. Eager as they all were for the ghastly shows of the circus, and athirst for Christian blood, they felt compassion for this tender victim, and with the old instinctive Roman respect for aristocracy, still rife in those degenerate times, grieved that an *ingenua*, a high-born child of fortune, should perish in the indiscriminate slaughter of "Christian dogs."

They led her forth from the Praetor's hall to the amphitheatre, where fifty thousand enlightened Quirites were to attend the games, decreed, as a part of his triumph, by their Divine Emperor.

## VII.

The immense colosseum was densely filled. Tier upon tier of Roman patricians, knights and plebeians sat expectant of their favourite spectacle. High above them, on his ivory throne with golden bosses, towered their imperial master, Marcus Antoninus Aurelius. Joy beamed on every countenance, for it was a day of national rejoicing and were not those hated Christians to be delivered to the beasts?

Suddenly the trumpet sounds! Every eye is turned toward the tent where the victims of the show are kept. The curtain is drawn and the



games begin. One by one, or in pairs, the Christian heroes come and, from the fang of lion and tiger, meet the blessed death of Christ's own martyrs. The sight of blood and the eagerness of the combat, instead of sating, only sharpened the morbid curiosity of that vile rabble, and when Euphrosyné at length stood forth, there was a frenzy of excitement. They shouted, they applauded; some rose to their feet, and others bent forward as if loth to lose any part of the scene.

Calm and beautiful she stood on the sand in the midst of the ring. Unconscious of the crowd around her; her eyes turned to heaven: her hands crossed upon her heart; her feet scarce touching the ground, she seemed, in her seraphic rapture, about to soar from earth. Strange feelings smote many a pagan heart that day, and new light poured in upon the darkness of their minds at the ravishing spectacle. The cage doors swing on their hinges, and a wild cow leaps into the arena. Her jaws are dripping with foam; her eye is on fire; she switches her tail; paws up the red sand, and bellows fiercely till, at length, catching sight of her victim, she bends her head forward and rushes madly upon her. Lo! a great stir is heard in an adjoining gallery. A man springs forward therefrom, crying:

"Euphrosyné, let me die with thee! I, too, am a Christian!"

The savage brute tosses them in the air with a furious lurch. They fall heavily—Euphrosyné clasped in the arms of Quintus—both dead!

O Soteiron, accept the sacrifice!

#### VIII.

The day is ended. Darkness falls on the Seven Hills. Rome, intoxicated with pleasure and excitement, has sunk to sleep again. Sleep on, O Imperial City, inhuman in thy pride, but they will watch who fear thee not, nor thy Numidian lions, nor Hyrcanian tigers! Grave and low, mellowed by the distance, comes from deeps beneath the earth the chaunt of human voices, and tapers cast their yellow light on the moist walls of the hidden tombs. The white robes of youthful acolytes flash along the way, and the metal censers gleam. The venerable Pacificus blesses the new-made graves and, kneeling, prays to her whom he had called his daughter, as well as to him who had repaired his treachery by Christian martyrdom. An old man kneels beside him, with a calm, gentle face, his hands resting on the damp wall, and his lips moving inarticulately. It is Vossius, now a Christian father, who asks of his martyr child to obtain for him the priceless grace of perseverance in the faith. The procession withdraws; the lights grow dim—then fade. Stillness broods over those lonely cells, but Vossius tarries yet and, with a sharp stylus, engraves upon the tomb:

"EUPHROSVNÉ,

IN PACE."

#### BARBAROSSA.

THE GERMAN LEGEND OF REDBEARD.

TRANSLATED FROM RÜCKERT.

The ancient Barbarossa, the Kaiser Frederick,  
Lies spell-bound 'neath the earth, in a castle damp and bleak.

He is not dead but liveth, tho' he stirs not, night nor day,  
For sleep has set her signet on his lashes long and grey.

He ruleth there as sternly as in his lordliest prime,  
And will return among us in his own good time.

The chair is ivory-mounted which the Kaiser sitteth in;  
The table is of marble whereon he rests his chin.

His beard, no longer flaxen, hath turned to fiery red,  
And through the table groweth whereon he leans his head.

In dreams his brow he noddeth, and his eye, half open, blinks,  
And through the long-drawn cavern ever at his pigmy winks.

In sleep he tells the pigmy, "Go, look abroad if still  
Thou seest, O dwarf, the ravens loud fluttering on the hill.

For if the ancient ravens still hover darkling there,  
Then must I slumber spell-bound e'en for a hundred year."

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

#### QUAINT FANCIES AND RHYMES.

BY A COLLECTOR.

#### VI.

##### THE RONDELET.

The Rondelet is another form for the Rondeau. Swinburne has given it the right of citizenship in English letters by his book, "A Century of Roundels," seemingly drawing both his prosody and much of his inspiration from Marot and Villon. The lines vary from four to sixteen syllables, but are generally identical in length in the same roundel. Gleeson White does not seem to take kindly to this variety of metre, calling it merely an "experiment in rhythm," although admitting that it will be recognized in English verse, and he is unwilling to trace it back to the early French poets.

We may notice here the Rondelet, a diminutive of the Rondel, of which this is an example, from Boulmier:—

François Villon  
Sur tous rithmeurs, à qui qu'en poise,  
François Villon  
Du mieulx disant eut le guerdon,  
Né de Paris empres Pontoise.  
Il ne feict oncq vers à la toise,  
François Villon.

The Rondelet is a seven-line stanza, with four eight-syllable lines, and three of four syllables on two rhymes.

It is Algernon Charles Swinburne himself who will give us a description of this form of verse:—

A roundel is wrought as a ring or a starbright sphere,  
With craft of delight and with cunning of sound unsought,  
That the heart of the hearer may smile if to pleasure his ear

A roundel is wrought.

Its jewel of music is carven of all or of aught,  
Love, laughter or mourning—remembrance of rapture or fear—

That fancy may fashion to hang in the ear of thought.  
As a bird's quick song runs round, and the hearts in us hear—  
Pause answers to pause, and again the same strain caught,  
So moves the device whence, round as a pearl or a tear,  
A roundel is wrought.

Charles Taylor's "Nothing so Sweet" fully bears out the title of these papers, as an instance of quaint fancy and rhyme. Putting the sweetness of death above all other sweets is odd, and yet full of philosophical and theological fitness.

Nothing so sweet in all the world there is  
Than this—to stand apart in Love's retreat  
And gaze at Love. There is as that, Ywis,  
Nothing so sweet.

Yet surely God hath placed before our feet  
Some sweeter sweetness and completer bliss,  
And something that shall prove more truly meet.

Soothly I know not:—when the live lips kiss  
There is no more that our prayers shall entreat,  
Save only Death. Perhaps there is as this  
Nothing so sweet.

The following, by Samuel Waddington, is cast somewhat in the same strain, which it does one good to read slowly and with half-closed eyes:—

#### MORS ET VITA.

We know not yet what life shall be,  
What shore beyond earth's shore be set,  
What grief awaits us, or what glee;  
We know not yet.

Still, somewhere in sweet converse met,  
Old friends, we say, beyond death's sea  
Shall meet and greet us, nor forget

Those days of yore, those days when we  
Were loved and true,—but will death let  
Our eyes the longed-for vision see?  
We know not yet.

We shall close with an example of Rondels of Childhood, taken from Bernard Weller:—

When Clarice died, and it was told to me,  
I only covered up my face and sighed  
To lose the world and cease to breathe or see,  
When Clarice died.

She was my playmate, sweet, and thoughtful-eyed,  
With curls, gold curls, that fluttered wild and free;  
My child companion and most tender guide.

When Clarice died I wandered wearily  
Down the mute grove where she was wont to hide,  
And cast myself beneath her favourite tree,  
When Clarice died.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

William Henry Bishop, the novelist, has gone to Europe for the summer.

The Quebec Press Association are going to Paris on their annual excursion.

Faucher de Saint-Maurice heads the delegation of French-Canadian pressmen to France.

Mr. Gladstone gave to a poor church the sum received for his recent contributions to *The Nineteenth Century*.

W. H. Fuller, of Ottawa, has written an exquisite burlesque on "Seranus" last Villanelle, on the jonquil.

Dr. Daniel Wilson has accepted the knighthood, for the sake of Toronto University, of which he is President.

M. Ernest Renan is fond of the ladies, and never so happy as when he is discussing Bible legends and oriental extravaganzas between two pretty and plastic Parisiennes.

A new writer has budded at Ottawa, by the name of Wilfrid Chateaucclair. His story is "The Young Seigneur," which will be noticed in these columns next week.

James Russell Lowell suffers severely from gout, but obstinately refuses to comply with his physician's instructions. He has joined the committee in charge of the commemoration of the bi-centenary of Alexander Pope.

A correspondent informs the editor that at the late celebration of Lundy's Lane, Dr. Ferguson, M.P., delivered one of the best speeches which could be given on such a theme. Unfortunately, it was not reported; only summarized.

Wm. Kirby, of Niagara, F.R.S.C., and author of the "Chien d'Or," has just published the last of his "Canadian Idyls," which are so racy of the soil. The series would make a sizeable volume which, it is to be hoped, the author will be induced to publish.

The late Dr. James Freeman Clarke's daughter, Miss Lillian, is at work on a portrait of her father, modelled after a picture of him sketched some years ago by the late William M. Hunt. She was one of Hunt's pupils.

Dr. Bourinot, of Ottawa, has in contemplation the writing of a comprehensive history of Canada, which would be a most valuable acquisition to Canadian literature, as there really exists no history in English which can be regarded as comprehensive.

In the library of Dr. Williams, of London, is a copy of the Bible in shorthand. It is exquisitely written, and is said to have belonged to an apprentice at the time of James II., who feared that the Bible was about to be prohibited, and so wrote this copy.

A magnificent quarto, describing the Province of Quebec pictorially and with letter press, has just been issued by Belden Bros., of Toronto. It is a reprint from "Picturesque Canada," with engravings by the best artists. The literary part is also from good hands, the Montreal portion being due to the pen of Mr. John Talon-Lesperance.

**A HOUSE WITH A HISTORY.**—If any American with lots of money wishes to buy a house with armour, stained-glass windows, an interesting history, fine estate and ancestors planted in every direction, there is a fine opportunity offering. Denizens' castle, the dowerhouse of the Queen of England, is shortly to be sold at auction. The castle dates from the eleventh century. Its battlements, towers, painted windows, oratory, and genuine, undeniable ghost, are all in perfect preservation and working order. The Queens of England, from Matilda down, have lived there, and the old rooms have witnessed much intriguing, and much that is interesting in English history. The place, like all other estates now sold in England, will probably go at a very low figure, despite the special interest attaching to it.

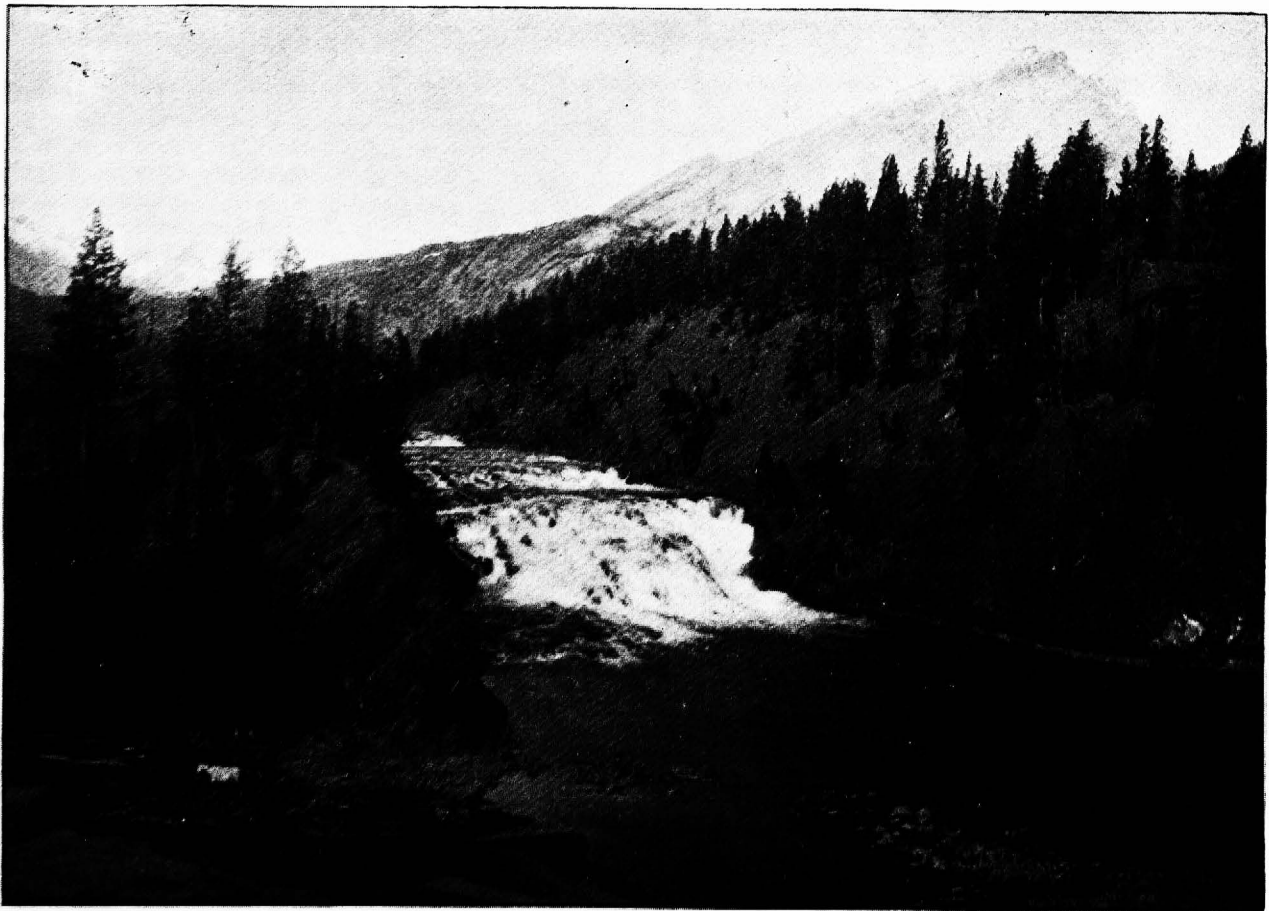
**A ROYAL MARRIAGE.**—The marriage of the Duke of Aosta to Princess Lætita Bonaparte will soon be celebrated. The Duke has received a special dispensation from the Pope, and has sent 100,000 francs to the Vatican to show his recognition. The Princess is beginning to receive presents from all over the world, and has had her photograph taken by Prince Naples. This Prince, who makes a speciality of photographing, is told that he is the best amateur photographer in Italy, and, being somewhat smitten with the Princess, wished to take her photograph before she should be lost to him forever. It is said that the wedding gifts to be presented by the Empress Eugénie to the Princess will include a very celebrated fan which the Prince Imperial, who was killed by the Zulus, gave to his mother on her birthday in 1876. On this fan is the first drawing which the Prince Imperial made, surrounded with precious stones costing over \$100,000.





HON. E. DEWDNEY, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

From a photograph by Topley.



FALLS OF THE BOW RIVER, NEAR BANFF.

From a photograph by Notman.





THE PRETTY WASHERWOMAN.

From the painting by Eug. Blass.



## ALLAN AARON EDSON, R.C.A.

"Heaven gives its favourites early death."

—BYRON.

The late eminent Canadian landscape painter, and one of the founders of the Royal Canadian Academy, was a native of Stanbridge, Que., where he first saw the light of day on the 18th of December, 1846. He was of American parentage, his father and mother having come from New Hampshire, and were early settlers of the above-named place. Allan was early sent to school, and was considered a very bright and intelligent boy. These first happy days were spent under the careful tuition of Mr. Hobart Butler, M.A., who was the principal of the Stanbridge Academy, and who has ever since evinced great interest in his distinguished pupil. In 1858 Edson left this academy and studied three years at Vercheres College, graduating with a good commercial education. Among some of his early schoolmates, who have since made their mark in this province, we may mention the Hon. W. W. Lynch, formerly Commissioner of Crown Lands of the Provincial Government, and now a leading Queen's counsel of this city, who, in reply to our request for a few words in connection with the subject of this sketch, very kindly writes: "I knew the late Allan Edson well when I was a lad. I entered Stanbridge Academy in 1858, where he was a student. Edson was an intelligent, bright and interesting boy. He early displayed a taste for drawing, and the school books of all his chums contain specimens of his work. He was an apt scholar, but did not care to go through a university course, although his teacher was anxious that he should do so."

Mr. Hobart Butler, M.A., principal of the Stanbridge Academy, in reply to a note sent him, says:—

"Edson began school with me at the Stanbridge Academy in September, 1857. He continued with me some four or five years, in which time he became advanced in the higher mathematics; very well versed in Latin (he read Virgil and Sallust with me). He was a very good French scholar, and also made considerable advance in Greek. It was the intention to prepare his education for the Arts Department. On his father's removal to Montreal, his thoughts became directed into another channel—painting. His school days, at my academy, were contemporaneous with those of the Hon. W. W. Lynch, the Rexfords, Meises, Chandlers, Blinns, &c. He stood well as a scholar, and was very highly esteemed for his amiable qualities."

The late Mr. John C. Baker, of Stanbridge, a gentleman of means, and who was a great lover of art, and particularly of landscape painting, soon discovered the existence of latent artistic talent in the young man, and financially encouraged him to devote his energies to its development. "In common with the host of Edson's admirers in Canada, I feel that in his death Canadian art has lost one of its best, if not its best, landscape painter." These are good, kind words.

Mr. A. A. Ayer, the wholesale produce merchant, of this city, was another of his early school fellows.

About 1861 the family took up their permanent residence in this city, where we first find Allan cashier in the employ of the late Mr. James Morrison, a dry goods merchant on Notre Dame street. Not liking the retail trade, he left to engage with the late Mr. James B. Stevenson, on St. Helen street. It was while in this latter situation that he showed a strong predilection for art, continually sketching or drawing some little thing on the paper wrappers of nearly every parcel sent out by the firm. About this time it seemed to dawn upon him and his family that his future life was not to be of a commercial cast, but as a disciple of art; and the thought seized him he must save his "bawbees" to visit Europe with a view of studying.

His leisure hours in the evening were spent in an old attic, drawing and painting and in every way practising his favourite future calling. The income being limited, induced him to make another

move and engage with an exchange broker, who soon after ran away. After his flight it was discovered he left Allan a small box of farthings. These, exchanged with some other accumulated savings, enabled him to take his long wished for first trip across the Atlantic to the old world.

Shortly after his arrival we find him hard at work, as the following copy from a printed card will show:—

NATIONAL GALLERY, London.

Admit Mr. Allan Edson to study in the gallery, from 10 till 5 o'clock on Thursdays and Fridays, at Trafalgar square, and on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at South Kensington.

R. K. WORKMAN,

Keeper and Secretary.

He was about eighteen when he first visited the old world, and after a stay of two years returned home. His second visit was of about twelve months' duration, all this time making rapid progress, and on this occasion bringing back, for the first time, a number of pictures, which, from their careful manner of execution, found a ready sale. Thus encouraged and anxious, it was not long before he made a third visit, spending his time principally in England and Scotland. An independent and wealthy gentleman—a true lover of art—of this city, in giving Edson a note of introduction to a celebrated *confrère* in London, on his last visit abroad, wrote: "In faithfully representing our Canadian forest scenery, either in its summer or its winter aspect, it is acknowledged he surpasses all native artists." He had resided five years in France, there passing the most of his latter days, part of which time he was a scholar of the celebrated Leon J. Pelouse, at Cerny-la-ville, with whom he was on the most intimate terms of friendship, this famous landscape artist considering Edson his favourite pupil, and saying the day was not far distant when he (Edson) would no doubt be made a Chevalier d'Honneur.

We believe we are justified in stating he had no superior as a truthful landscape painter. Edson was a man who never said much about his own work; he was always anxious for fair, honest and intelligent criticism, and would generally say afterward, "I wish I could do it a hundred times better." An honest opinion, which must be highly valued, is that of Mr. Wm. Scott, the fine art connoisseur, of this city, who says: "I regard Allan Edson as the best landscape artist that Canada has yet produced. His keen insight into nature and his great power of handling and depicting the same as he saw it, with his knowledge and play of colour, were of the highest order. It is the opinion of good judges, had he lived and further cultivated his inherent genius, he would have taken rank among the leading artists of the world."

His pictures are held in high esteem all over the globe. The late Judge Robert Mackay, President of the Montreal Art Association, was one of those who early encouraged him to persevere, and was always a warm personal friend. He was honoured by the Princess Louise, who bought two of his works—for the Queen—which are now in Windsor Castle. Mr. R. B. Angus, President of our Art Association, an exceedingly liberal patron of the fine arts; Sir D. A. Smith, Mr. Andrew Allan, Sir G. Stephen, Messrs. J. Hickson, J. R. Wilson, W. C. Van Horne, G. A. Drummond, W. H. Davis, Miss Duncan, S. Coulson, and some others of this city, whom we cannot call to mind, own some of his best works.

His water colours were always eagerly sought for, and were generally noted for their cheery, warm tone, rich in our truly typical, grand, Canadian golden sunsets.

It is sad to think he was not spared to leave on canvas some of the glories of our great Northwest and wild Rocky Mountain scenery.

The following are a few of his works: "A Study of a Canadian Landscape," Salon, Paris, 1882; "Bolton Forest," Salon, Paris, 1882; "A Grey Day," Salon, Paris, 1883; "In February," Salon, Paris, 1883; "A Foggy Day, Cernay," Salon, Paris, 1883; "Un Petit Coin aux Vaux, pres Cernay," Salon, Paris, 1884; "Habitants Crossing the St. Lawrence," Royal Academy, London, 1886; "Settlers' Huts," Institute of Water Colours,

London, 1886; "On the Line," Centennial Exhibition, 1876; and many others we might enumerate.

He had been a constant exhibitor at the Versailles gallery during the last few years.

The Royal Canadian Academy exhibitions, held every year, found him well represented.

The Ontario Society of Arts at Toronto annually saw him display some of his best works.

He loved the art atmosphere of France, for the hearty greeting and warm welcome from its true art students and devotees; but he loved his own "Canada First." His friends at all times found him a most unassuming, genial, warm-hearted companion, and simple in manners.

In appearance he was of medium height, though rather thick-set; clean-shaved, ruddy complexion, regular features, fair hair, with mild blue eyes. Phrenologically speaking, he had a large, round, full head.

The recent sale of his last works, in oil and water colours, numbering 100, showed a very kindly appreciation of his last efforts, realizing, as it did, over \$5,000, and, if we mistake not, the highest figures ever obtained at one afternoon's sale of works painted by a Canadian artist.

The subject of this sketch died at Glen Sutton, Que., on the 1st of May of the present year, of pneumonia, after an illness of only a few weeks' duration. He was first taken ill in February last, and was recovering his strength, when, in opposition to the wishes of his doctor, he ventured from his home and finished his last work, "The Frozen Cascade," now owned by Mr. W. H. Davis. From this exposure he suffered a relapse, from which he never rallied, recalling the early fate of H. Kirk White,

"Nursing the pinion that impelled the steel."

Mr. Edson was married in this city in 1871 to Miss Mary Stewart, who survives him with a family of four sons, the oldest being 16 and the youngest 9 years of age. He died at the early age of 42, deeply lamented by his brother artists and by a large circle of acquaintances in Europe, the United States and Canada.

"Laclede," or Mr. John Talon-Lesperance, suggested to us shortly after his death, an excellent idea—the gathering of his best works obtainable, in some of the leading towns in the Eastern Townships—say, Sherbrooke.

Montreal, July, 1888.

JOHN HORN.



The rumour that Sarah Bernhardt contemplates playing Romeo is true.

Bartley Campbell, one of the few successful American playwrights, has just died in Connecticut.

Johann Strauss has given up writing waltzes and will hereafter devote himself to composing grand operas.

A blind guitarist named Moujon, from Spain, is creating a stir in the musical world by his exceptional performances.

Frederick C. Phillips, author of "As in a Looking Glass," has been by turns cavalry-man, barrister, theatre manager, and newspaper man.

Edmund Burke once told Garrick that all bitter things were hot. "Indeed," said Garrick, "what do you think, Mr. Burke, of bitter cold weather?"

A Stradivarius violin of 1716, made for the Marchese Pamparati, has passed from the hands of an Italian player, Bertuzzi, into the possession of a London gentleman for \$4,000.

Another musical prodigy is a girl 10 years old, who plays the violin and interprets works of the greatest musicians in a way that arouses the wildest enthusiasm in Italy. Giulietta Dionesi, the girl in question, comes from a musical family of Leghorn.

Los Angeles, Cal., will have one of the finest theatres in the country. It is decorated in Oriental style, has twenty East India pagoda boxes, a conservatory filled with exotics and flowering shrubs and fountains, and an immense foyer. There are twenty one separate exits and twenty handsomely furnished dressing rooms. It is lighted throughout by electricity.





Mr. Beaugrand, ex-Mayor of Montreal and journalist, has published from the presses of *La Patrie*, which he owns, a neat volume containing three lectures, read by him before three different bodies, within the past two or three years. The subjects are: "From Montreal to Victoria," "The Birth and History of the Newspaper," and "Anita," a sketch of love and adventure in the French expedition against Mexico, under Bazaine.\* It is needless to say that the author, with a skilled pen of many years' work, has done justice to the three several subjects which he treats. He pays a deserved tribute to the management of the Canadian Pacific Railway, admits the good which it has achieved and its future influence on the material development of the country, and, in a manly way, like Mr. Mackenzie before him, speaks well of an institution which he and his party fought against at almost every stage of its progress. The same spirit of fair play is displayed by M. Beaugrand in his account of the splendid growth of the French press, in Canada, within the past decade, where he accords a meed of praise to the journals of his adversaries. This "conference" is very full for the press of old France, as well, the author having drawn material from the fullest sources. But the best paper of the three is the last, where the lecturer appears in the light of a *diabolo colorado*; spurs through the lines for a tryst with a dark-eyed Anita; falls into the hands of the bandit *chinacos*; is brought before Trevino, who sends him to Santa Rosa, instead of hanging him by the ears upon a tree; is rescued in a skirmish, and reaches camp without having seen his dulcinea. The story is told with a sort of guerilla dash, and is tropical in its warmth. An English translation would doubtless be read with pleasure.

Not content with his valuable handbook, "Canada," published for the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of 1886, Mr. George Johnson, of Ottawa, has just put forth another book, called "Graphic Statistics,"† the fruit of special studies on the financial, commercial, industrial and other statistics of the country. The learned author chooses 1887 as a year marking the twentieth of Confederation, and whose statistics form a natural standard of comparison with the past. It will also be the year of comparison with the future. This book wants to be seen in order to be understood, but it is easily understood, and thus becomes true to its name of a graphic statistical record. It is one of those books of easy, quick and reliable reference, which the business man, first, then the public man and the several classes of the studious ought to have always at hand for reference, and for the decision of knotty points. Everything is there; nothing is forgotten. The tables are drawn up in graduated parallelograms, so as to inform the eye at a glance. The aggregate trade of Canada and the United States, for thirty-eight years; the assets, the banks, securities, coasting trade, deposits, excise, exports, fire and life insurance, fisheries, forests, furs, Government notes, imports, manufactures, money orders, bank and Dominion notes, post offices, railways, savings banks, shipping, spirits, stocks, steel and iron, customs, tobacco, transit trade, wheat exports, and a list of other material will be found fully tabulated. We most earnestly commend this book, on business and national grounds.

Although the name of Mr. James D. Edgar, M.P., has been connected with the poem of the White Canoe,‡ no less than with political campaigns and parliamentary life, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED takes an early opportunity of saying a word to its readers on the merits of this poem. The scene is meant to be Canadian, inasmuch as

the tribe of the Ottawas never wandered far from the valley which still bears their name. The legend is drawn from that vast storehouse, the monumental folios of Schoolcraft, and having been left untouched by Longfellow, Mr. Edgar felt free to use it, and this he has done in the swinging monotone of Hiawatha. It may be said at once that the imitation is well done, as a rule. The metre is by no means simple, as the author seems to intimate in his preface, and to save it from the dullness of prose requires an ear attuned to the music of the forest; the flow of the waters; the song of the wild-birds; the simmer of the sunset, and the stillness of midnight in the wilderness. The story is the search of Abeka for his love, the fair Wabose, with the euphony of whose name, we confess, we are not enamoured. He rose with the sun, one morning, followed by his hound, strapped on his snowshoes with thongs of deerskin, and walked on steadily till he reached a lofty terrace, where he is confronted by a vision of the dead Paw-guk, who comforts him by assuring him of his friendship.

Thus Abeka learned the secret  
Of those weird and mystic visions  
That had filled his mind with wonder—  
Hope and wonder, strangely blended.  
And he heard, with deep emotion,  
Why the White Dove hovered round him,  
In his fasts and in his vigils,  
Stirred his thoughts and shaped his fancies,  
Till she led him through the forest,  
Toward the land of Souls and Shadows.  
These things all were told Abeka  
By the Master of the Wigwam.

The second half of the poem is much the best, describing the scenery, delights, peace and happiness of the Island of the Blessed, where the lovers meet at last and roam together, and it should have given its name to the verses, instead of the White Canoe, which is only incidentally touched upon, as in this passage:

Floating on the crystal waters,  
A canoe of dazzling whiteness,  
Fashioned out of purest White Stone,  
Waited, ready for Abeka.

In this white stone canoe, accompanied by Wabose, in a similar one, he glided to the Isle of Souls and Shadows. The poem ends by the hero's summons back to his people in order to prepare them for a migration to the Happy Island, while Wabose stays behind to await his second coming,

Always young and always faithful.

We repeat that we are very much pleased with this poem. It is a distinct addition to our literature, and a book that one will like to take up, in certain moods, and read with a kind of dreamy enjoyment. It has caught the breath of that mysterious Indian mythology—whose vagueness suggests much of the charm of the ideal. The illustrations of the volume are six in number, but we hardly know what to think of them. It is plain enough that Mr. Blatchly's drawing is correct and appropriate to each scene—we specially like the fourth or the vision of the dove, and not all the fifth, or the two white stone canoes—but there is something about their spread on the page which gives them a "washy" look.

THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF HER GRANDMOTHER.  
—A good deal of fun is being made in the newspapers of a rich old farmer up in the Connecticut valley, who in his 85th year has espoused a 15-year-old bride, and who gives the following account of the hereditary courtship which has at length resulted in this ill-assorted match:

"I knowed her grandmam' and wanted her, but she wouldn't see to it. She married my bitterest enemy and had a daughter. I courted that daughter when her folks wasn't round, but somehow they got wind of it and I was dished agin. She went and got married and had a daughter. Says I, 'Jonathan, you will marry this'n,' and settles down, glumlike, to wait for the youngster to grow up. Martha's folks watched me close, and I began to suspect I'd have to wait for the next family, when they died—all of them died—and Martha was left without no relatives; so I popped the question, and we were married."



Caller—Does Miss De Guzzle live here?  
Bridget—Yiss, sorr.  
Caller—Is she at home?  
Bridget (who has received her instructions and thinks she is following them)—Yiss, sor, she's at home, but she ain't in."

Benevolent stranger to tramp, who is earnestly scrutinizing the sidewalk—You seem to be in trouble, my friend; have you lost anything?

Tramp, pouncing on a "tin tag," and sadly releasing it—No, I hain't lost nothin'. Wot troubles me is that nobody else hasn't neither.

Customer—How is your brother doing, Isaacstein, who went to the old country a year or so ago?

Mr. Isaacstein—Ah, poor Abraham! he was blown oop by dynamite; dot vas pad.

Customer—You don't tell me. Were his remains found?  
Mr. Isaacstein (overcome)—My fren, not more as t-venty-five per cent. Dot vas awful.

MUCH BETTER.

"Jennie, dear, 'tis understood  
That you're engaged?"

"Oh, yes, dear Etta."

"Is he handsome?"

"Yes."

"That's good!"

"Is he wealthy?"

"Yes."

"That's better."

"I left the business long ago," said the ex-umpire, "but it seems to follow me still, even to my old home."

"How is that?" asked his auditor.

"Well, my son works in an iron mill and my daughter is a fine young lady. I go home at night and find my boy on a strike and my girl gone on balls and parties. Even my wife gives me chicken wings—foul tips, you know."

And the old umpire sighed.

The two men had occupied the same seat in a railway coach for half a day, and the train had reached its destination.

"I am indebted to you, sir, for an agreeable conversation that has relieved greatly the monotony of a long journey. May I ask your name?"

"Certainly. My name is Sullivan."

(Jocosely.) "Not Mr. Sullivan of Boston?"

"Yes, I reside in Boston."

"What! not—"

(Haughtily.) "No, sir; I am a college professor."

"Beg pardon. Permit me to introduce myself. My name is Crowley."

(Smilingly.) "Not Mr. Crowley of New York?"

"Yes, New York is my home."

"What! not—"

(Hotly.) "No, sir! I am the president of a bank, sir."

(Coldly.) "Good-day, sir!"

(Frigidly.) "Good-day!"

"Yes," said Uncle Rastus, "I'se been takin' brain food fo' ter stimulate my mem'ry, an' it's wukin fast rate."

"I hope it has worked sufficiently for you to remember, Uncle Rastus, that you have owed me seventy-five cents for over a year."

"Yes, sah; that was one ob de fust things I 'membered, an' jes' as I was gwine roun' fo' ter pay de money, I also 'membered that I wuddent have nuffin' lef' ter buy a codfish wif. Dat brain food, Mistah Smif, am er great discovery."

"Edward, why do I hear that you have disobeyed your grandmother, who told you not to jump down these steps?"

"Grandma didn't tell me not to, papa. She only came to the door and said: 'I wouldn't jump down these steps, boys.' And I shouldn't think she would—an old lady like her."

Joe, the coloured waiting man, came in early one morning to make a fire for Elisha Carr, a sort of evangelist, who was stopping with Joe's master. It was cold and the ground covered with snow.

"Have you got any religion yet?" asked Mr. Carr.

"No, sir."

"Well, don't you want to get it?"

"No, sir; I don't know as I does."

"Well, you'd better want to get it. You'd better want to get to heaven, where it will be warm, and you won't have to make fires on cold mornings."

The idea struck Joe with force, and he "studied" over it for a while; then, looking up with a puzzled expression, he asked: "Tell me, Mr. Carr, is dey any white folks up dar?"

"Yes."

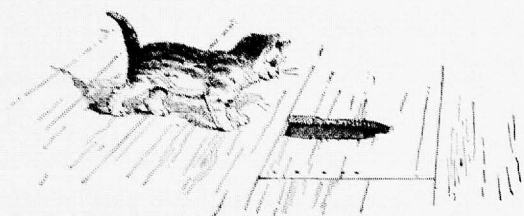
"Well," sighed Joe, "you nee'n'ter tell me, ef dey's any white folks up dar, dat niggers won't have ter make fires fer 'em."

\* *Mélanges, Trois Conférences*, H. Beaugrand, Montréal, 1888, 8vo paper, pp. 149.

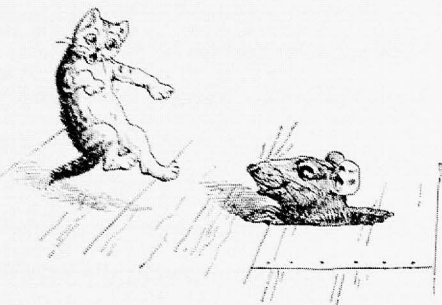
† *Graphic Statistics*, by George Johnson, Ottawa, 1888, 8vo cloth, pp. 80, with 4 charts in sheets.

‡ *The White Stone Canoe, A Legend of the Ottawas*, by James D. Edgar. Illustrations by W. D. Blatchly, Toronto. The Toronto News Co., 12 mo. pp. 27.





"Ha, ha! I'll catch a mouse!"



"BEG PARDON, BUT DID I HEAR MY NAME MENTIONED?"

chip

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5 12 p.m. "	Richmond	" 10 45 a.m.
2 15 p.m. Leave	Point Lévi	Arrive 2 00 p.m.
9 15 a.m. "	Rivière du Loup	" 6 45 p.m.
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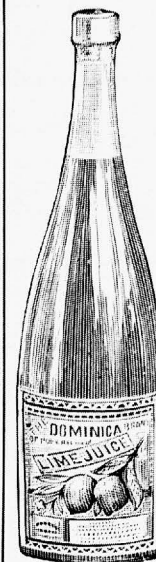
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VOL. I.—No. 7.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 18th AUGUST, 1888.

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WANTS A LOLLYPOP!

BIG BABY JONATHAN: Boo-hoo-hoo—! Little brother Johnny's taking all my toys away. He's got the fish, and—and he's taking all my tea-things, and—and my Pacific Trade, and—and pulling all my canal boats to his side, and—and, now, he wants my Western Railway Traffic! Boo-hoo—! Ma-a-a-a! tell him to stop!



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18th AUGUST, 1888.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

Henceforth, THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will be published simultaneously in MONTREAL and in TORONTO. MESSRS. ALEX. S. MACRAE & SON are in charge of the Toronto office, 127 Wellington street west, where they will continue to receive subscriptions and advertisements, and attend to our interests in Western Ontario.

We solicit sketches, drawings and photographs from all parts of Canada. We want to illustrate every part of the Dominion; but must have the coöperation of those who have the material at hand.

Subscribers wanted everywhere at \$4.00 a year, or \$1.00 for three months, payable in advance. Special terms to clubs, and a handsome commission to canvassers. For further particulars apply to the Montreal or Toronto office.

Correspondents sending manuscripts which they wish returned, if not accepted, are requested to enclose stamps for return postage.

The portrait of the Hon. Mr. Mercier, in our last issue, has been much admired. It was a faithful reproduction of a photograph by Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son.



A learned friend sends the editor the following printed slip, with the grave request that he comment on it:—

### SPELLING REFORM.

#### Thin Ends of the Wedge.

Drop silent letters. R-place ck, ck, ks by x; ph by f, and ough by some fonetic equivalent.

The speed with which we Christianise the heathen depends on spelling reform. London would save \$5,000,000 a year by spelling reform, as each of its 1,000,000 children would have to be one year less at school.

We publish the above as a curious bit, for amusement, pity or scorn, as the reader may be bent. Life is too short to mind those fads and fancies as they fly.

We are pleased to be able to state that while the Jews in America, according to the *American Magazine*, numbered in 1845 fifty thousand in a population of twenty millions, to-day they are five hundred thousand, and increasing far more rapidly than any other race in the United States. That they should have increased tenfold, while the population of the country has but trebled, places the United States fourth among the countries of the world in the number of its Jewish citizens, exceeded only by Russia, Austria and Germany, and there is every reason to believe that it will not be many years before they exceed the two latter empires.

The Governor-General has imported two Kerry cows, which are described as exceedingly small, plump, well-shaped cattle, and the first of the kind ever landed at the Levis quarantine. The improvement of our stock, or the introduction of fresh stock into the country, is a wise and praise-

worthy deed, and it is to be hoped that this new breed may turn out as well as have the Alderneys, Jerseys, Polled Angus and other varieties brought over to Canada within the past decade.

Medicine Hat, with the queer name, that is an attraction of itself, turns out to be, scientifically, one of the most interesting spots in the great Northwest of the Dominion. There have been found, in and about it, remarkable limestone fossils, almost wholly unknown to palaeontologists. These beds stretch some twenty miles along the South Saskatchewan, yielding, at every turn, large specimens of nautilus, ammonite, baculite, fish, fruit, leaves and remains of tropical marine vegetation. Beside their size, the beautiful feature about these fossils is the preservation of their pearl and pink hues.

After the commonplaces—to say no more—of Messrs. Frye, Hale, Dawes, Hoar, Riddleberger, Cullom, Ingalls and other luminaries of the United States Senate, it was refreshing to hear of Mr. Sherman rising to a higher level and discussing the important question of the Fisheries Treaty from the standpoint of a statesman. Mr. Evarts was not equal to the occasion, confining himself to a show of his exceptional powers as a special pleader. And Mr. Edmunds, the Nestor of the Senate, also disappointed us. He should have had his old comrade, Judge Thurman, at his side, to brace him up with a pinch out of the tortoise shell.

We are only repeating what American writers themselves say, and stating what is plain to every observer, that the United States Senate is not the great deliberative body that it used to be. Time was when to be a Senator was the highest flight of an American's ambition. In those days the Calhouns, Clays, Websters, Bentons, Casses, Corwins and Buchanans made the Senate what it was, and were proud of it. In delivering the eulogy of Calhoun, before his fellow members, Webster wound up a few ponderous phrases by these solemn words: "Sir, he was worthy of being a Senator of Rome—when Rome was free!" And the great orator sat down, having said all and enough.

It is satisfactory to learn that our great public works are being carried on steadily and systematically, in spite of the opposition which it is incredible should come from any that have the good of the country at heart. It will be remembered that, during the last session, the Government gave out that the widening of the St. Lawrence canals would be gone into at once. In pursuance of this policy the plans and specifications have been made ready by the engineering branch of the Department of Railways and Canals, and tenders for the several works are to be called for forthwith. During the next twelve months much headway will have been made.

The outlook of the crops is very cheering. At the start of the season there were dampening stories about the blight of the fall wheat in Ontario, and the short growth of the grass in the best hay country, but in June the sun and rain had behaved so well that the harvest was put down as safe. There were drawbacks and sources of loss, but, strange to say, they were kept within narrow bounds, and their mischief was only local. This was specially the case with caterpillars on fruit trees, and grasshoppers on fields of grain. The whole harvest is now beyond the reach of failure,

and all classes may look forward to a plenty of good staples, a lowering of prices, and consequent prosperity in all branches of trade.

The return of Mr. Blake to this country, after a very long absence abroad, where he went in search of health, will be hailed with satisfaction by people of all classes, who entertain due respect and admiration for this very able public man. Mr. Blake will spend the remainder of the summer season at Murray Bay—a favourite haunt of his—after which he will possibly resume the usual course of his profession, although his independent means allow him total rest, if he chooses to take it. As to his political career, we regret to learn that the honourable gentleman's health, although improved, is not yet settled enough to encourage him to enter at once upon his Parliamentary duties, during recess, and still less undertake the heavy task of party leadership.

Some of the American papers poke fun at us for harbouring their defaulters and refugees—making special merriment over the godsend, in the way of "extra" business, which they put into the hands of our "advocates,"—but other journals take up the matter in earnest, upbraid us for harbouring these people, and holding that we should send them back summarily across the lines. If such papers mean what they say, they are trifling with a very serious matter. Were the Americans bent on checking the flight of swindlers and robbers to our side, all they would have to do would be to adopt, at once, the amended Extradition Treaty, which Britain submitted to the United States long ago, and which has lain *perdu* and unnoticed, in the Secretary of State's office, at Washington, ever since. Americans have acted with persistent queerness in the two vital points of Extradition and International Copyright.

We would call attention to the account of the duel between M. Floquet and Gen. Boulanger, published in the column headed "Our Engravings," of the present issue. The report is authentic, compiled from the eyewitnesses—the seconds and the doctor—and published in one of the first papers of Paris. If, after reading, any one shall not express surprise and horror at the brutal practice of single combat, even as carried out under the French code, we shall be very much disappointed. There is no fairness, no honour in it. Two men, fired by passion, rush on each other with cold steel, and liable to butcher each other, without any show of skill. How reasonable men can stand facing each other, at such barbarous play, is a standing satire on civilization.

## FARMING IN THE NORTHWEST.

The old adage that

"He who with the plough would thrive,  
Must both hold the plough and drive."

is only partly true for the Canadian West. There the prairie farmer sits on a comfortable spring seat, on his "sulky" plough, and, possibly, in white shirt sleeves, holds the reins and drives. Sometimes he ploughs one furrow at a time, and sometimes two, according to the amount of pulling power in front of the plough.

The springtime in the Canadian West is served out by the weather clerk, in proportions admirably suited to the needs of the farmer. April and May are sunny, cool and dry. The snow and March go together, and as soon as the snow is gone, the land is ready for the harrow and seeder. In that land man is generally helped the most



who has taken time by the forelock and done all his ploughing in the fall. There is no rain until June, so that the farmer has two whole months for his seeding. This enables him to put in his wheat early and gives him plenty of time after wheat-seeding for oats, barley, flax and other grain. When the seed-drill has done its great work, and everything is sown and planted, the gentle rains of June drop their fatness. Then do the cattle grow stout as London aldermen; then the hum of the milk-carrying buckboard is heard in the land, and the farmers' wives and the cheese factory and creamery hands enjoy their hard, but very profitable, work. The haying and the barley harvest next dispute the farmer's time, and then comes the *chef d'œuvre*—the great wheat harvest.

It is no uncommon thing for one man to have seventy-five acres of wheat to cut. This he is enabled to do by means of the self-binder and the climate. By working the binders all night, under the light of the harvest moon oftentimes, and by storing the wheat, not in the barns, but just where it is cut in scores of massive golden stacks, of conical form, as seen in the first photograph, one man has managed to cut and save seventy-five acres of wheat. To do this he needs help, of course, for a few days in stacking time, and also in harvest time. The second and third engravings—also from photographs—represent threshing in winter on a farm near Portage la Prairie, Manitoba. The *modus operandi* of threshing is simple. A space of frozen ground is cleared of stubble and dust and snow—there is little snow before Christmas—and upon that clear space the colossal threshing machine, with its steam engine, is placed. This machinery can prepare three thousand bushels of wheat for the market in one day, and nothing less would do on so prolific a soil. In an article in the *Century* for June, somebody said that the Argentine republic was the richest agricultural country in the world, because it had shown a yield of thirty-five bushels of wheat per head of the population. Manitoba had, last year, a yield of one hundred and twenty bushels per head, and in all probability will do better this year. In the third view given here of winter threshing on the prairie, we have a close sight of the busy scene around the threshing machine. Four or five men, with forks, are supplying the human feeder, who is always the best man in the party. In the picture he is facing the machine on the right. Two horses are kept busy hauling away the thrashed straw, which will be burnt when the threshing is over. In the middle two men are absorbed by the duty of loading the No. 1 hard Manitoba wheat into waggons as fast as the bags are filled. The first view is a general aspect of the threshing, showing the powerful steam engines which drive the machinery, a loaded farm waggon, and another empty waggon waiting for its load. This view has, as its foreground, a loaded waggon on its way to the railway station, where, in a few minutes, the wheat will be turned into cash.

These grain stacks are very dear to sportsmen, because upon every stack they are sure to find, in the early morning, a round dozen of prairie chickens. These chickens are increasing very fast, in spite of the fact that one hundred thousand people are supplied with them steadily for months. Shooting them is very good sport. It is no uncommon thing to find a farmer's house stocked with three or four hundred prairie chickens, which is his winter's supply.

If farming is sometimes prosaic, it has a decidedly interesting side in these great farm lands of our new country. Some people may get enthusiastic about the glories of Banff, the majesty of the Selkirks, and the wild gorge of the Fraser, but to the writer there is nothing more beautiful in the world than that magnificent nineteenth century pastoral, harvesting and threshing in the Canadian West.

### THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

The statesman who did most to give shape and consistency to American politics was Thomas Jefferson. He is the father of the "Monroe Doctrine," on which we promised, last week, to say a few words. In the beginning of the year 1802, news was received in the United States of the cession by Spain to France of Louisiana and the Floridas. Mr. Jefferson, then President, at once wrote to Mr. Livingston, American Minister at Paris, saying that "there is on the globe one single spot, the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy. It is New Orleans," through which he adds that three-eighths of American territory must pass to market, and which commands a valley bound to yield more than one-half of the products of the country and hold more than one-half of its people. About the same time, the President wrote to M. Dupont de Nemours: "In Europe nothing but Europe is seen \* \* \* \* but this little event of France possessing herself of Louisiana \* \* \* \* is the embryo of a tornado which will burst on the countries on both sides of the Atlantic, and involve in its effects their highest doctrines." Jefferson feared nothing from the powerless Spaniards, the former owners of the territory, for a short time, but he knew that it was the First Consul's intention to colonize it thoroughly, and thus make it a threat to the business interests and social growth of the western country. He offered to buy the fair region, and ultimately succeeded, but it was his purpose to resist French occupation, if Napoleon persisted in holding the colony.

From this time forward we find occasional references, in Mr. Jefferson's works, to what he calls the "American system." The notion grew with him, and, after his withdrawal from public life, he worked it out in detail and force in several letters. Writing to William Short, in 1820, he recurs to his "American system of policy, totally independent of, and unconnected with, that of Europe." He adds: "The day is not far distant when we may require a *meridian of partition through the ocean* which separates the two hemispheres, on the hither side of which no European gun shall ever be heard, nor an American on the other." He holds that the principles in the United States and Europe are radically different, and that it is the duty of American patriotism to interdict in the seas and territories of *both Americas* "the ferocious and sanguinary contests of Europe." His letter of October 24, 1823, addressed to President Monroe, his friend and disciple, touches on the threats of the Holy Alliance against Spain and her American provinces, and, in this important paper, he lays down the two correlative propositions: first, that Americans should never entangle themselves in the broils of Europe; and, second, that they should not allow Europe to meddle with Cisatlantic affairs. For, said he, "America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and particularly her own.

She should, therefore, have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe." From his retreat at Monticello, the aged statesman would not shrink from war in support of this principle, and writes quite belligerently on the subject.

Several weeks after receiving this letter, Mr. Monroe gave official proclamation to the views that it conveyed in his famous message of December 2nd, 1823. This instrument states that "we owed it to candour to declare that we should consider any attempt to extend their (European) system to any portion of *this hemisphere* as dangerous to our peace and safety." From the time of this message Jefferson's "American system" received the name of "Monroe Doctrine," and it has ever since been looked upon as a cardinal principle of American policy—but not by men of all parties. This should be remembered to-day. The Jeffersonians—that is, the Republicans (as they were primitively called), the Democrats or strict Constructionists, of our day, as distinguished from the John Adam's Federalists, Hamiltonians and Old Line Whigs, forerunners of the present Republicans, held this doctrine as essential to their code, in opposition to the latter, who always voted against it. The debates on the Cession of Louisiana, in 1803; on the Acquisition of Florida, in 1819; on the Spanish Provinces, in 1823; on the annexation of Texas and the Mexican war of 1844-45, fully show this division of parties. Strictly speaking, it is a Democratic doctrine, and, from their past record and present stand, the Republicans cannot consistently call it to their aid.

Later writers have maintained that the Monroe Doctrine excluded all monarchical government in this hemisphere, and pledged the country never to allow any but republican institutions in North or South America. No such proscription is found in the writings of Jefferson, Madison or Monroe, nor in the great debates of 1824. The Empire of Brazil, the Sovereignty of Iturbide, and the almost Vice-royalty of Canada are proofs to the contrary. Having thus briefly traced the origin of the Monroe Doctrine, there remains an examination thereof on its merits, political and otherwise, which we shall make next week, but in a separate paper, owing to the length of the matter under discussion.

### LITERARY NOTES.

Mary E. Ryan, one of the new writers from the South, earns an income of \$6,000 by her pen.

Rev. Principal Grant, of Kingston, is at the antipodes to-day, travelling for his health, which is said to have much improved.

J. M. LeMoine, whom General Strange called the Irving of Quebec, is at work on a couple of new volumes in his own field of research.

A statue of Shakespeare is to be erected in one of the most conspicuous and fashionable parts of Paris, but it is at the expense of an Englishman.

Perhaps the best paid woman writer in the United States is Mrs. Southworth, who receives an income of \$7,000 a year from the New York *Ledger*.

A proof of what literary tact can do in making even a political and shipping paper interesting is given by the Quebec *Chronicle*, in the hands of Dr. George Stewart, jr.

Mr. George Murray is enjoying his well-earned holidays in the solitude of Ste. Sophie, County of Terrebonne, "far from the madding crowd," and in communion solely with the woodland muse.

In our next number we shall have a treat in a fairy tale, from the cultivated pen of John Hunter Duvar, of Hernewood, P. E. Island. It is a pleasure to publish anything from the author of "Enamorado" and "De Roberval."

Our readers will be glad to see a little poem from "Sarepta" in the present issue. It is in his usual clear-cut manner. You always know what "Sarepta" wants to say, and he generally manages to say it in a keen, intelligent manner.



## FARMING IN THE CANADIAN WEST.

From photographs by Notman.



WHEAT STACKS ON THE PRAIRIES.

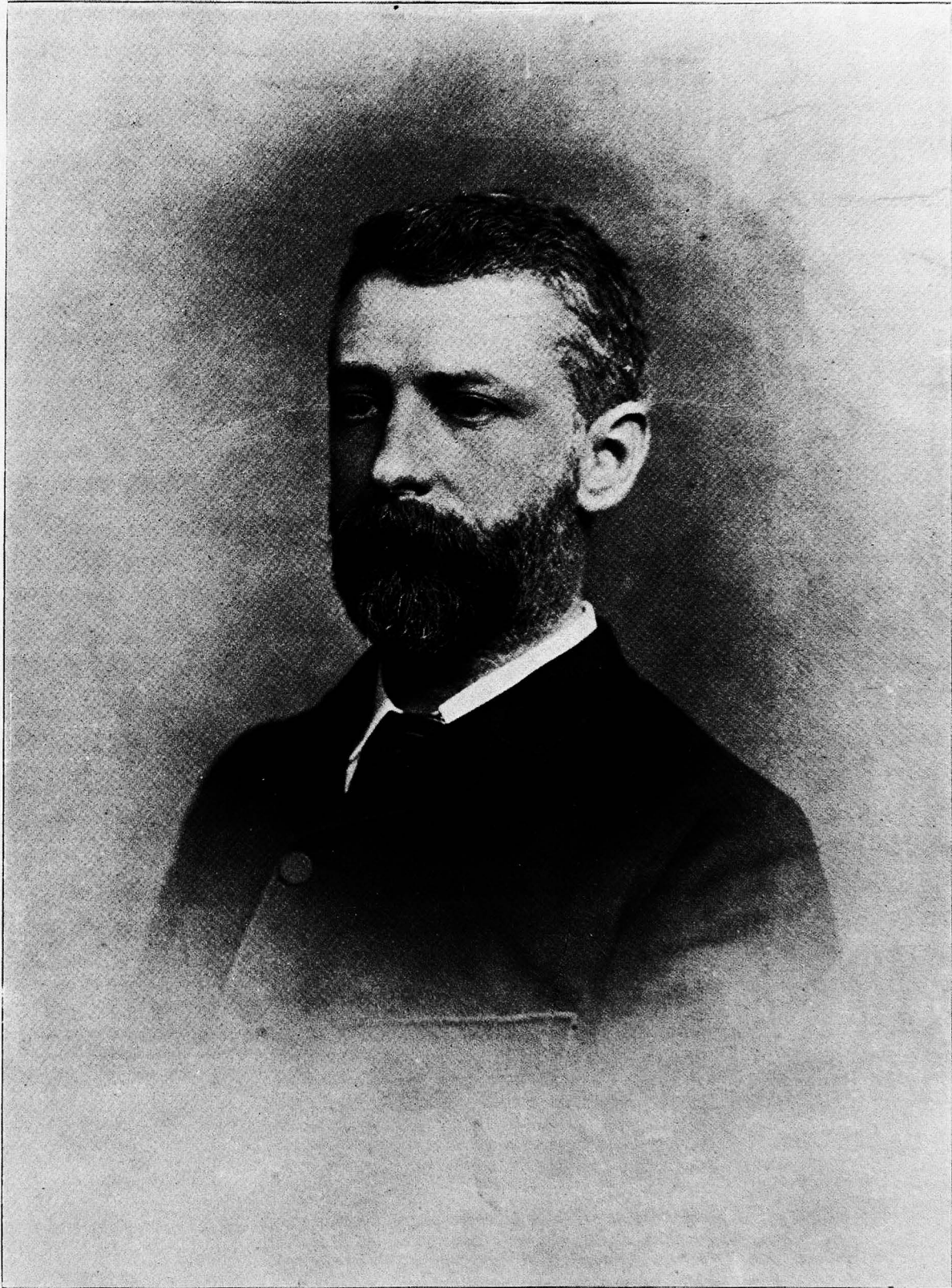


WHEAT THRESHING BY STEAM.



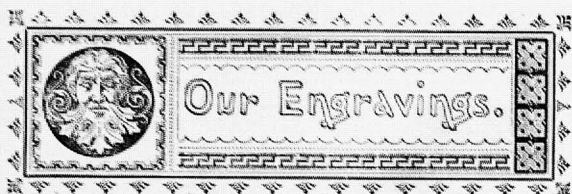
THRESHING AND LOADING.





HON. W. S. FIELDING, PREMIER OF NOVA SCOTIA.





**FARMING IN THE NORTHWEST.**—The attention of the reader is specially called to this series of sketches, which are new and better designed than any thing we have yet seen, to display not only the resources of that great country, but the wonderful appliances that are brought to bear for speedy harvesting. For full description of these appliances, reference is made to the leading article, entitled "Farming in the Canadian West."

**HON. MR. FIELDING.**—William Stevens Fielding was born at Halifax, of English parents, on the 24th November, 1848. He was educated in his native town and began life as a journalist, having written for many years in the *Halifax Chronicle*. He entered public life, in 1882, as member of the Pipes Government and, in 1884, became First Minister and Provincial Secretary of a new administration. He was returned to the Legislative Assembly, for Halifax, in 1882, and has been twice re-elected since.

**MOUNT HERMIT.**—This great mountain belongs to the Selkirk range, is capped with glaciers, and forms with Mount Macdonald a matchless scene of wild grandeur. Between these two twin mountains, which seem to have been rent asunder, is the entrance to the famous Roger's Pass. Enormous precipices tower right and left, so sheer and stupendous that the traveller is overawed by their wonderful majesty. Roger's Pass is itself at a height of 4,275 feet; but these two mountains tower up a mile higher into the empyrean.

**AN AUGUST MORNING WITH FARRAGUT,** from the painting by Overend.—Perhaps no naval battle on canvas has created more interest since the "Death of Nelson," by J. M. W. Turner, than the one we engrave this week, by Overend. As the respective flags floating for the nonce will demonstrate, it is a terrible incident of historical importance, enacted during the American secessionist war. Admiral Farragut attacks Forts Morgan and Gaines, the defence of Mobile, Ala., on August 5th, 1864. His flagship, on which Farragut was lashed to the rigging, was the Hartford, and the immediate scene is the famous attack on the Southern ironclad ram Tennessee, which was so beset by the former and her aids that she never fired a gun after being first hit till she, the forts and all, surrendered. We may as well add that Admiral David Glascoe Farragut escaped unhurt through those terrible events. He died 1870, aged 69. Of course, it requires a very vivid conception to paint the picture of an event unseen by the artist and based upon imagination alone. But Mr. W. H. Overend, as an American, had many subsequent opportunities of gathering figures and facts for his brush, and how truly and cleverly he has depicted this terrible onslaught the engraving shows for itself.

**THE FLOQUET-BOULANGER DUEL.**—This superb drawing, brought out, in our columns, with splendid effect, is thoroughly French in its character and execution. The duel took place on the 13th July, on the challenge of M. Floquet, after a bitter passage of words in the Assembly between him and General Boulanger. At ten, in the forenoon, the two combatants cast off their coats, collars and waistcoats, and took their places. At once the swords were crossed, and then, as is the wont, the adversaries both fell back one step. When the word "go" was uttered, General Boulanger threw himself, or rather ran upon M. Floquet, which movement was at once met by a *corp à corps*, and the witnesses had to separate the combatants. The French First Minister was slightly wounded under the left calf, and the General was lightly hurt in the right forefinger. In consequence of the uneven lay of the soil, the latter had made a false step, which accounts for his sword touching M. Floquet's leg. The attack lasted twenty seconds. The proof of the furious onslaught on the part of M. Boulanger is the position of the combatants at the second encounter, M. Floquet's feet, as seen in the engraving, touching the brushwood of the thicket, by a rapid back movement which he had been obliged to make. The General rushed upon him with as much violence as before, dashing full upon him. M. Floquet lengthened out his arm at the same instant. His sword struck the throat of the General, whose shirt was at once soaked with blood. The witnesses stopped the fight and the attending physician attended at once to the wounded man. This second encounter lasted four seconds. M. Floquet received two scratches, one in the right hand and the other above the right nipple. M. Boulanger, sustained by his friends and the doctor, repaired to the house of his friend, Count Dillon, in whose grounds the combat took place, and there his wound was dressed. This account is translated expressly for the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*.

**GENERAL PHILIP SHERIDAN**—General Sheridan was born in Somerville, Ohio, March 6, 1831. He graduated at West Point and served on frontier duty in Texas and Oregon between 1853 and 1861. He was put in command of the 11th division of the army of Ohio in 1862; commanded a division in the army of the Cumberland; and, at the battle of Stone River, December 31, 1862, saved the army from rout by his resistance. In April, 1864, he was called to the army of the Potomac by General Grant, put in command of the cavalry corps, and within the months of

May, June and July was successfully engaged in eighteen distinct actions. On the 4th of August, 1864, he was put in command of the army of the Shenandoah, and for his successes was made Major-General of the U. S. army. He joined General Grant's army at City Point, whence he started, March 25, 1865, to strike the final blow for the overthrow of General Lee. He fought the battle of Dinwiddie Court House, March 31, and that of Five Forks, which necessitated Lee's evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg, April 1. He then occupied command of various military divisions until 1869, when, by the promotion of General Sherman, he became Lieutenant-General and assumed command of the western and southwestern military divisions, with his headquarters at Chicago. On the retirement of General Sherman, February, 1884, General Sheridan succeeded to the command of the army, with headquarters at Washington.

## POINTS.

BY ACUS.

In spending their summers, it has been the custom with a great many Canadians to go outside of their own country. It is not that their own country is lacking in scenic or atmospheric attraction, but that her travelling facilities have been inadequate. Her chasms have been unbridged; her channels unmarked; her forests trackless. This is partly the reason. With the rapid opening up of the country, however, it is not likely that this inconvenience will be any longer felt. And within the country, however one's taste may run, he can find a retreat to his liking.

With a semblance of apprehension, certain writers have recently been ventilating the subject as to why young men do not marry. I do not know whether other ramblers may have noticed it; but it seems to me that, at the present time, the blushing, gushing bride is rather numerously represented: a statement which is put forward for the consolation of these apprehensive philosophers. Niagara Falls, so long a terminus for bridal tours, has by no means a monopoly. Clad in the strangest combinations generally, the bride holds forth upon the boat and flourishes upon the cars. Everyone knows that the seats on the cars are not very wide, but with a newly married couple in one of them there is room enough left for a third person; and yet he finds it imperatively necessary to hold her in. Sometimes she makes a desperate effort to appear married a long time, but it is always a failure. Ah, well! We must all have our bit of fun at the expense of the happy couple, but I have no doubt that they have the best of the bargain.

There are two subjects in regard to which the average person assumes, in public, an air of affected indifference, but in which he really believes. These two subjects are religion and the tender passion. Whatever may be the bearing of the average man during the garish day, at length, after the turmoil of it is over, amid the midnight solitudes when he and his soul are alone together,—it will come back upon him that, after all, he does believe in religion. And however he may smile at the tender passion, it is probable that in his writing-desk there is a drawer kept locked, and that contains a treasured something which could tell a different story.

The modern novel is as much a study as a story. It will be remembered that Macaulay, in his famous essay upon "Milton," says that while the language of a primitive people is poetic, that of civilization is philosophic; and that while the former presents the reader with a concrete hero, the latter treats of personified qualities and abstractions. This hypothesis is very well borne out by the modern novel. Mr. R. L. Stevenson's justly popular "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is simply a very shrewd psychological study. Another fine unfolding of this idea of the dual nature is to be found in Mr. Maxwell Gray's excellent novel, "The Silence of Dean Maitland." In Hawthorne's novels, also, will be found psychological studies, and examples of "personified qualities." These, and many modern novels that one might enumerate, portray the man rather as he is than as he appears, and describe the mind rather than the man. And thus they become works of philosophy as well as works of fiction.

Probably many Canadians received with pleasure the intimation, in the first issue of this paper, that one of the objects of the publishers would be to present Canada in its summer aspects principally. Our winters, if anything, seem to have been rather overdone. People of other countries who know nothing of us save in our toboggan suits, would never imagine that in summer we have it 98° in the shade! When they receive the usual winter photographs and engravings, they experience a shiver or two, and put the Canadian down as a species of Greenlander.

At the theatre one may derive considerable pleasure from the audience, as well as from the performers. It is interesting, if one's seat is sufficiently far forward, to glance back and observe the faces of the audience, as indicative of their interest in the play. Some faces are eager; some are coldly critical; some are blank. Even on vice-regal faces I have marked the entire absence of any expression whatever. But we may charitably attribute this to good form. It is possible, on the other hand, to derive considerable discomfort from an audience. The usher once conducted me beside a man who had been partaking of the cup that cheers as well as inebriates. When he was awake, he laughed so that he could be heard all over the house; and when he was asleep, he snored to a similar degree. When he was awake, I wished he would go to sleep; and when he was asleep, I poked him to wake him up. I have no definite recollections of the play.

## THE CHIEF OF THE OTTAWA.

(The last Chief of the Ottawa tribe contemplating the future site of the Parliament House; he beholds, with prophetic eye, the gigantic changes about to take place.)

Air: "Believe me if all those endearing young charms."

The Chief of the Ottawa stood on the height,  
When the red sun of autumn was low.  
'Twas the spot where he met his dread foe in the fight,  
Where the waves of the Ottawa flow.  
And the glance of his eye,  
As he gazed on the sky,  
Was as dark as the cloud in the west:  
For he stood by the wave  
That does silently lave  
The spot where his forefathers rest!

The Chief of the Ottawa long since has gone  
To seek from his troubles a rest;  
He has sought out the region where brilliantly shone,  
At evening, the sun in the west.  
He stayed not to weep  
Where his forefathers sleep,  
He dropped not a tear on their grave;  
But he silently fled  
From the honoured and dead,  
That sleep by the Ottawa's wave!

The Chief of the Ottawa now is no more;  
Where the council-fire blazed on the height,  
To-day, toward the heavens, sublimely soar  
The signals of Canada's might.  
When the evening is still,  
On the old "Barrack-hill,"  
Towers a structure majestic and grand;  
And a bright golden ray,  
From the god of the day,  
Gilds the monument spire of our land.

Ottawa.

JOSEPH K. FORAN.

## SHIFTING SHADOWS.

Zenith past, the sun is stooping  
In the Occidental sky;  
Parched with drought, field flowers are drooping,  
Earth and grass are bleached and dry.  
Down the lane and through the meadows,  
Quaintly cast from shrub and tree,  
Stretch athwart my pathway shadows,  
Shifting, lengthening changeably.

Just outside the straggling village,  
Where the brooklet's drone is heard,  
'Neath where fleet-winged robbers pillage  
Luscious treasures from the vineyard,  
Close beside me, longer growing,  
Till it interweaves with mine,  
Moves an imaged figure, showing  
An ensemblance—Dearest, thine!

Toronto.

WILL T. JAMES.



## ON THE OTTAWA.

## II.

The conclusion of breakfast just brings us to Pointe Claire. This pretty point breasts the wave, with an old-fashioned "Moulin-à-vent" for a figure-head. There is a sweet, gentle loveliness about the scenery here that is very restful. As we leave Lake St. Louis, the beautiful seigneurie of Isle Perrot displays a delightful irregularity of shore-line, which coquettes with the sunshine, and in the play of light and shade shews every vernal tint, from tenderest golden green to deepest myrtle. In some out-reaching points the opposite shores almost kiss.

It is strange how much more imperatively a human interest appeals to us than purely physical nature. A few gleaming white gables, whose windows glint out at us through the trees, like the eyes of some woodland animal; the breath of home-life rising up into the pure sky from a few chimneys; the framing of choice bits of scenery by fence and wall; some gaily painted boats dotting the little reed-fringed bays, bring the passengers to their feet and, with one accord, to the side of the boat, as we near Ste. Anne's, memorialized by Moore's lines.

As we enter the lock, three old women, looking most picturesque in their gay shawls and huge flat straw hats, and who have never, by untimely youth, seemed less in harmony with an almost primeval state of nature, stand as they have ever stood, within the memory of the oldest traveller, at the boatside, with their baskets full of striped sugar-sticks, golden brown gingerbread and bunches of cherries.

If these graces failed to appear, almost I fear the captain himself would not recognize the place and lose his bearings. Leaving Ste. Anne's, with its picturesque grouping of cottages, and bridges, we presently enter the Lake of the Two Mountains, one of which is Mount Calvary, and its fellow I have never heard called by any name but "The Other."

All the stretch of water before us is reddish brown in the shades of the ripples, and blue in the lights—not the clear, bright azure of the St. Lawrence, but a deep, slaty tinge. Just here beneath us the river looks like flowing amber, and behind to the eastward, in the track of the vessel, it would seem the sun is showering a heavy rain of diamonds upon it, invisible till at the point of contact with the water, and shoot up thousands of electric sparks of dazzling scintillating light. All along our course is the waving margin, like the rippling hair parted over a beautiful placid brow. A dead gold streak in the northern shore-line, through the dark green verdure, is lost and repeated, then grows wider and clearer, till we reach the sand banks of Oka, rising amid fine groves.

Some few years ago the church (R. C.), always the prominent feature in a Canadian village, nestled under the shade of a group of trees, whose outlines once bore a very striking resemblance to those of a bear just come to the brink of the water to slake his thirst. Then there arose the trouble between a part of the Indian settlement and the priests, resulting in a fire, in which the trees and church were destroyed, with a collection of valuable old black letter manuscripts and musical scores. The new church is an imposing edifice of red stone, quite a pleasing point of colour in the landscape, though emphasizing, by contrast, the bare hideousness of the miserable Indian village, in which every hut stands with all its angles in defiant independence of its neighbours. Pigs and children enliven the scene. On the wharf stands half the community, two distinct types of physiognomy, stamping their origin from different tribes, the Algonquin and the Iroquois. The men gaze at us out of bronzed immobile faces, so set and expressionless as to give one the impression of masks. The squaws look more animated and wear their gay shawls over their heads, although it is the height of summer. They press forward to offer their handiwork of beads and baskets for sale. Behind the sand-bank, away off in the crest of Mount Calvary, you catch a glimpse of the last of the seven century-old chapels, which are inter-

persed along the way to the top. There, the faithful say, the virgin appears periodically, as I understand, with her own hand drawing aside the veil of flesh and revealing the perpetually burning flames of love in her heart.

There is an annual pilgrimage to this point, when priest and peasant walk bare-headed and silent, offering prayers at all the small painted shrines by the roadside. Of late years the Trappists have established a branch community here, and their rigours of discipline in fasting and silence are legendary.

Montreal.

K. A. C.

## THE BUSINESS METROPOLIS.

BY G. S. P.

During the business season a walk from the canal basin along the revetment wall reveals, to some extent, this metropolis as a mart of great and increasing commerce, unrivalled by any other inland city. For nearly six miles ocean and maritime steamships, river steamships, river steamboats, shipping, etc., may be seen discharging and loading cargoes of goods and other commodities to and from Europe and elsewhere; besides railway freight cars with teas from China and Japan, and western produce from over the C. P. R.; the steamships preparing to receive outward cargoes of cattle, grain, flour, etc. On the canal, where large manufacturing establishments are erected, Canadian and United States barges, etc., may be seen loading or discharging their various cargoes. Substantial teams of vehicles conveying goods, etc., to their various destinations in various parts of the city, giving employment to hundreds of workmen, labourers, etc.; altogether presenting a lively, bustling scene of commercial industry.

The favourable position occupied by the city at the head of ocean navigation, and the energetic and enterprising character of the merchants have enabled them to maintain their position by overcoming many difficulties and formidable obstacles. The question now arises: "Have the utmost limits of harbour accommodation been reached?" almost every available space being now occupied and inconveniently crowded to its greatest extent. Unlike Quebec, New York, Boston, and other places, the opposite side of the river affords no present facilities for extending the harbour limits in that direction, and it is now proposed to build extensive shipping docks to relieve the harbour of its superabundant and increasing demands for loading and discharging inward and outward cargoes.

The approaches to Montreal, though lacking the grandeur of Quebec and its vicinity, are nevertheless pleasing and interesting. Passing by the populous villages and environs; the pretty island of St. Helen's, with its stately parks and shrubbery, form a favourite and attractive resort. The famous Victoria Bridge appears in the distance, a gigantic structure of engineering and mechanical skill, spanning upward of two miles across the River St. Lawrence; the substantial stone breastworks of the quays and lines of lofty warehouses, stretching along the river frontage, with a forest of shipping, from the stupendous steamship to the tiniest river craft; altogether betokening a large and greatly increasing commerce.

The drive round the Mountain, with its cemeteries, parks and magnificent views of distant scenery, and a ramble over the city, reveal many points of interest, public buildings, capacious streets and handsome squares, adorned with trees, flowers and fountains, too numerous for special detail.

A red-headed young lady of St. Louis proposes to give a unique entertainment to all ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance whose heads show a similar tinge. Pages with auburn curls will attend in hall and cloak room, while sunny-haired maids will serve the supper.

The second church bell brought to this continent still rings at the First Congregational church, of Hartford, Conn. The first church bell brought to the United States rang in Virginia.

## THE ALARM OF THE ARMADA.

'Twas about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,  
There came a gallant merchant ship, full sail to Plymouth Bay;  
The crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,  
At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a mile.  
At sunrise she escaped the van, by God's especial grace;  
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.  
Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along the wall,  
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgewood's lofty hall;  
Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast;  
And with loose rein, and bloody spur, rode inland many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;  
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums.  
The yeomen, round the market cross, make clear an ample space,  
For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace.  
The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold—  
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold.  
Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea;  
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.  
For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance spread—  
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head.  
Far o'er the deep, the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,  
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire;  
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew—  
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge—the rangers of Beaulieu.  
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,  
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, that streak of blood-red light.  
At once, on London's stately gates, arose the answering fires;  
At once the wild alarm clash'd from all her reeling spires;  
From all the batteries of the Tower peal'd loud the voice of fear,  
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:  
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,  
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in;  
And eastward straight, for wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went;  
And roused, in many an ancient hall, the gallant squires of Kent:  
Southward, for Surrey's pleasant hill, flew those bright coursers forth;  
High on black Hamstead's swarthy moor, they started for the north;  
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still;  
All night from tower to tower they sprang, all night from hill to hill;  
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Derwent's rocky dales;  
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales;  
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height;  
Till streamed in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's crest of light;  
Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth, on Ely's stately fane,  
And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the boundless plain;  
Till Belvoir's lordly towers the sign to Lincoln sent,  
And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide vale of Trent;  
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's embattled pile,  
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

LORD MACAULAY.

[This summer was celebrated in England, with unusual solemnity, the invasion and dispersion of the Spanish Armada, one of the greatest events in British history and the most glorious of Elizabeth's long reign. We thought it fit to publish Macaulay's ballad on the subject, which shows that he could describe as well in verse as in prose, despite the sneers of some critics.—EDITOR.]

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.—"Mason and Dixon's line" derived its name from the surveyors, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon. The "line" was 300 miles long and marked the boundary between Pennsylvania and Maryland and Virginia. It was marked by stone posts at intervals of one mile.

An Englishman leaving London always speaks of his departure as "going down." He goes down even if he is bound for the highest part of the kingdom. In the way of "going down" Homburg seems to be specially favoured this year.





MOUNT HERMIT, NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE SEIKIRKS.

From a photograph by Notman.





AN AUGUST MORNING WITH FARRAGUT.

From the painting by W. H. Overend.

Photograph supplied by Alex. S. Macrae & Son, Toronto, Directors for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.



# TORY AND SPY.

A REVOLUTIONARY SKETCH.

BY BURKE BRENTFORD.

It was late in a summer afternoon of the year 1777, but a few days before the victorious movements on the part of the patriot army which culminated in the battles of Bemis Heights and Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, that a young Continental officer, on secret service bent—in plainer words, a spy from Gen. Schuyler's camp at Moses creek, four miles away—Lieut. Joel Standish, a lineal descendant of the famous Miles Standish, of pilgrim memory, was bidding adieu to his pretty sweetheart, Clara O'Neil, in the little orchard surrounding her mother's cottage at Fort Edward, recently abandoned by the Americans.

The young man was artificially cheerful, and the young woman in tears, for there was no denying that it was a dangerous mission on which he was bent, which might cost him his neck at the hands of the invading redcoats, or both his life and scalp, should he be captured by their savage allies.

The last kisses had been exchanged, the parting leave-takings said, and a keepsake lock of the maiden's dark hair having been just thrust away in the young man's bosom, their hands were in that final wringing clasp, which seems to extend so directly from the heart's straining strings.

"God be with thee, Joel, my love, my friend!" faltered Clara, with the grave, simple earnestness of those homespun, struggling days. "It is my beating heart that henceforth thou bearest with thee in thy bosom, for now we are betrothed—the lock of my hair is the token."

He pressed her once more in his arms as the most eloquent answer.

Then, as they were about to separate, a very beautiful young lady, a visitor at the widow O'Neil's from some leagues to the southward, and whose chiefest charm might be said to be the glory of her crisp golden hair, which she wore in a great thread-like half knot down her neck, and which was, indeed, one of the wonders of the countryside, came hurrying, and yet with a stately step, out toward them from the cottage porch, wherein Mrs. O'Neil herself now stood, shading a troubled look askance with her plump hand, and the porch roses and jessamines framing her portly person right royally.

The new-comer was Miss Jane McRea, the orphaned daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman of New Jersey, and destined to make her sad and tragic mark upon the history of her time.

"I waited until this moment, so as not seriously to interrupt thy leave-takings with Clara, friend Joel," said Miss McRea, in a sweet, yet grave, voice. "Is this true, then, that thou art about to take thy life in thy hands, on a spying errand into Gen. Fraser's camp, and among the ruthless redskins?"

"It is true that I go thither, Mistress Jenny," replied the young man, with assumed lightness. "But as for the danger—you heard me trying to impress Clara's good mother with the fact, and a fact it is—that you are more likely in danger from the redskins just in this spot than I shall be, with my woodcraft to help me. But no; she will none of it. Half Tory herself, she will not accept my warning, and that is my chief and grievous anxiety at this parting hour."

"You somewhat mistake, Joel. My kinswoman thinks better of your warning now, and she said to me that she will remove her household to her cousin's cottage at Stillwater, within the American lines, the day after to-morrow."

"Ah! I am glad of that, though I fear the consequences of even such a brief delay."

"Tell me, friend Joel," continued the young lady, thoughtfully, "how shall you go from here?"

"Directly by the old North road, Miss Jenny, with a timely pause at the cabin of old Bellamy, the retired draper and weaver, for the exchange of these, my tell-tale regimentals, for something more rustic and unassuming, as may benefit my mission." And the young man looked down, a little

vainly, over the somewhat ragged, and not over-clean bravery of his lieutenant's uniform.

"And tell me, Joel, shalt thou be like to see my lover, Edward Jones, who hath so pained me with joining and taking red-coat commission under the invaders of our country?"

"Yet he," returned Joel, who was charitably free from partisan rancour, though a staunch patriot, "he is doubtless honest, though wrong-headed, and we were play-fellows together. Yes, I shall doubtless see Edward in his red coat and gold lace, Mistress Jenny, and who knows but he might stand by me at a pinch, should such occur? Shall I carry him some troth-plight token from you?—for I doubt not that he is dead in love, if fickle in patriotism, Mistress McRea."

Jenny heaved a sigh.

"No," she repeated, "no token. But you might tell him that I still love him dearly, Joel, though it would be against my conscience to pray for his success against my country. Good-by, and God bless thee, Joel Standish."

She held out her beautiful hand, but at this juncture Clara O'Neil, with a pretty blush, pulled down the fair head, with its glory of bright hair, and whispered something.

"I divine those words, if I may not hear them!" cried Joel, laughing. "Yes, Clara whispers truly, Mistress Jenny. I bear away with me her troth-plight tress, black and lustrous as a raven's wing feather. Why shouldn't I bear a troth-plight curl from your own sunny head, for handsome, but mistaken, Tory Ned to wear against his heart? Think how it would transport him!"

Miss McRea also blushed, but she shook her head determinedly, after a pause.

"No; no token. Not now, at least."

"But what shall I tell him, should he draw out this refusal of yours from me, Mistress Jenny?"

She laughed.

"Tell him," she cried, turning to retreat, and little dreaming of the fatality of her words, "tell Edward Jones that, dearly as I love him, I shall give no troth-plight tress until he shall have my whole head of hair, as an accompaniment of the heart that is already his; and may we soon be united, no more to part!"

And with that she laughed again, and turned away, while Joel Standish, with yet another last kiss from Clara's trembling lips, hurried off upon his dangerous errand.

Fraser's advance column of Burgoyne's army whose camp was his objective point, was but four leagues away, but the distance had to be made on foot, and the forest paths were already swarming with Indians.

However, young Standish reached Bellamy's house without mischance, and there, after effecting his needful disguise, he decided, on the proprietor's representations, to remain over night.

Jethro Bellamy, the retired weaver, was a somewhat eccentric character, but a true patriot, who was almost in readiness to remove, with his chattels and negro servants, out of the path of the threatened invasion at the time of Joel's visit.

At sunrise of the next morning, however, Joel, who had been assigned to a low-pitched sleeping loft above the living-room, was aroused by the old weaver hammering excitedly on the under side of the hatchway, reached by the communicating ladder.

"The redcoats! the redcoats!" he cried. "They are coming down the road. But you had best stay where you are, friend Joel, and they may overlook your presence in the house. As for me, I am off on my gray mare, with that last fine piece of woollen cloth of mine own weaving!"

Then Joel heard the step-ladder knocked away, and the skurry of the old gentleman's retreat.

And then he could not but smile broadly at the oddity of the scene that presented itself.

Old Bellamy was just galloping off on his gray mare, with only time to fasten one end of his prized cloth-roll to his saddle, and three British troopers were in hot pursuit. His beast was a poor goer, and at first the chances were all against him. The pursuers were soon overhauling him, and bellowing for his surrender; but at that moment the cloth began to let itself out in the wind,

Indeed such a flapping and fluttering did it make that the troopers' horses could not be made to approach any nearer. And thus did the old gentleman, with the black cloth streaming far and wide, like the devil's horse's tail, manage to keep ahead of his pursuers and finally to escape them altogether. Several times they had raised their sabres to cut him down, but as often had they been foiled by the streamer always tangling them up and flirting in their way.

The remaining redcoats only rummaged the interior of the house a bit, without discovering the lurker in the loft, and then, for a wonder, passed on their way without firing it.

A little later on Joel gained the woods, and struck out boldly for Fraser's camp. He entered it a few hours later, in the character of a Tory drover, with a couple of estray cattle, which he had fortunately chanced on, and of which he represented himself as the owner. He struck a sharp bargain for the beeves with the commandant of the outposts, made friends right and left by vigorously cursing the rebels, and was presently quite at home in the camp, busily making mental memoranda of just the sort of surreptitious information he was most earnestly in quest of.

Toward the close of the day, however, a handsome young officer, coming out of Gen. Fraser's tent, beckoned him to a conference in a near clump of spruce trees, and said, sternly:

"I recognize you, Joel Standish, as a rebel spy in this loyal camp."

"It's perhaps but natural that you do recognize me, Ned Jones," replied Joel, with a confident smile, "for were we not school-lads and playmates together, when red cloth and gold lace were of less consequence than now? And, moreover, I have a pretty message for you from Mistress Jane McRea, though she would not send you a troth-plight tress, as both sweetheart Clara O'Neil and I advised her to do."

The Tory lieutenant started, and turned pale, while Joel recounted to him Jenny's parting words.

"She is then with the O'Neil's, at Fort Edward?" exclaimed Jones.

"Yes."

"I am sorry for that—sorry, sorry! Two bands of our savage allies started ravaging in that direction, under my directions, as Gen. Fraser's aide-de-camp, three hours ago. Good Heavens! if—" He came to a faltering pause.

"Ha! did you so, and knowing the O'Neils as your late friends, to say nothing of Clara as my betrothed!" cried Standish, indignantly.

"Peace, Joel! How could I know? Besides, is not Miss McRea my betrothed?"

"The more fool and traitor Tory-knave thou then!" roared the other, half beside himself. "By Jupiter, Edward Jones! It would be a dark Nemesis upon you were your sweet mistress' unthinking last words for you to come true and her whole head of hair to reach you, as a troth-plight tress, dangling from a wampum belt."

Jones recoiled, and then found refuge in kindred anger,

"You're a—rebel spy, Joel Standish!" he replied. "I give you, out of the old fellowship you're undeserving of, one hour in which to quit this camp, on peril of short shrift and hangman's noose!"

Indignant as he was, the young Continental lost no time in accepting the hint, and taking to the woods.

His wild words to the Tory lieutenant were to receive a terribly tragic verification such as he could not dream of.

At dawn of the next day he was set upon by a Hessian soldier, lost in the woods like himself. In the struggle that ensued, Joel killed the Hessian.

Two hours later, having appropriated the mercenary's uniform, the better to mask his identity, he was captured by a band of Indians, in their war paint, and held over as a possibly suspicious character. Shortly after this, while they were at their camp fire breakfast, they were joined by another savage band, having among them Mrs. O'Neil and Miss McRea as prisoners. The spy was not recognised in his Hessian garb, and,



much to the mitigation of his affliction at this unwelcome discovery, he presently learned from some plucky and scornful words that the widow let fall to her chief captor, who could speak good English, that Clara and the two negro servants had succeeded in concealing themselves successfully from the raid on the Fort Edward cottage, and that his betrothed was probably secure from harm.

A portion of the newcomers presently started for Fraser's camp, taking Mrs. O'Neil with them, but leaving Jenny behind, at the insistence of two young chiefs, who seemed at the same time struck by her rare beauty.

What followed is a matter of history, and young Standish was the eye-witness.

A terrible dispute arose between the rival chiefs, and at last they fell to belabouring one another with the stocks of their muskets. One of them subsequently, in a towering rage, suddenly stepped up to the beautiful captive and discharged his musket full at her breast. She fell dead instantly. The savage then drew his hunting knife, and, after stabbing his rival to death, took off the young woman's scalp so skilfully that nearly the whole of her long sunny hair came off with it.

When the savage band entered Gen. Fraser's camp, a few hours later, it chanced that, just as Mrs. O'Neil recognized with a shriek the scalp dangling at the chieftain's belt, the red scoundrel himself shook it triumphantly aloft and directly in Edward Jones' face.

Livid with horror, the Tory lieutenant brained the savage with a pistol shot; snatched the hair (a troth-plight tress at last, but in what awful guise!) to his breast and fainted away.

It is only known of him subsequently that shortly after this he retired into Canada, where he lived to be an old man, never marrying—a solitary, melancholy recluse, cherishing to the end the sombre recollections of which the golden scalp of hair was the tragic token.

Mrs. O'Neil was at once set at liberty, and Joel Standish rejoined the Continental army on the same day. Clara O'Neil and he were happily married at the close of the war, and numbers of their descendants are still living.

The murder of Jane McRea was of historical importance, and is said to have contributed not a little to the frenzied valour that achieved the victories of Bemis Heights shortly thereafter, though it is not with the fullest justice that Gen. Burgoyne has been charged with the responsibility of the crime since, in employing the savages as allies, he was but the military instrument carrying out the commands of his superiors. The story went like wildfire; it aroused the entire northern country as no other appeal could have done; and Toryism was thenceforth more obnoxious than ever with Americans. The harrowing tale was told by Edmund Burke in the British House of Commons, and soon became a familiar story throughout Europe.

Jenny's grave still stands near the ruins of Fort Edward, marked by a plain white marble slab, with the simple inscription—JANE McREA.

But all is forgotten now, almost as thoroughly as those are forgotten who lived and loved a thousand years ago; and after life's fitful fever she sleeps well in her lowly grave.

## WHEN SUMMER SMILES.

When summer smiles upon the land  
And Nature waves her magic wand,  
The nursing buds of dying spring  
Burst forth in fairy blossoming,  
A miracle of beauty grand.

The leaves enlarge; the trees expand;  
By odours sweet the air is fann'd;  
All day the rich-robed minstrels sing,  
When summer smiles.

There is no sound of sorrowing;  
Joy spreads o'er all its golden wing.  
More clearly yet I understand  
God's great design in Nature plann'd  
And at His feet my soul I fling  
When summer smiles.

## QUAINT RHYMES AND FANCIES.

BY A COLLECTOR.

### VII.

#### THE SESTINE.

Of the three royal forms of Provençal song—the Chaunt Royal, the Sonnet and the Sestine—the last is claimed to be a supreme work of art. It was invented by Arnaut Daniel, the renowned troubadour, at the end of the fourteenth century, and was used by Dante and Petrarch. Hueffer, in his "Troubadours," has a full account of the stanza, and De Gramont gives the rules of the poem as written in Italian, Spanish and Portuguese:—

I. The Sestine has six stanzas, each of six lines, of the same length.

II. The lines of the six verses end with the six same words, not rhyming with each other; these end words are chosen exclusively from two-syllabled nouns.

III. The arrangement of these six terminal words follows a regular law.

IV. The piece closes with a three-line stanza, using the six words, three at the end, the other three placed in the middle of its lines.

But, as now written, the words of the Sestine at times rhyme with each other; this should be in two rhymes alone, after De Banville's and Swinburne's examples, but other writers allow three rhymes.

We shall give two examples. The first is from Edmund Gosse, and has the advantage of describing the Sestine, whose name it bears:—

#### SESTINA.

"*Fra tutte il primo Arnaldo Daniello*  
*Grand maestro d'amore.*"—PETRARCH.

In fair Provence, the land of lute and rose,  
Arnaut, great master of the lore of love,  
First wrought sestines to win his lady's heart;  
For she was deaf when simpler staves he sang,  
And for her sake he broke the bonds of rhyme,  
And in this subtler measure hid his woe.

"Harsh be my lines," cried Arnaut, "harsh the woe,  
My lady, that enthron'd and cruel rose,  
Inflicts on him that made her live in rhyme!"  
But though the metre spake the voice of Love,  
And like a wild-wood nightingale he sang  
Who thought in crabbed days to ease his heart.

It is told if her untoward heart  
Was melted by her poet's lyric woe,  
Or if vain so amorously he sang,  
Perchance through crowd of dark conceits he rose  
To nobler heights of philosophic love,  
And crowned with later years his sterner rhyme.

This thing alone we know: the triple rhyme,  
Of him who bared his vast and passionate heart  
To all the crossing flames of hate and love,  
Wears in the midst of all its storm of woe,—  
As some loud morn of March may bear a rose,—  
The impress of a song that Arnaut sang.

"Smith of his mother-tongue," the Frenchman sang  
Of Lancelot and of Galahad, the rhyme  
That beat so blood-like at its core of rose,  
It stirred the sweet Francesca's gentle heart,  
To take that kiss that brought her so much woe  
And sealed in fire her martyrdom of love.

And Dante, full of her immortal love,  
Stayed his drear song, and softly, fondly sang  
As though his voice broke with that weight of woe;  
And to this day we think of Arnaut's rhyme  
Whenever pity at the labouring heart  
On fair Francesca's memory drops the rose.

Ah! sovereign Love, forgive this weaker rhyme!  
The men of old who sang were great at heart,  
Yet have we too known woe and worn thy rose.

The following, by Clinton Scollard, is given as an example of rhyme—six syllables—three in *ight* and three in *ay*, rhyming alternately throughout the six and thirty lines. The subject is the old one of the God of Love and the swain:—

One merry morn, when all the earth was bright  
And flushed with dewy dawn's enervating ray,  
A shepherd youth, o'er whose fair face the light  
Of rosy smiles was ever wont to stray,  
Roamed through a level grassy mead, bedight  
With spring time blossoms, fragrant, fresh and gay.

But now, alas! his mood was far from gay;  
And musing how the dark world would be bright  
Could he but win his maiden's love, and stray  
With her forever, basking in its light,  
He saw far, in morn's bright beaming ray,  
A lissome boy with archer's arms bedight.

The boy shot arrows at a tree bedight  
With red-winged songsters singing sweet and gay,  
Amid the leaves and blossoms blooming bright.  
He seemed an aimless, wandering waif astray,  
And so the shepherd caught him, stealing light,  
While from his eyes he flashed an angry ray.

The fair boy plead until a kindly ray  
Shone o'er the shepherd's clouded brow, bedight  
With clustering locks, and he said, smiling gay,  
"I prithee promise, by thy face so bright,  
To ne'er again, wh'er thou mayst stray,  
Slay the sweet birds that make so glad the light."

While yet he spake, from out those eyes a light  
Divine shot forth, before whose glowing ray  
The shepherd quailed, it was so wondrous bright;  
Then well he knew 'twas Cupid coy and gay,  
With all arts and subtle wiles bedight,  
And knelt in homage lest the boy should stray.

"Rise," said the god, "and e'er thy footsteps stray  
Know that within her eyes where beamed no light  
Of love for thee, I will implant a ray.  
She shall be thine with all her charms bedight."  
The shepherd kissed Love's hand and bounded gay  
To gain his bliss—and all the world was bright.

When naught is bright to these that sadly stray,  
Ofttimes a single ray of Eros' light  
Will make all earth bedight with radiance gay.



The yield in the Niagara fruit growing district this year is enormous.

Moncton has the poorest water in the Dominion. So says the Dominion analyst.

The number of persons returning from the United States to the Maritime Provinces is unprecedentedly large.

Counterfeit Dominion \$2 notes are in circulation again in Prince Edward Island, and are passed on the farmers and produce dealers.

The contributions in aid of the messing and education of cadets admitted to the Royal Military College will in future be \$200, instead of \$100, as heretofore.

The Dominion Government have purchased two 40-pounder guns for the use of the battery at Charlottetown, P.E.I. The battery is at present using smooth bores.

There is a movement on foot to establish permanent stock yards in Winnipeg. Several well known names are mentioned in connection with a proposed company having a capital stock of \$100,000.

Both passenger and freight traffic on the Intercolonial has increased very largely during this season. The output of coal is exceptionally heavy, but the increase is not in this item alone. It applies to general freight returns.

Supplementary crop reports received at Toronto last week from all parts of the province of Ontario show that all the crops, with the exception of spring and autumn wheats and hay, will be above the average in yield and quality.

During the last few days a large proportion of the American tourists visiting Quebec have gone on to visit Lake St. John, taking advantage of the comfortable accommodation offered by the trains of the Lake St. John Railway.

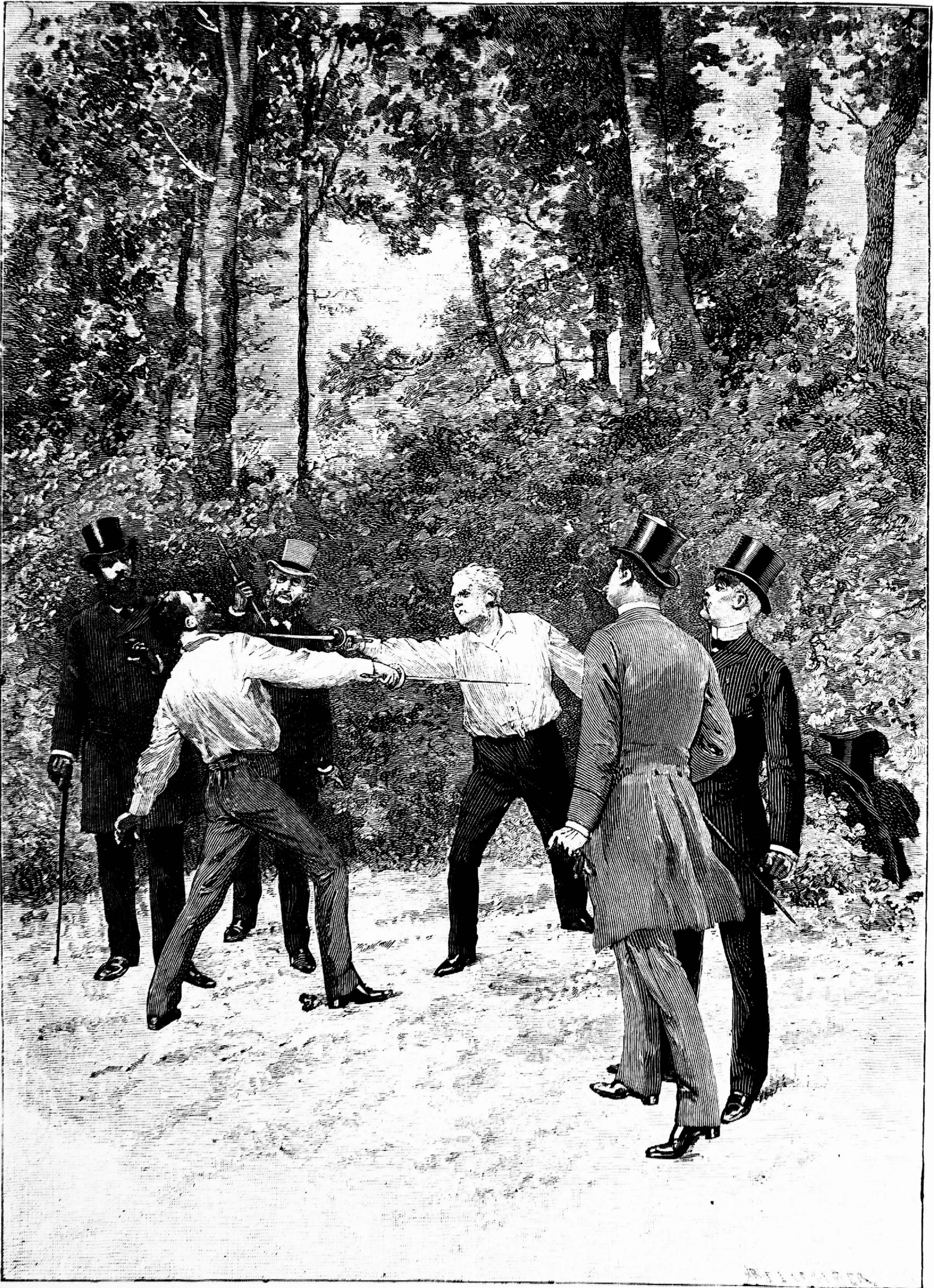
The big Nova Scotia raft will soon be launched and started on its way. It is made of 30,000 sticks bound together, making a raft of 700 feet long, with spars from 25 to 175 feet in length. It will be towed, but will also be manned and rigged to sail.

A rich farmer of Boucherville has just made a valuable discovery in his farm yard in the shape of a great number of silver pieces amounting to \$400. The treasure, for the most part, bears the date of 1837 and was, it appears, hidden away in an old barn belonging to Mr. Louis Hippolyte Lafontaine.

Quite a number of prominent Englishmen are booked for a visit to Canada during the present season; among them several gentlemen connected with agricultural papers. They come of their own accord, attracted by the wonderful progress Canada has made within the past few years, and to see with their own eyes what has been accomplished.

Mortuary returns of the principal cities in the Dominion, compiled by the Department of Agriculture, have been issued. Owing to the mortality among children there, Hull has the highest death rate of any city in Canada, being forty in the thousand of population last year. Sorel had a death rate of 35, and Montreal comes third with 30 per thousand; then Quebec, 28; Winnipeg, 24; Three Rivers, 24; Ottawa, 22; Belleville, 20; St. John, 20; Toronto, 19.





THE FLOQUET-BOULANGER DUEL.

*From L'Illustration.*





THE LATE GENERAL PHIL. SHERIDAN.

*From Harper's Weekly.*



## CANADA'S FIRST PRINTER.

The following paper, contributed to the *Quebec Chronicle*, by Dr. Hubert Neilson, M.D., contains so much that is worth reading and keeping that we transfer it to our columns:—

William Brown was born in the parish of Borgne, Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland, in the year 1737 or 1738. His father was Laird of Langlands. The family, although not wealthy, held an excellent social position, in the country. One of his cousins married an Earl of Dalhousie and became the mother of the Lord Dalhousie, who was at one time Governor-General of Canada. William being a younger son was sent, when only 15 years of age, to some of his mother's relations, planters in Virginia, there to seek his fortunes. We find him however, in 1752-53, pursuing his classical studies at the celebrated William and Mary College in Williamsburg, Virginia. He subsequently entered a banking house managed by the then Mayor of Williamsburg. This establishment appears to have collapsed in 1755 during the financial crisis brought on by the war with the French. Brown was thrown entirely on his own resources; whether his friends were unwilling or unable to assist him—or whether he refused to be further indebted to them for assistance is not evident. Opportunity or taste led him to elect the printer's trade. He is next found as an apprentice in Wm. Dunlop's Printing House and Bookstore in Philadelphia: this Dunlop was Post Master of his city as well, and brother-in-law of Benj. Franklin; both befriended Brown who proved himself worthy of their esteem and a most industrious and quick apprentice. In 1760 he was sent by Dunlop to manage large printing and bookselling interests he possessed in Bridgetown, Barbadoes. In 1763 he had to relinquish this appointment on account of ill health, and at this time formed the project of coming to Quebec, which had recently become a British province by conquest and treaty, thinking that its climate would suit him better. His small savings were invested in the scheme, Dunlop approved of it and advanced the additional funds required. Thomas Gilmore, a native of Pennsylvania, and a fellow apprentice of Brown, was selected as partner, and in September, 1763, sent to London to purchase the complete equipment of a printing office, with instructions to sail for Quebec the following spring on the first vessel from London.

Brown started on his overland journey to Quebec on the 23rd of August, 1763, bringing with him the printed prospectus of the paper to be called the *Quebec Gazette*, which he proposed publishing the ensuing summer. It is to be surmised that Brown had ascertained, before hand, how his scheme would be viewed by the then military and autocratic Government of the new Provinces. Brown's diary during his travels northward, mostly through the wilderness, is most interesting in its details of the difficulties and dangers he encountered, of his equipment, expenses and incidents along the road. I now have it opened before me as I write. Quebec was reached at the end of September. He spent the Autumn and winter there, distributing his prospectus in the town and environs, canvassing for subscribers, varying the monotony of the long winter evenings with the study of the French language, beside making all necessary arrangements for the installation of the anxiously expected press. Its arrival was delayed until the first week in June.\* Meanwhile Brown's efforts had not been over-encouraging, having secured but 150 subscribers out of the 300 he deemed necessary to make a start with.

At last, on the 21st of June, 1764—*The Quebec Gazette*, *La Gazette de Quebec*, printed in French and English—the first output of the Canadian press—made its appearance, published and "printed by Brown & Gilmore, at the printing office, St. Louis street, two doors above the Secretary's office.† The proximity of the printing office to official quarters leads one to suspect that the *Gazette* was, from the first, well under the fostering wing and eye of the "powers that were." If further proofs need be produced I may add that General Murray

subscribed and paid for ten copies, his secretary for five, etc., etc.

To the printing business the partners soon added a well equipped booksellers' and stationers' establishment. With Brown's industry and enterprise (and the absence of competitors) prosperity smiled on the firm; not so harmony, for Brown's appears to have been sorely tried by the shiftless ways in which his partner drifted. The partnership, however, held together until Gilmore's death in 1772. In 1774 Brown had bought out Gilmore's widow's shares in the business and he continued to manage it alone up to his death, which happened suddenly on the 22nd of March, 1789. The supply of stationery and printing for the Army during the war of Independence, gave Brown the opportunity of making a golden harvest—his estate was valued at over £15,000 sterling in 1789.

A complete list and description of his imprints is yet to be made. His work as a printer has always been highly praised. Coupled with his enterprise, he may rightly be called the Caxton of Canada. Of him as a man and citizen I find but words of the highest praise; his business integrity was proverbial, his charity and generosity, were equally noted. King George had no more loyal subject. During the memorable siege of Quebec in 1775-76, he shouldered his musket on the walls of the city. He died a bachelor.

H. N.

\* The lever of this press may be seen in the Museum of the Literary and Historical Society.

† This paper was merged into the *QUEBEC MORNING CHRONICLE*, in 1875, after an existence of one hundred and eleven years.—Editor *Chronicle*. But why is not the old name kept by the *Chronicle* as a sub-title?—Editor *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*.

## HISTORIC GRAVES.

A few days since the *Quebec Chronicle*, which has a watchful eye on such relics and curiosities, gave an account of some of the graves in the old Protestant burial ground of the ancient garrison town, copying some of the inscriptions on the stones.

Here is the record on a small dark stone, guarding the remains of Sir Walter's favourite brother:

Sacred  
To the memory of  
Thomas Scott, Esquire,  
Late Paymaster  
of the 70th  
Regiment,  
Who departed this life  
4th February,  
1823.  
And his daughter,  
Barbara Scott,  
who died  
on the 5th October,  
1821,  
in the 8th year  
of her age.

The following inscription is singular as being double, and in memory of an officer of the memorable campaign of 1759:

["Ci git le corps d'Alexandre Cameron, Officier de Daignallon en Ecosse, qui mourut de la Fièvre en cet endroit, au mois d'Aout, 1759, servant alors son Roi et sa Patrie. Les Lieutenants-Colonels Mairn et Malcolm Fraser ont élevé ce monument à la Mémoire de leur ami et de leur Frère."]

["This stone is put here by Lieut.-Colonel Mairn and Lieut.-Col. Fraser in memory of their dear friend and much respected brother officer, Alex. Cameron, Esquire, of Daignallon, in Scotland, who died of a fever on this spot in August, 1759, when in service of his king and country, and is here interred."]

The Gores seem to have been a large military family in Canada, during the first half of this century. Beside the Colonel Gore, who commanded at the village of St. Denis, on the Richelieu, on the 24th November, 1837, and was repulsed by the insurgents, we have, in the following lines, the death-roll of three others of the name:

Lieutenant  
Colonel Ralph Gore,  
of Barrowmount, Goresbridge,  
Ireland.  
Died at Quebec, January 30th, 1827, aged 64.  
His sons,  
Capt. Ralph Gore, 33 Regiment,  
Died at Quebec, Aug. 27, 1831,  
Aged 36.  
And Stanley Gore,  
Died at Quebec May 9, 1833, aged 28.



Sir James Grant, K.C.B., is at Tadoussac.

Selina Dolaro is writing a novel called "Bella Demonica."

Mrs. Cleveland always drinks an apollinaris lemonade before retiring.

The Earl of Buckingham has married an heiress with \$2,000,000.

Hon. John Haggart was sworn in at Quebec on Monday, the 6th, by the Governor-General.

The Governor-General will remain at the Citadel until, at least, the end of the first week in September.

A pipe smoked by Gen. Jackson while he was President has lately been presented to the New England Historical Society.

Lord Randolph Churchill is an enthusiastic student of Gibbon, and can repeat by heart long passages of the "Decline and Fall."

Sir Geo. Stephen has resigned the presidency of the C. P. R., and has been succeeded by Mr. Van Horne, but will continue to dwell in Canada.

Captain Sir William Wiseman, Bart., the popular commandant of H.M.S. *Caroline*, entertained a few friends at a dinner party given on board of his floating palace, prior to taking his final leave from Vancouver.

Professor Sedgwick, the eminent political economist, is a somewhat spare man, of middle height, with large eyes and long, dark beard, flecked with gray. He suffers from an impediment in his speech, which prevents him from speaking with effect in public.

## WRIGHT'S ISLAND.

ON THE GATINEAU.

"See Paris and die." Not so! Find out the beauties of your own land and live. With this object in view, a party of five of us started out, one fair July day, with the thermometer "up among the nineties." Leaving Ottawa, in a comfortable carriage, by the Suspension Bridge, we passed through French-Canadian Hull, which is fast rising from its ashes, this time with a good system of water-works. Crossing over a stone bridge, which spans Brigham's Creek, we reached the Chelsea road, whose well graded, level and smooth appearance partly excused the extortionate tolls demanded. A bend in the road, and the turrets and spires of the city, with the flying buttresses of the Parliamentary library, are seen. Now the fertile slopes of the residence of the Hon. R. W. Scott come into view, and the old Brigham homestead, a stone house and outbuilding, the fields enclosed with stone walls, a relic of the patience of fifty years ago. On one side of the road is a heap of ruins, all that is left of a house, in which a man tried to stir up some dynamite with a lighted pipe. Fields of waving grain, ripening for the harvest on every hand, and away in the distance the ridge of the Laurentian range, with sides covered with dark, green foliage, so refreshing to the eye; and here and there an old-time log house, with the mortar between the logs, freshly whitewashed, shining in the sun; then a glimpse, through the trees, of the waters of the Gatineau. Crossing the dry bed of a mountain stream, and passing many fallen trees—the remains of the late storm—the country becomes more undulating, until Ironsides, a small village, is reached. This place, peopled mostly with those engaged in the iron mines in the neighbourhood, display a few tasteful houses and a temperance hotel. Once more the green and gold of the waving fields, and then piles of lumber blot out the landscape, as Gilmore's rafting ground is reached, where the "horny-handed sons of toil," with indescribable straw hats, were busy piling lumber. A sudden turn to the right, down a steep road, bordered with elm, maple and the red-crowned sumach trees, and the refreshing sound of rushing water is heard. In a short time a wooden bridge is reached, spanning the boiling waters of the Gatineau, which we crossed. On the other side, on the top of a terraced hill, is a



square, solid-looking mansion, surrounded by verandahs, overhung with awnings. Conservatories flank one side, and everywhere is an air of hospitality and comfort. Overlooking generous acres is this home of a generous-hearted man, Alonzo Wright, for whom the Lord had to make a large body to hold his great heart, and whom his fellow men have named the "King of the Gati-neau."

With his permission we push on, and at last reach our destination, Wright's Island. A rustic bridge from the mainland crosses a stream, which flows over a mass of solid rock, worn into corrugations with the action of the waves. On other three sides of this island, which is about half a mile long, the water rushes past, now deep, dark and quiet, then fretted into restless foam, or glinting over shoals. Here and there in the stream may be seen piles of logs stranded and fast locked together, waiting until the spring freshets carry them down the Gatineau into the Ottawa.

The island is covered with tall, "murmuring pines," and under foot the pine needles and club mosses make the softest carpet. Deep in the refreshing shade is a rustic arbour, furnished with rustic chairs and tables, with outlooks on every side of hill, rapid and wood, with a faint suspicion, away in the distance, of the towers of a city left miles behind, forming a most delightful resting place. Scattered through the trees are rustic seats, and here our party wandered about, listening to the music of the waters, enjoying the scenery to the utmost, until approaching night hurried us on our homeward way.

Ottawa, July, 31, 1888.

YARROW.

## BLUE LAWS OF CONNECTICUT.

Many of our readers who have often heard of the Connecticut blue laws have probably never had an opportunity of perusing that celebrated code. The territory is now comprised in the State of Connecticut and New Haven. The colony of Connecticut was planted by immigrants from Massachusetts and Windsor, in 1633, and Hartford and Whethersfield 1635-36. The other colony, styled by its founders the Dominion of New Haven, was founded by immigrants from England in 1638. The two colonies were united in 1665. The statutes copied below from an ancient volume relating to the history of the American colonies, were enacted by the people of the "Dominion of New Haven," and being printed on blue paper, came to be known as the Blue Laws.

The governor and magistrate, convened in general assembly, are the supreme power under God, of this independant dominion.

From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

The governor is amenable to the voice of the people.

The assembly of the people shall not be dismissed by the governor, but shall dismiss itself.

Conspiracy against this dominion shall be punished with death.

Whosoever says there is power and jurisdiction above and over this dominion shall suffer death and loss of property.

Whoever attempts to change or overturn the dominion shall suffer death.

The judges shall determine no controversies without a jury.

No one shall be a freeman or give a vote unless he be converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the dominion.

Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to this dominion, and that Jesus is the only king.

No Quaker, nor dissenter from the established worship of the dominion, shall be allowed to give a vote for the electing magistrates or any other officer.

No food or lodging shall be offered to Quaker, Adamite or heretic.

If any person turns Quaker he shall be banished and not suffered to return but on pain of death.

No priest shall abide in the dominion; he shall be banished and suffer death on his return.

Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant.

No one to cross the river but an authorized ferryman.

No one shall run on the Sabbath Day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently, to and from meeting.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.

No woman shall kiss her children on Sabbath or fasting day.

The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbour's garden shall be deemed a theft.

A person accused of trespass in the night shall be judged guilty, unless he clears himself by his oath.

When it appears that the accused has confederates, and he refuses to discover them, he may be racked.

None shall buy or sell lands without permission of the selectmen.

A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the selectmen, who are to bar him from the liberty of buying and selling.

Whoever publishes a lie, to the prejudice of his neighbour, shall be set in the stocks, or be whipped ten stripes.

No minister shall keep a school.

Every rateable person who refuses to pay his proportion to support the minister of the town or parish shall be fined by the court 5s. and 4d. every quarter until he or she pay the rate to the minister.

Men stealers shall suffer death.

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or bone lace above 1s per yard shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offender \$200 estate.

A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let out and sold to make satisfaction.

Whoever sets a fire in the woods, and it burns a house, shall suffer death, and persons suspected of this crime shall be imprisoned without benefit of bail.

Whoever brings cards or dice into the dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

No one shall read common prayer books, keep Christmas or set days, eat mince pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet and Jew's harp.

No gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The magistrate only shall join them in marriage, as he may do it with less scandal to Christ's church.

When parents refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrates shall determine the point.

The selectmen, on finding children ignorant, may take them away from their parents, and put them in better hands at the expense of their parents.

Fornication shall be punished by compelling marriage, or as the court shall think proper.

Adultery shall be punished with death.

A man that strikes his wife shall pay a fine of £10.

A woman that strikes her husband shall be punished as the law directs.

A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.

No man shall court a maid in person or by letter, without first obtaining consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offence; £10 for the second; for the third imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

Married persons must live together or be imprisoned.

Every male must have his hair cut round according to his cap.



Sarah Bernhardt is growing stouter.

John Strauss, the French musician, is dead.

Hans von Bulow will visit the United States next spring.

Camilla Collet, the Norwegian writer of plays, is an advocate of woman's rights.

A manuscript volume of compositions by Michael Haydn, dating from 1777 to 1779, has recently been discovered in Salzburg.

Mrs. Rignold, who died a few days ago at Birmingham, was the first actress to undertake the part of *Hamlet*. She tried it fifty years ago.

An English amateur has recently secured in Milan a magnificent Stradivarius, dated in 1816, and in perfect preservation, for the sum of £800.

Adelina Patti's share in the profits of her South American tour amounts to over 300,000f. "The Barber" brought in the largest profits and "Rigoletto" the least.

The fourth centenary of the discovery of America will be celebrated at Genoa by the revival of an opera by Morlacchi entitled "Cristoforo Colombo," composed in 1828.

The prize of 10,000 francs offered by the City of Paris for the best musical composition was kept back, for the reason that none of the compositions were considered worthy of it.

The directors of the Imperial opera at Vienna, who are compelled to produce each season three works not before heard, for next season, have selected Rubenstein's "Der Daemon," Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini," and Baron Franchette's "Asrael."

A stage hero at one of the local theatres rather marred the effect of his lines, the other evening, when he rushed into a burning building to save somebody's life, exclaiming as he did so, "I will perish or die!" To the chagrin of the audience he did neither.

Sir Charles Hall and Madame Norman Neruda, are married. Sir Charles Hall, one of the first pianists of England, has been a leading factor in musical festivals, and concerts, and a month ago was knighted by the Queen. Madame Norman Neruda is the first lady violinist of the world and well known in all the musical centres of Europe.



"What's this, waiter?" "Railroad soup, sir." "Queer name for soup." "Yes, sir; stock's been watered so often, sir."

The man who has a brand new typewriter and leisure and lots of linen wove manuscript paper cannot help feeling that he has it in his power to make a big literary reputation for himself, if he can only think of something to say.

"Johnny," said the minister, rather severely, "do you chew tobacco?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "but I'm clean out just now; Jimmy Brown's got some, though."

Mr. Caudle—Doctor, I want you to put up a powerful sedative for my wife; give me the best specific for insomnia you know of.

Doctor—What's the matter? Can't she sleep?

Mr. Caudle—Yes, I guess so; but I can't.

"Well, Janet," asked a facetious husband whose wife had just discharged the hired girl, "are you going to bravely breast the waves of the domestic sea of troubles?"

"No," she answered demurely; "I am only going to stem the currants."

By the roadside:

Tramp No. 1—I say, Jem, I've got a dandy new name for my old shoes. Call 'em "corporations" now.

Tramp No. 2—Fer why, me boy?

Tramp No. 1—"Cause they've got no soles."

"I think I must have overestimated my personal magnetism and popularity," said a badly defeated candidate. "What induced you to think you possessed such qualities?" asked the unsympathetic wife. "Well," he replied sadly, "my name is Robert and everybody calls me 'Bob.'"

It was at Saratoga, and he had passionately declared his love.

"I am wholly yours, Mr. Higgins," the happy girl replied; "but would you kindly leave your card before you go? Not as a guarantee of good faith," she explained, "but I am curious to know your full name."

Gentleman—"What's the matter, Uncle Rastus? You look sick."

Uncle Rastus—"Yes, sah; I ate er whole watermelyun last night, jess 'fore I went ter bed, an' I ain't feelin' bery well dis mawnin'."

Gentleman—"Are you going to see a doctor?"

Uncle Rastus—"No, sah; I'se gwine fo' anudder melyun."

"Aw, Cholly, I haven't seen you out lately with Miss Flossie. Anything the mattah, old boy?"

"Yas, Alfwed. She insulted me the othah day, and I've dropped her."

"Insulted you, Cholly? How?"

"Showed me a little pug dog that she had twained to sit upwight and suck the head of a cane, bah Jove!"

"Ah, how d'ye do, Charley?"

"I'm not feeling well at all. The fact is, I haven't slept well lately, and then I've eaten too much hot bread and fried steak and wilted vegetables."

"Oh, I see you've been on your vacation. Well, cheer up, old man! you've got nearly a year ahead of you to recuperate."

Mamie had noticed that the ducks and chickens did not stay much together. Not knowing that the ducks preferred the pond to the barn-yard, she one day said: "Auntie, I think the chickens treat the duckies real bad. I b'lieve they just won't 'sociate with them because they've got big feet and such ugly noses. I wouldnt treat my friends that way just because they don't look pretty."

Take a number of sheets of new white paper and write a story on them. Any story will do.

Get your double-barreled shot gun and load it with fine bird shot.

Pin your story up against the side of a barn, stand off about twenty feet, aim carefully, and let both barrels drive.

If you find that there haven't been sufficient vowels knocked out, repeat the operation.

Lord Erskine, when Chief Justice of England, presided once at the Chelmsford Assizes, when a case of breach of promise of marriage was tried before him in which Miss Tickell was plaintiff. The counsel was a pompous young man named Stanton, who opened the case with solemn emphasis, thus: "Tickell, the plaintiff, my lord—" when Erskine dryly interrupted him with "Oh, tickle her yourself, Mr. Stanton; it would be unbecoming in my position."

They tell a story in Dublin about Balfour and an eminent bishop who has fought hard for the unfortunate people of his country. The two men met for the first time at dinner, and in the course of the talk Mr. Balfour said:

"But, after all, I fancy that the newspapers make more noise than the masses. Do you think now that the people really dislike me?"

"Ah, Mr. Balfour," said the priest, "if the Irish only hated the devil half as much as they hate you, my occupation would be gone."





CONSOLATION.

SYMPATHETIC FRIEND (TO RECENTLY BEREAVED WIDOW): My poor Elsie, how lonely some you must feel without your husband.

MOURNFUL RELICT: Yes, dear; but I have one consolation. I know where he is nights.

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6.50 p.m. "	St. Hyacinthe	" 9.10 a.m.
5.12 p.m. "	Richmond	" 10.45 a.m.
2.15 p.m. Leave	Point Lévi	Arrive 2.00 p.m.
9.15 a.m. "	Rivière du Loup	" 6.45 p.m.
6.54 a.m. "	Cacouna	" 7.08 p.m.
6.09 a.m. "	St. Flavie	" 10.30 p.m.

Making connections at Montreal with trains to and from the West and South and at Richmond with trains to and from the East. For excursion tickets and full information, apply to Ticket Agents.

JOSEPH HICKSON,  
General Manager.

Montreal, June 8th, 1888.

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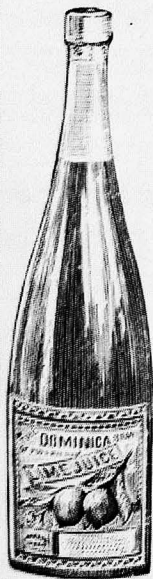
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## THE Canadian Pacific Railway

has provided its usual extensive list of tourist tickets to the various summer resorts of Canada and New England, which may be obtained at its different agencies at very reasonable rates.

Among the most desirable localities covered by these tickets may be mentioned Banff, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore, and San Francisco. The sleeping and dining cars of the company's transcontinental trains are proverbial for their comfort and luxury, and now that the hotels at Banff, Field, Glacier, Fraser Cañon and Vancouver are all completed and open for guests, every want of the traveller is carefully provided for.

Tourist tickets to the above mentioned points are good for six months and permit stop over at pleasure.

From Montreal the rates are:

To Banff and return.	- \$90 00
To Vancouver, Victoria, Tacoma, Seattle, or Portland and return,	125 00
To San Francisco and re- turn,	- - - 140 00

From other stations the rates are proportionately low.

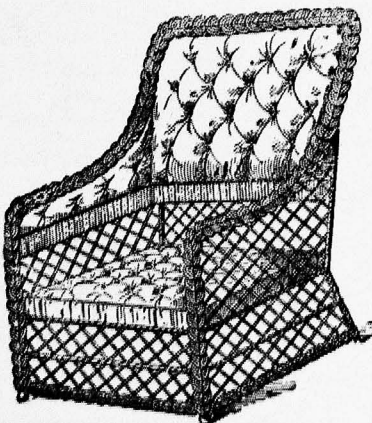
Descriptive books may be obtained of Company's agents, or by addressing the Passenger Traffic Manager at Montreal.

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## SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL.

### Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October next, for the formation and construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary.

The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island; the construction of locks, &c. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal; construction of piers, &c.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after TUESDAY, the 9th day of October, next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information, relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and be accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$20,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks; and a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, &c.

The respective deposit receipts—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The deposit receipt thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department, however, does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tenders.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,  
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

VOL. I.—No. 8.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 25th AUGUST, 1888.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM.  
10 CENTS PER COPY.



## SUMMER ROSES.

The trees are tossing by the stream,  
The leaves are whitened as the foam ;  
There comes to me a loving dream,  
The roses are in bloom !

I feel a thrilling at the heart,  
As soft the scented night-wind blows,  
It whispers in my ear apart :  
"Thou hast the secret rose !"

I cannot catch the violet gleams,  
Nor breathe the fragrance of the room,—  
Gone is the subtle, loving dream,  
The roses are in bloom !



# The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON, Publishers,

162 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL,

AND 127 WELLINGTON STREET WEST, TORONTO.

25th AUGUST, 1888.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

Henceforth, THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will be published simultaneously in MONTREAL and in TORONTO. MESSRS. ALEX. S. MACRAE & SON are in charge of the Toronto office, 127 Wellington street west, where they will continue to receive subscriptions and advertisements, and attend to our interests in Western Ontario.

We solicit sketches, drawings and photographs from all parts of Canada. We want to illustrate every part of the Dominion; but must have the coöperation of those who have the material at hand.

Subscribers wanted everywhere at \$4.00 a year, or \$1.00 for three months, payable in advance. Special terms to clubs, and a handsome commission to canvassers. For further particulars apply to the Montreal or Toronto office.

Correspondents sending manuscripts which they wish returned, if not accepted, are requested to enclose stamps for return postage.

In our next issue, No. 9, of 1st September, we will publish the portraits of Bishop Courtney, of Halifax, N.S., and the Hon. A. G. Jones, of the same city; also, views in the public gardens and park of Halifax; a portrait of W. H. Griffin, Esq., ex-Deputy Postmaster-General; a sketch of the Skeena River, by Major Peters, besides several interesting Northwest views, and a beautiful art picture.

Our Toronto friends are informed that we are engraving a fine group of the Council of the Toronto Board of Trade; also, a large composition photograph, giving portraits of all the members of the Ontario Legislature, Cabinet Ministers and Lieutenant-Governors since Confederation.

We are also preparing views of the recent type-writing contest held in Toronto; engravings of St. James' Cathedral, the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, and other places of interest in the Queen city, to be published in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, together with the above-mentioned groups, during the forthcoming exhibition.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Book reviews, under the heading of "The Editor's Table," and a critical paper on the Monroe Doctrine, are crowded out of the present issue, but will be given in the next number.

AN INCREASE IN "ARTIST AUTHORS."—It is surprising to note what an increase there has been within the last fifteen years in that class known as "artist authors." Thirty-five years ago T. Addison Richards, and the late David H. Strother ("Porte Crayon"), almost held a monopoly in that field. To-day we have a veritable army of men doing similar work. W. Hamilton Gibson, Howard Pyle, Allen C. Redwood and Rufus F. Zogbaum are, perhaps, best known, but there is a host of others, especially on the comic papers and the daily press, who, while turning out fair work as artists, can write you a neat story or article, or produce any amount of jingling rhymes. Oliver Herford, Harrington, Michael A. Wolf, W. H. McDougall are a few of those whose work is most frequently seen.



The wonders of our Great West do not cease. Vancouver bids fair to surpass Winnipeg in swiftness of growth and business expansion. A fire almost wholly destroyed the city, in the fall of 1886, and, after statistics published by us, a few weeks ago, it was shown that Vancouver had not only risen from its ashes, but had more than doubled, in less than two years, the population which it contained before the conflagration.

Not all the American papers are writing nonsense, nor uttering threats about the growth of our railway systems and their competition for American trade. The New York *Herald* sees in Britain's direct trade with Asia and Oceanica, through the Dominion of Canada, taking the shortest and straightest road, and stopping nowhere but on British soil, the fulfilment of "an imperial dream grander than was ever conceived by Cæsar or Napoleon."

The same journal gives a wholesome reminder, in answer to the cries about the British "subsidized" railways of Canada. It states that the American Pacific roads have been subsidized and protected to the extent of millions, and adds that if these endowments had been honestly applied to the roads, there would have been no "British" Pacific Railway. The conclusion is that Americans had better let Canadians manage their own carrying trade, without either sneers or threats.

We said, a couple of weeks ago, that French Canada, without distinction of party, was opposed to the scheme of Imperial Federation. Three Federal Ministers, at Joliette, confirmed our statement in the most emphatic language, especially Sir Hector Langevin, and Hon. Mr. Laurier, leader of the Opposition, did the same thing, at Oakville. Of course, that still leaves the question quite open, and intelligent men, even French-Canadians, may still cherish the beautiful dream.

A preliminary vote taken in the United States Senate, at the end of last week, on a motion to postpone the fate of the Fisheries Treaty, foreshadows the doom of that measure. The discussion, however, will not be unfruitful, inasmuch as the senators were forced out of the clasp, which marked the opening speeches, into a fitting treatment of this most important international question. The Republicans themselves made admissions, which tell in favour of the resumption of negotiations in the near future.

The question of divorce is one which periodically forces itself upon the attention of even the unthinking. The havoc which the abuse thereof is making in the United States startles us, now and again, by some fearful disclosures, that must tell direfully on the future of American society. The news from France is equally dismal. There the laws of marital separation have been relaxed almost to license, within the last four years, with an increase in the number of divorces, for trifling grounds, which is positively alarming.

There is perhaps no country in the world sounder on this vital point than is Canada. Here all denominations are agreed on the practical indissolubility of the marriage tie, and the very few cases that have come up in the Senate, during the

past twenty-one years of Confederation, only confirm the healthy feeling in this respect. It is a mistake to say that this is only a matter of church discipline. It is founded on the natural law, and the old Romans of the Republic had no divorce, their decadence beginning with the Cæsarean empire, when the plague began its gnawing.

New parts of the country are being "opened up," as the saying is. There is a Muskoka Guide which we shall have the pleasure of reviewing in our next number. The Lake St. John region has, this year, drawn a very large number of visitors, not only from the several provinces, but also from abroad. Then, there is the new railway to the Bay of Chaleurs, a brief description of which will be found in the present issue.

The first official utterance on the subject of Newfoundland's prospective entrance into the Union was made by the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, in his Joliette speech. He expressed the hope that the forthcoming negotiations with the Federal Government would result favourably, and went into a number of practical reasons why the incorporation of the island is desirable. Apart from other considerations, which we shall treat of later, Sir Hector Langevin's stand is significant, inasmuch as hitherto the French press have not been kindly disposed to this accession.

There was much needless surmise and talk about the resignation of Sir George Stephen from the presidency of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The movement was made quietly, and with an air of naturalness, betokening a consciousness of stability which the company maintains. That is well. The country wants to have unshaken confidence in an institution that it has done so much for. The quiet accession of Mr. Van Horne must increase this feeling of assurance, as it were mere affectation to ignore that, in the new President, not only has the railway an unrivalled expert, but the whole business community a man who is both able and willing to work for its best interests.

## NEWFOUNDLAND.

The great island of Newfoundland becomes once more a living issue. A serious attempt will be made to find means of embodying it in the sisterhood of the British North American Provinces, known as the Dominion of Canada. A delegation of representative islanders will sail for Ottawa about the middle of next September, and it is known at the Capital that all the Ministers will be back from their holidays, by that time, in order to meet these gentlemen. The special feature of this event is that, on the present occasion, the request for a conference comes from Newfoundland itself, giving some ground for belief that the chances of a favourable understanding may possibly be reached, in so far as the Island, at least, is concerned.

There can be no two opinions on the theoretical appropriateness of the union of Newfoundland with Canada. Geographically, it would be the rounding off of the map of the Dominion; commercially, it would open new markets to our fiscal policy; and, politically, it would make British America a still more powerful, because homogeneous, whole. Newfoundland lies in full command of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and its neighbourhood to the coast of Labrador would enable Canada to devote more time and care to the colonization of a stretch of continent whose resources are rather suspected than known.



On the score of economics, the fisheries of the Island alone would be ground enough for a strong effort toward incorporation. Much as the Provincial Government have done for the development of and protection of these fisheries, there is no question that they would acquire at once an international importance, which they have not now, when placed in the hands of Canada. The mineral wealth of the Island is also known to be very great, and only awaiting the inflow of capital to be worked with most important results. Something has been done in the way of opening the interior by means of a railway, and the effect has been such as to justify even more enterprise in the establishment of new lines.

It is untimely, of course, attempting a forecast of the upshot of the forthcoming negotiations. No intelligent opinion can be shaped until the preliminaries are laid down; until the official returns of the material resources of the island, its debts and assets, the value of its public works, the groundwork of its financial credit in foreign markets, with other official documents of a like business character, are set before the conference and published to the world. But, pending this publicity, there are two points which augur well from the start—the initiative, as we have said, of Newfoundland itself, and the favourable disposition of the Federal Government, as publicly foreshadowed by one of the chief members of the Cabinet, to meet the Island representatives at least half way. That the accession of a new province would be well received throughout the other provinces there is no doubt, and it is to be hoped that old Bonavista will not much longer keep her solitary watch on the vasty deep, but will nestle under the ample folds of the flag of our young Dominion.

### AN ENGLISHMAN IN CANADA.

It may not be amiss to see what an English traveller—clearly a man of observation and taste—has to say about Canada, after passing through it. His conclusions are set down in the *Westminster Review*. Quebec is the first stage of his journey, and he is outspoken at once. He finds that the people come to the front without their former elegance of manner, and are morose owing, no doubt, to the loss of their ascendancy. Among the few there is a wider culture than there used to be, but the majority are out of touch with modern progress. This, of course, is shallow and commonplace, betraying want of knowledge of a very peculiar people, who have had to struggle with exceptional difficulties, and who, upon the whole, have held their own well, in the universal march of human progress. A traveller of this kind, if he wants to judge fairly of French Canada, must do three things—go straight among the peasantry, on their farms, rich or poor; enter into personal contact with their priesthood, studying *in situ* the working of their ways and means; and make himself well acquainted with their literature—historical and imaginative. If he does so, he will be forced, at least, to render justice to a very worthy race.

Crossing the line into Ontario, the writer feels that he has entered into "another sphere of existence," and makes a host of observations, many of which are shrewd and to the point. He finds in the Empire Provinces that everything is well done, and that the go-ahead spirit of the New World is visible in all the walks of life. The

climate is good; the soil fruitful; the people thrifty and moved by the sturdy independence which animated their fathers, the first immigrants. He is loud in praise of the energy that cut out homes in the wild backwoods, and is proud, like your thorough Englishman, that none but an Anglo-Saxon could have done it, and maintained a foremost stand withal. If the Ontario people employ a certain grandiloquence of expression, with a conscious air of superiority, our traveller thinks it difficult to find fault therewith, as the feeling seems so genuine. One little weak point, however, did not escape him—a general envy of Montreal—which, he says, "continues to remain the largest and wealthiest city."

There are also some proper remarks about our social and political system. It is taken for granted that the most successful professional men in the country do not acquire capital, and that all the wealth is, therefore, in the hands of the merchants, who are the people of the land and the dispensers of patronage. Furthermore, the interests of bankers and brokers are so closely allied with those of the merchants, that the three may be classed as the mercantile community. This, of course, applies mostly to the towns, and not so much to the farmers, whose position is more or less isolated in so large a territory. If the writer were living in Ontario, however, he would speedily discover two things—that the farmers have more than the balance of power, and really rule the province, while the great bulk of public men, in Federal and Provincial political life, are drawn from the professional classes. The rest of the paper is of less interest, because cast in the *doctrinaire* groove of the Westminster school, and not founded on local facts, so that we need not go farther with it, after thanking our English friend for his generally favourable view of this young country, which, he may be sure, knows how and is able to take care of itself.

### POINTS.

By ACUS.

There was some unconscious philosophy when the lisping cherub, instead of saying that its father shot sparrows with a rifle, said by mistake that he "shot sorrows with a trifle."

During the vacation there is only one thing that there is very much of in the city. It is heat. In order to convey any adequate idea of it, it would be necessary to make it hot for the reader. Words are weak to express it. But they are not any weaker than the people, these days. Under the circumstances, about the only things that we can enjoy are fruit and iced drinks. Will you please touch the bell?

In midsummer, anything relating to winter is refreshing to hear. The rough winter coats, made of coon-skin, sometimes create curious impressions upon people who are not accustomed to them. A prominent Canadian lumberman once wore one of these coats to New York. Upon his arrival, an urchin called out to a young comrade, "Say Bill, here's the devil." A prettier impression was made by this kind of coat when a little boy said to an elderly gentleman thus clad, "Well, Santa Claus, my little brover's waitin' for you." These are actual incidents. It seems rather contradictory, however, that a coon-skin coat will cause a man either to look like Santa Claus, or else make him look like the devil.

A recent critic has ventured to question whether Ruskin is really an ultimate authority on questions of art. To be learned in precept and deficient in practice is possible in the world of art no less than in that of morals. Is it merely that he has a fine critical faculty, or may he be followed as a practical teacher? We have not heard of any

great picture that he has ever painted. Perhaps what Ruskin knows about art, is something after the fashion of "What Horace Greeley knows about Farming." It is well known that the latter is clearly a matter of theory. If with Ruskin it is theory, it is chaste and beautiful theory. If it is visionary, it is with visions celestial. His style is truly charming; but to the practical American mind, his ideas do seem rather airy and unsubstantial. It is not without diffidence that I venture to express the opinion, but I think that it is only as a teacher of the ethics of art that Ruskin really rises into greatness.

If one is at all interested in physiognomy, there are few places which it may be studied with greater facility than in the street-car. The company is so assorted and cosmopolitan in its nature. Of course, you cannot study the face of the man with the newspaper, because you cannot see anything of him from his knees up. There is the fresh young girl with cheeks like a peach, sitting beside an old hag, wrinkled and rheumy. Observe the placid expression on the face of the woman with the bundles, and the pained expression worn by the man who has to stand up. And the stout negress is crowding the slender blonde. It would be hard to find anywhere else such a row of faces.

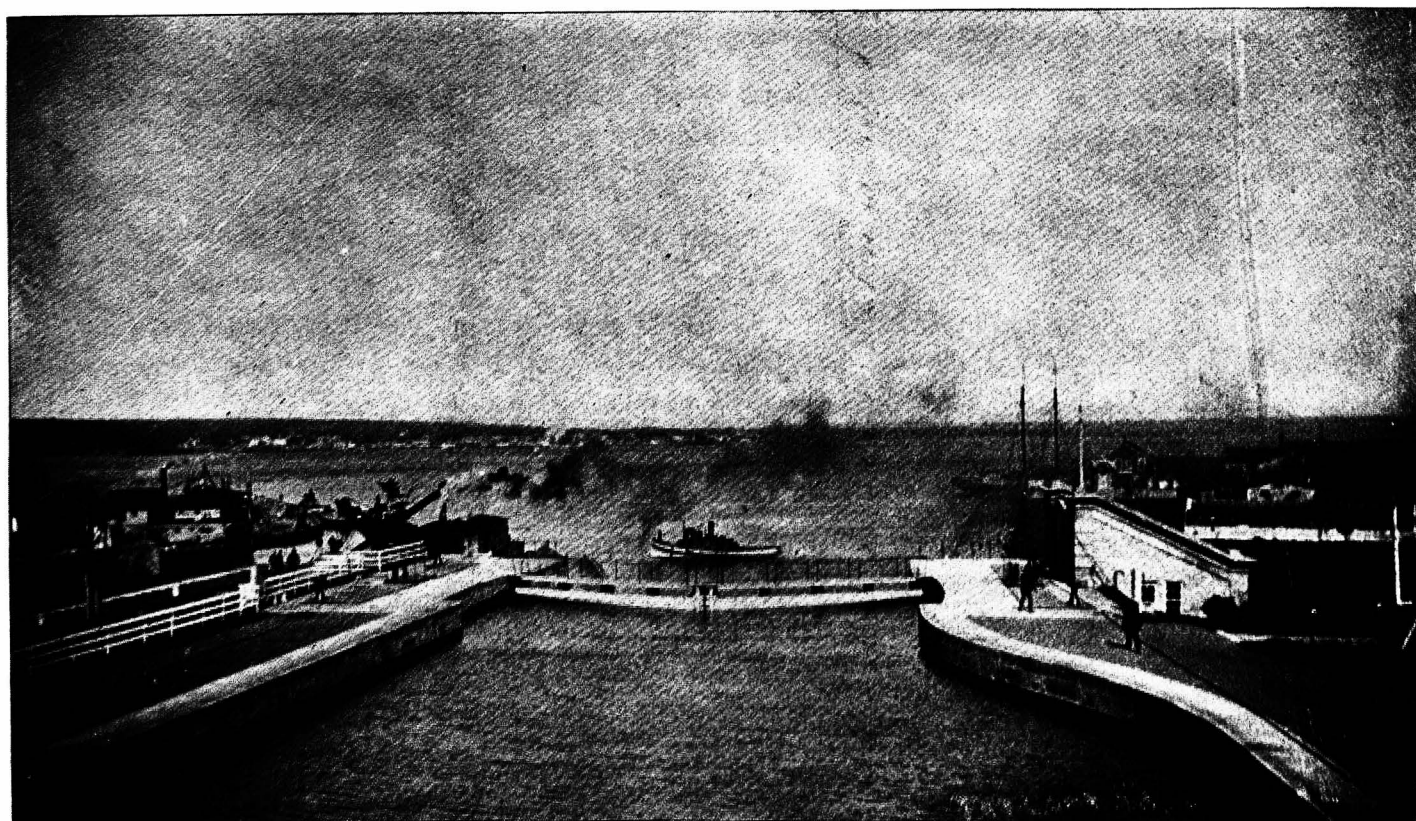
Some fastidious persons object to the word *American* to designate our friends across the border. Well, it is impossible for the name United States to have a cognate adjective. France has its adjective, French; and Germany, its German. But what is one to call the people of the United States. We might call them United Statesmen, but that would be ambiguous. During the present electoral campaign, I think they could hardly be called united statesmen. Disunited statesmen would be nearer the mark. Seriously, however, perhaps the easiest way out of the difficulty is, if possible, to take the name of the state or of the city; and say Vermonter or Bostonian, or whatever it may be. But much of the geographic nomenclature will not permit of this, and so we have no choice but to fall back upon the word *American*. At the same time it may be admitted that, in the strict sense of the word, the Canadian is as much an American as are his friends across the borders.

As Mr. W. C. Van Horne is now the subject of no little comment, one or two reminiscences of him may not be untimely or uninteresting. Through ability of a high order and untiring industry, it is well known that he has risen from the ranks. His wonderful memory was first developed by the systematic exercise of observing and retaining the numbers upon the various cars as they passed through. Although Mr. Van Horne is a man of great research, he had no school training whatever after his thirteenth year. Still he is an authority upon the sciences of geology and botany, and upon the arts of architecture and painting. In reference to his painting, I remember one evening at his house on Dorchester street, his coming down from his study with a little water-colour portrait of Sir Donald A. Smith which he had done from memory. Sir Donald was then in England. The likeness is excellent, and the picture is now, I believe, in the possession of Lady Smith. In addition to the subjects I have mentioned, I am sure Mr. Van Horne will forgive me if I add that he is also an authority on—on *poker*! He is very fond of practical jokes, and relates them with quite a boyish enjoyment. I might mention his youthful prank played upon an unpopular and abnormally conceited engineer, when coarse chalk was substituted for tooth-powder, kerosene for perfume, and white lead for pomade. There was once also an ingenious arrangement of a hole, a pin, a spring and a string, for the benefit of a bore who used occasionally to sit upon a certain desk and talk. Mr. Van Horne tells of some cigars he obtained from the neighbourhood of Hudson's Bay. They were (if I may use the expression in connection with a cigar,) as strong as an ox. They were reserved for reporters who came to interview him. Naturally the interviews were of brief duration. My space will not permit me to enlarge upon numerous other amusing incidents of this kind.





BOULDER RIVER, NEAR ITS SOURCE;  
 Showing the general character of the Streams on the Height of Land, S. W. of Hudson's Bay.  
 R. Bell, photo., Geological Survey Report.

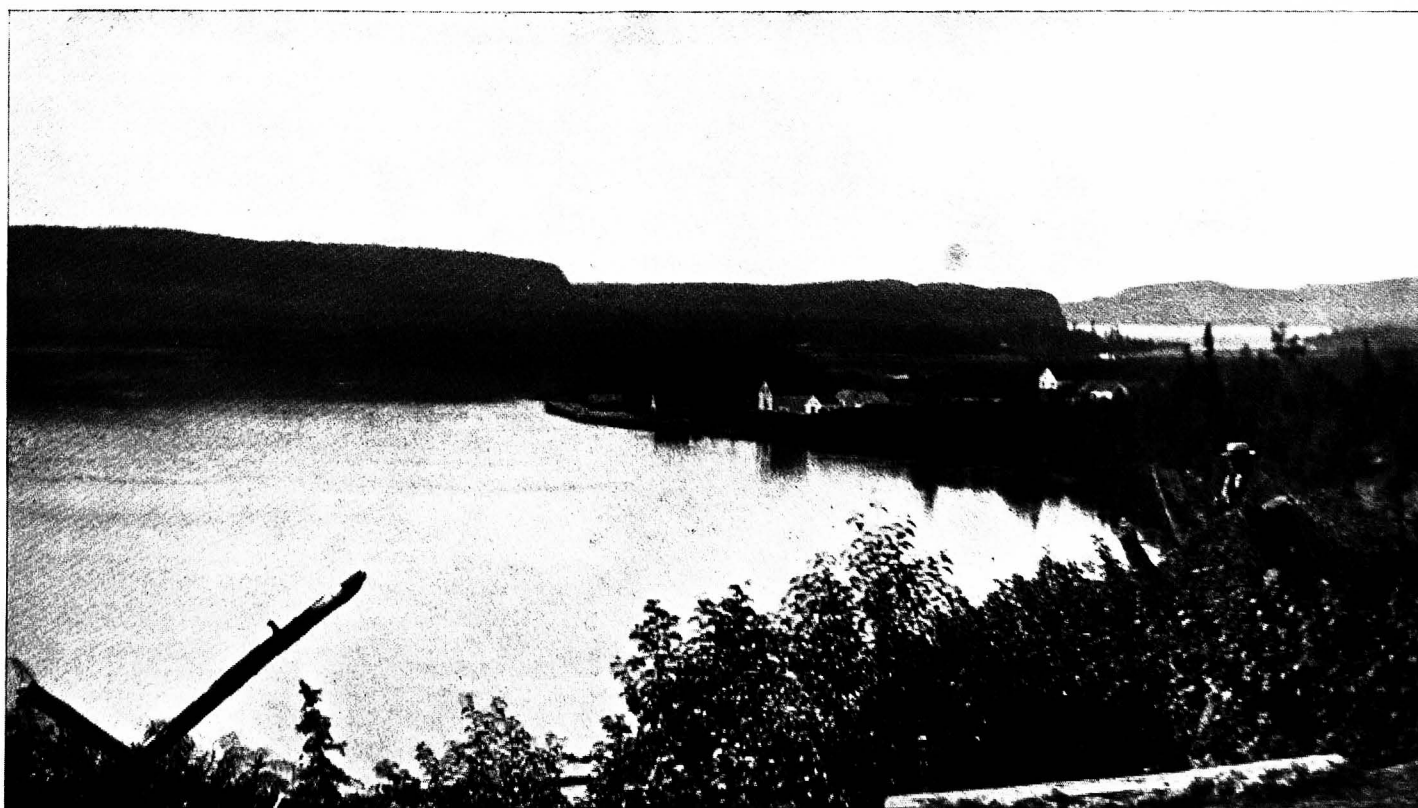


THE SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL LOCKS, (American side).



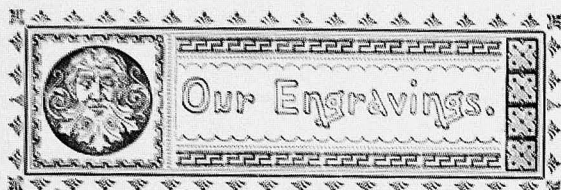


CANOEING ON THE NEPIGON RIVER, NORTH OF LAKE SUPERIOR.



RED ROCK AND HUDSON BAY POST, NEPIGON RIVER.





**BOULDER RIVER.**—We are indebted for a description of this stream to Dr. Robert Bell, of the Geological Survey, whose account appears in the last published report for 1886. Its distance, in a straight line, is about twenty-five miles. The Indians do not navigate it, and, as they have no name for it, the survey called it Boulder River, from the very bouldery character of its bed and the country, on either side. Its general course is pretty straight, and runs a little east of northeast. It consists of a series of short stretches of dead water, as in our sketch, with boulder rapids between them.

**SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL LOCK.**—This is one of the engineering wonders of the world, both for size and finish of work. The great lock is 650 feet long, 80 feet wide, and it has a lift of 18 feet.

**RED ROCK, NEPIGON RIVER.**—We are indebted to an artistic sportsman of Samia for the pretty views of Red Rock and canoeing on the Nepigon, as also for the view of the Canal Lock at the Sault. Nepigon River empties into Lake Superior, about sixty-five miles east of Port Arthur, and is noted among tourists and sportsmen for the size and number of the speckled trout to be caught in its waters. Our correspondent, speaking of the Hudson Bay Post at Red Rock, says that Mr. Flanagan, who represents the H. B. Company at that point, is very obliging to travellers, giving his assistance in procuring canoes, tents and provisions. The canoeing up the Nepigon is most delightful, stationing at good camping grounds, and enjoying some of the best fishing in Canada. The trout are not only large—six-pounders being not uncommon—but are also of very fine flavour. The scenery is varied and beautiful.

**STONY CREEK** is a stony rill, flowing in the bottom of a V-shaped channel, in the gorges about Mount Hermit and Mount Macdonald, in the heart of the Selkirk Range. At times it swells into a raging torrent and presents a series of splendid cascades. The railway line crosses it over a massive trestle bridge, one of the highest in the world, being 295 feet above the seething stream. Our engraving is taken from a point near this bridge.

**"YOU DARLING"** is from a painting by Mrs. Goodman.—If it is true that "one touch of nature makes the world kin," here, indeed, is a faithful illustration of it. Artists, we are told, differ as to which is the most beautiful thing in nature, a sleeping child's face or its hands. Lovely, indeed, are both; but, as Mrs. Goodman hides the countenance of the awakening one here, and alone depicts the little hand, it must be assumed that to her taste the "chubby, small fist is paramount." The expression, "You Darling" does not belong to maternity alone, but is the natural ejaculation of anybody of feeling watching the rousing up of the sleeping young lion, who, with flushed face, bright eyes and clutching hands, eagerly awaits the morning refreshment in the bowl above, where the birthday spoon commands. Of Mrs. Goodman, little is known in the artistic world, but this happy specimen of her brush should make her doubly welcome in domestic life.

**THE CONVALESCENT HOME.**—Among the thousands of visitors at that most beautiful of watering places—the Malbaie of the French, having a malodorous origin, and the Murray Bay of the English, betokening a glorious military history—all have noticed the Convalescent Home, given in our sketch, whose fame has spread all over Canada, and whose usefulness has been tested by many an invalid from the several provinces. The work of this Convalescent Home was begun, fourteen years ago, in 1874, and has gradually grown, until now it is felt that an addition must be made to the building, if it is to meet the increasing demands made upon it. As we publish the sketch of this benevolent institution purposely to assist it in its mission of Christian charity, we make ourselves the interpreters of its worthy patrons and managers by respectfully soliciting the public to take its claims into favourable consideration. This appeal is addressed more directly to the Montreal public, as, each year, four-fifths of the patients at the Home are the poor of that city. Any contributions, in money or in kind, may be addressed to F. Wolferstan Thomas, Esq., Treasurer, Molsons' Bank, or Miss Mary F. Kingston, 1050 Dorchester street, both of Montreal.

**THE SKEENA EXPEDITION.**—Here we give our readers something quite new and hitherto unpublished, taken on the spot very lately, and sent directly to this office. On the 16th July, 1888, C Battery, of the Royal Canadian Artillery, under command of Major James Peters, left Victoria, B.C., on Her Majesty's ship *Caroline*, for the scene of a reported outbreak of Indians, on the Skeena River, 500 miles to the north. The expedition was commanded by Lt.-Col. Holmes, D.A.G. The sketch, done in pencil by Major Peters, represents the *Caroline* approaching Port Essington, the site of which is shown. There the battery landed. The town is wholly Indian, with a few whites who manage some salmon canneries. It will be noticed that the scenery is wild and striking. The mouth of the Skeena River is bounded on the left by huge rocky hills, and in the far front distance are outlined snow-capped mountains. On the right are cliffs and crags, soaring 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, rocky in surface, but heavily set with trees.

Port Essington is well inside the mouth of the Skeena, and cannot be seen from the sea. In the offing our sketch shows H. M. S. *Caroline* steaming up to this river, with a survey boat ahead to take soundings.

**AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.**—Those who are "down" on the sparrow for a heartless, selfish bird, had better look at this picture. The fledgling in the slanting nest among the sprays; the parent birds on the ledge beneath, luring him on and out; the mother nearest the twig, and the father twittering a call; all this is admirably drawn and gives a pretty picture of even human life. In a few minutes the nest will be empty, the three birds will have flown away, and there will be one more pilferer of the farmer's golden corn.

## NOVA SCOTIA AND CONFEDERATION.

I have so much admiration for the artistic merit of *THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*, and so earnest a desire that the enterprise may prove successful, that I observe with much regret, in the number of the 4th August, a passage which many Nova Scotian patrons of the publication have much reason to complain of. In an article on "The National Spirit," referring to the recent Confederation banquet in London, the editor says:—

"Animated by his surroundings and the inspiration of his subject, Mr. Mowat made one or two important statements which certain public speakers and writers will doubtless take a note of in future discussion. He said that while the flaws in our constitution are removable, it is well to remember that this instrument was of our own forming, and not imposed on us by the Imperial Government. Here is a very important statement made by one of the three chief leaders of the Liberal party, and one of the most successful public men in Canada, and it is in contrast to what we used to hear of Nova Scotia 'having been driven, and Quebec hoodwinked, into the Union.'"

Even if Mr. Mowat had attempted to misrepresent the facts of history, which, I need hardly say, he had no intention of doing, that would not be a reason why *THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* should do likewise. It is not necessary to turn to London festivities of this day to learn the truth about the origin of the Confederation scheme, or the manner in which Nova Scotia was taken into the Union. It is true that the Legislatures of the several Provinces approved of the scheme. In that sense the remark of Mr. Mowat was correct, and I am sure that it was in that sense only that he intended it. But the greater fact remains that the Province of Nova Scotia was "driven" into the Union against the well understood wishes of its people, and no good purpose can be served by a denial of this truth. If you want evidence of the feelings of the people of Nova Scotia at the time of the Union, you can get it in the records of the first appeal to the electors on the subject, in September, 1867, when the anti-Confederates elected 18 out of the 19 members of the Federal House of Commons, and 36 out of the 38 members of the Provincial House of Assembly. "Public speakers and writers" who desire to learn and apply the truth on this subject will do well to take a note of the facts as here stated, which have more value than any utterances of after dinner speakers of twenty-one years later. The men who were chiefly responsible for forcing Nova Scotia into the Union committed an outrage on constitutional liberty that has received, and must continue to receive, the condemnation of every friend of freedom. Few there are in Nova Scotia, or out of it, who now defend the act, and I am sure that the Premier of Ontario is not among them. Those who are wont to parade themselves as the great friends of Confederation have, indeed, been its worst enemies. It is not at all improbable that, under the guidance of statesmen animated by the right spirit, the people of Nova Scotia might have given consent to a Confederation scheme. The tyrannical course of the Confederate leaders created in the minds of the people of this Province a prejudice against Confederation which will live through generations, and which at this moment is so strong that, if the question could be determined by their votes, I have not a doubt that three-fourths of the people of Nova Scotia would decide to withdraw from the Union. What

hope could there be that such a "national spirit" as that of which the editor wrote would grow in a Union created as this has been? Let us see that the true history of the great wrong of 1886-7 is placed before the public, as a warning to all who may hereafter be disposed to violate the liberties of the people.

As I cannot suppose that *THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* desires to misrepresent the facts in a matter of so much importance, I beg you to give these observations a place in an early issue of your journal.

NOVA SCOTIAN.

Halifax, August 15, 1888.

[We publish the above communication quite readily, because it comes from a friendly source, and we believe in letting our friends have their say, outside of strictly party bounds. We are not called upon for any reply, as the mis-sive is addressed to Mr. Mowat, whose words we quoted, without comment; but we remind "Nova Scotian" that the records of Confederation, in his Province, now belong to history, all the documents bearing upon the same having been published and sifted, and that, as a result, the intelligent reader of the other provinces can judge of that whole episode, as well as anybody else nearer home, without unnecessary heat, the calling of names, or the utterance of forecasts which, in the present nature of things, cannot be practically tested.]

—Editor *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*.]

## LITERARY NOTES.

Benjamin Sulte has just published a history of St. Francois du Lac, in the Nicolet county.

Lady Jane Henrietta Swinburne has entered her ninetieth year. She is the mother of the poet, Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Charles Mair, on the far Saskatchewan, continues writing verses amid the worry of selling wet and dry groceries, at Prince Albert.

Miss Edna Lyall devoted the profits of her most popular novel to the purchase of a peal of bells for the village church at Eastbourne, England.

Vizitelly, a prominent London bookseller, who sells about 1000 copies of *Zola* weekly, has been committed for trial for selling improper literature.

Mrs. MacGahan, widow of the famous war correspondent, is hard at work upon a novel which is expected to create a sensation in the literary world.

M. Grevy, late President of the French Republic, is busier than ever with his memoirs, which are to comprise events in France between 1848 and 1886.

The Princess of Wales recently appeared at a fete in London in a bustless gown, and some two dozen leaders of fashion have since followed her example.

Another Luther find is reported from Swickau, in Saxony, where the commentaries on the Psalter, issued in 1519 and 1521, have been discovered.

The *Critic*, published at Halifax, is a bright, well-posted and outspoken little paper, which ought to serve as a literary channel for the Maritime Provinces.

There is information to the effect that partial histories of sections of Canada are in preparation, such as the Eastern Townships, the Glengarry district, the Niagara Peninsula and the Ottawa Valley.

Doctor Charles Mackay is in absolute poverty. A subscription has been started in his behalf. He is best known as the author of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "There's a Good Time Coming," and other ditties.

"Adirondack" Murray is now dwelling at Quebec, engaged on a descriptive work on a northern portion of our Canadian continent, hitherto almost unknown. The work will be named "The Daylight Land."

The *Canadian Gazette*, in London, and the *Paris-Canada*, in the French capital, are devoting much of their space to our native literature. The editor of the latter is Hon. Hector Fabre, himself at the head of French-Canadian writers.

Karl Werder, the well-known German philosopher, dramatist and dramatic critic, has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entry upon his professional career at the University of Berlin. He is a native of Berlin, and is in his eighty-second year.

There is now in the press, and will soon be published, a book entitled "Hand Book of Dates," by F. A. McCord, assistant law clerk to the House of Commons, Ottawa. The date and some particulars of every important event in the history of Canada, with some particulars, is given.

At the close of the Summer School, last week, at Deerfield, Mass., Miss Baker read a paper by Mr. John Talon Lesperance on the "Romance of the History of Canada," in an admirable manner and before the largest session of the season. Mr. Lesperance was unable to be present through family bereavement.

There is talk again of the Talleyrand memoirs being published. They have remained shut from view for fifty years. Talleyrand died in May, 1838, and requested that the memoirs should not see the light for 30 years later. When that time was up Napoleon III. forbade their publication, and they were again postponed for twenty years.



## ON THE OTTAWA.

## III.

## PRIMITIVE HABITANT.

From Oka we cross to Como, one of the most beautiful spots on the Ottawa. The wharf is a platform in the midst of all the greenery, for groups of pretty children and young people to whom the chief event of the day is watching the boat's arrival, and many are the nods and smiles as we steam off.

Up here on deck the peasant *gucule* may be seen in full play. Its appreciative smack over the torrent of nasal utterances issuing therefrom is accompanied by a concurrent elevation of the eyebrows and much appropriate action of the hands. To an alien ear there is a very distinct sounding of the various notes in the gamut, the final one being sustained; thus the query, "What does he say?" becomes in the patois: *Qu'est qu'y dit la* (pronounced law.)

Where is the country bloom one naturally expects to see on these Arcadians? Why should that unhealthy sallowness usurp the lily and the rose on the faces of these rustics?

One small experience may assist in solving the riddle. A friend of mine having first procured the services of a French Canadian nurse, walked into her nursery one morning and found her off-spring breakfasting on bread and cheese and *eau sucrée*. Her amazement and horror-smitten expostulations only met with a shrug of the shoulder from Delima at such unreasonable fastidiousness. "It was good food; all Canadian children thrive on the like." Perhaps also a habit of giving the masticatory and digestive organs a very broken rest, and constant chores besides their regular work, may have something to do with it. Every Frenchman, woman or child, appears to have something to munch; here it is a bag of nuts or green plums, there sodden dough-nuts or gum or tobacco; pretext, opportunity and material are never lacking.

Joseph Roux, the pensive priest of Saint Hilaire le Peyron, whose estimation of the peasant is the opposite to that held by his fellow countryman, Max O'Rell, says: "Peasants are caught by the mouth like fish." Probably the ruminative habit engenders reflection.

We have been told that a morbid introspection argues a degenerate condition resultant on dyspepsia. Who knows if, at a certain less advanced stage, indigestion may not bring just that pressure to bear on the brain as shall induce a mild indulgence in philosophizing. Here is one old fellow, with his quid in gentle motion, stating at great length the reasons why we may expect good weather next week. He makes the great weather prophets of no account, but collects his data from vicissitudes of past seasons, the occurrence and nature of certain grasses. The operations of the moon enter largely into his calculations, and here he will digress to impress upon you how powerfully liquids are affected by lunar rays. All the world, he says, knows how the tides are governed; well then, by the same law meat that is killed in the wane of the moon will be tough, the animal's prices being at low ebb. Homespun dyed in the last quarter will quickly fade; the dye cannot retain its hold on the wool. Butter comes with great difficulty at the time of the moon's decline, "*et c'est la même chose, partout, partout.*" A budget full of strange lore is he; always ready with a dozen reasons for every simple beloved superstition.

Undoubtedly they are of a scientific turn of mind these *habitants*. I am reminded of a case in point. We once owned a grey horse. Several times under the care of a French Canadian, Antoine by name, "Daisy" appeared in harness with a distinctly *écru* tint pervading his person. When spoken to, Antoine declared it to be merely "the reflection of the sun." Further remonstrance decided him on adopting preventive measures against this phenomenon. Accordingly one morning "Daisy" came round beautifully white and set out on a drive to town. On reaching the principal streets the driver became aware

of the attentive regard of passers-by and a large following of small boys. Cries of "Why don't you send him to Barnum?" and "What'll ye take for the blue zebra, guv'nor?" evoked the discovery that the horse now reflected in streaks of rival intensity heaven's own blue. Antoine had borrowed both the idea and the blue-bag from the washerwoman for the furtherance of a transcendental purity, and heat and exercise brought the mysterious agent to light.

K. A. C.

## CANADIAN NEWSPAPERS.

That there has been a steady and encouraging progress in the quality of Canadian newspapers during the last ten years will hardly be denied by anybody whose interest in the subject has been strong enough to lead to close observation. The improvement is noticeable in the matter of journalistic enterprise; and it is noticeable in the growth of a spirit of independence. This spirit is not only manifested in the professedly independent journals to some extent, but it peeps to the surface quite often in some of the leading party organs. A great deal of virulence has passed away and personal journalism—using the phrase in its offensive sense—is becoming extinct.

This is encouraging; and it speaks well for the people, whose demands are respected by the newspaper proprietors in those reforms. The newspaper proprietors receive much advice in the course of the year, and why, therefore, should they not be learned? They do, in fact, understand their business very well. They know that their real dependence is upon the people, and they know that the most powerful advocacy of an untruthful party measure is helpless against the judgment of the people. The newspaper proprietor is but mortal, after all, and even if he should happen to own a party organ, he is aware that he does not live to himself alone. He recognizes the fact that his readers influence him quite as much as he influences his readers. The growth of independent journalism, therefore, while reflecting credit on the far-sightedness of publishers, at the same time speaks well for the people whose wants the publishers endeavour to supply.

But if it is possible to say that Canadian newspapers are advancing in a hopeful and encouraging way, it is not possible to add that they have reached the highest perfection—that they have attained the popular ideal. There is still much to be done. The city daily and the country town weekly still afford vast room for improvement. I propose to discuss briefly in this article some of the lines along which improvement might be effected in our dailies.

1. There is needed more careful workmanship in the matter of editorial writing. A well-written editorial which seizes the main points of a subject and treats them in a popular manner is sure to be read, but an editorial that is wanting in clearness and definiteness of expression is as certain to be passed over, and is calculated to weaken respect for the editorial columns. In some of our dailies there is a fair proportion of good editorial work—timely, careful and popularly presented—but, on the other hand, there is a great deal which falls below the standard. This is probably due not so much to the want of good writers as to the hesitation of publishers about incurring the expense of a varied staff. The English custom of employing outside writers on special subjects is only slightly in vogue, and the little that is done in that line is not systematized.

2. Our newspapers are suffering in what Matthew Arnold called the matter of beauty and distinction, by their proximity to the American journals. Some of the glaring faults of the American journals, the sensational headings, the paragraphic editorials and the reporter's freedom of fancy, are making more headway than they should in Canadian newspapers. In these matters the publishers may understand the wants of their readers best, but it is unquestionable that there is a very general spirit of dissatisfaction amongst readers on those particulars.

3. Canadian newspapers can still afford to develop a larger spirit of political independence if they would keep pace with the demands of the people. There is a pressing need for *reliable* journalism in political matters—reliable, that is, from the people's, and not from the politician's, point of view.

These are a few of the lines along which progress might be made in the Canadian newspaper. The advancement of the newspaper is an indication of the advancement of a people and each have their influence upon the other. If our newspapers could attain to a larger measure of "beauty and distinction" in their method and their spirit, the effect would not be lost upon the people.

Richmond, P.Q.

J. C. SUTHERLAND.

A committee has been named to determine the rewards and distinctions to be distributed in connection with the Vatican Exhibition; this committee is sub-divided into several sections, each of which will adjudge within its respective speciality the honorary diplomas, the gold, silver, and bronze medals, and the honourable mention to be conferred on the exhibitors. The medal to be struck will bear on the face the effigy of the Pope, and on the reverse, Religion, her arms open and extended in the act of crowning, on one side the allegorical figures of Painting and Sculpture, on the other that of Architecture. Around is the inscription: *Dona oblata Parenti optimo in aedibus Vaticanis publice exposita*, and on the reverse will be graven the words: *Ob exuntem an. L. Sacerdotii ejus.*

## THE NEREIDS' WAIL.

FROM THE "PROMETHEUS BOUND" OF AESCHYLUS,  
CHORUS 405-444.

I pity thy disastrous fate,  
O my Prometheus!  
And from these eyelids delicate  
The large and plenteous tear-drops pour,  
Bathing my white cheeks o'er  
With lukewarm dew.  
Direful are thy woes, for o'er the Heavenly powers  
Zeus, with arbitrary laws and arrogance, towers.  
All the land resounds  
With dismal sounds,  
And, mourning, weeps for thee,  
Weeps o'er thy cruel penalty,  
Large-limbed, time-honoured Deity!  
All they who dwell in Asia's hallowed meads,  
And valiant girls of Colchis, bold in war,  
The clans of Scythia, who refresh their steeds  
Near the Maeotian lake—earth's utmost bound afar;  
The savage tribes that pitch their shifting tents  
Here on the beetling crags of Caucasus, and start  
Its echoes with the clash of levelled dart,  
All, all bewail thy intolerable punishment.  
Never before thee did a god  
Thus cringe beneath the rod,  
Or, pining in rough iron chains,  
Endure such cruel pains,  
Save only Titan Atlas, bent—  
By inexorable Fate—  
Beneath the weight  
Of the aerial firmament.  
And now for thee the ocean waves  
Ebbing, bemoan—the deeps respond;  
The nether-earth, from out its gloomy caves,  
Repeats the wailing sound,  
In accents grave and low.  
Up from their mountain spring  
The clear, clean waters surge,  
And surging, sing  
The dirge,  
Prometheus, of thy piteous woe!

JOHN TALON-LESFERANCE.

## MEMORIES.

Summers come, and summers go,  
Even's gold and ruby glow  
Deepens into rayless shade,  
Blossoms bloom, and blossoms fade;

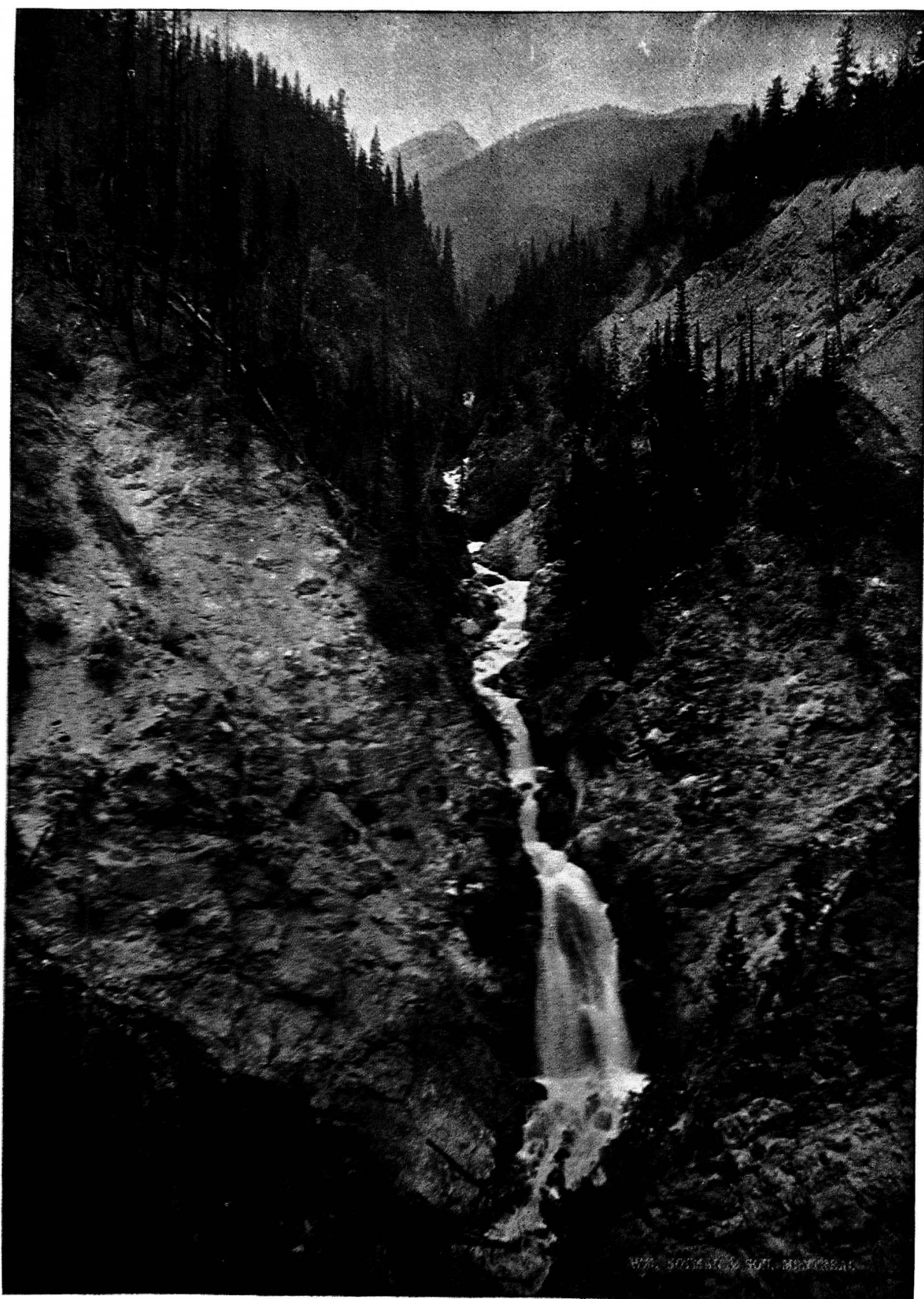
Though the flower, flowering fair,  
Honeys all the fragrant air;  
And the sunset's golden dyes  
Bright illumine all the skies,

Yet, as music died away  
Lingering in the mind will stay,—  
Though but briefly they abide,  
They will bless the aftertide.

Ottawa.

WILLIAM H. P. WATSON.





STONY CREEK, IN THE SELKIRKS.

From a photograph by Notman





YOU DARLING!

From the painting by Mrs. Goodman.

Photograph supplied by Alex. S. Macrae & Son, Toronto, Directors for Canada of the Seale Photography Company.



## The Land of Evangeline.

BY GEORGE BRYCE, LL.D., OF WINNIPEG.

True to our mission of making the country known as much as possible, we publish the following paper, with slight abridgments, from the pen of a gentleman, whom the editor knows well by name, and from having heard an historical record read by him, as a delegate from Manitoba, before the English section of the Royal Society of Canada, three or four years ago. The original appeared in the *Winnipeg Sun*.

We had spent a pleasant week in Halifax, and on a beautiful morning started north, by the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, "on pleasure bent." There were three of us—a lawyer, a journalist and a professor—and on account of our initials we passed as the B. C. D. club. It is an old saying that two are company, but three are none. Under some circumstances this may be true, but it was not so with the B. C. D.'s. When you travel it is much more lively to have three than two. It is always two against one. All are aboard the train for the apple orchards. Nova Scotia grows the best flavoured, best-appearing apples in the world, they say. We saw only the blossoms, but these were certainly full of hope. Our company on the railway contained Governor St. John, of Kansas temperance fame; also, W. H. Blanchard, of Winnipeg, uncle of the late Sadley Blanchard, of Winnipeg, and Dr. Blanchard. He lives at Windsor, and gave the party much interesting information about the town. Windsor is reached, and a well-known gentleman of the town was present to meet the B. C. D.'s. Our party had been fully noticed in the *Chronicle* and *Herald* of Halifax as a party of scientific, historical and generally important persons, and a good send-off is a great help. The secretary of the club had sent on ahead to a number of desirable persons about our journey. Accordingly, at Windsor an old Nor-western authority, Professor Hind, came to meet us. He could not accompany the party, but brought a basketful of most splendid roses. Their sweet odour kept the veteran explorer in our minds for days. Prof. Hind's description of the Northwest, in his journey on the "Assiniboine and Saskatchewan expedition of 1858," is one of the most reliable accounts ever given of the Northwest. It was a pleasure to see the aforetime explorer and to chat with him a few minutes as the train rested. Soon after passing Windsor the club alighted from the train at Lower Horton, and was now in the country of Evangeline. The apple blossoms filled the air with their odour, and we knew that this was the "Acadian land," and, wonderful to say, as the club landed and were being hurried off to our kind friend, A. McNutt Patterson, Esq., a member of one of the best known families of Nova Scotia, our eyes fell, on the wayside, on a representative of the white cattle of the district, which the members at once concluded must be a descendant of Evangeline's beautiful heifer, which, in the former days,

Proud of her snow-white hide and the ribbon that waved  
from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.

At our pleasant resting-place there was an hour to wait for dinner, and so the B. C. D.'s sat on the lawn, looking north-eastward to the "Mines Basin," the upper part of the Bay of Fundy, and the chairman of the club was set to work reading "Evangeline" on the very scene of the tale. Yes, out from our place on the rising ground, thousands of acres of sea meadow were to be seen, and where the

Dikes that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour  
incessant,  
Shut out the turbulent tide.

These vast meadows, covered with waving grass, are still the source of wealth of this part of Nova Scotia. Yes, over there to the right may be seen the entrance of the river into the basin, the very spot where the ships of the British, so famous in the story of the poor Acadians, rode

In the Gaspereau's mouth.

Along the rising ground, now occupied as our resting-place, had been the

Houses with frames of oak and of chestnut,

in which the Acadian farmers lived. There were apple trees to the right of us, apple trees to the left of us. Yet on a rising ground, a little farther away to the left, appeared a beautiful, newly-planted orchard of many acres in extent, and on enquiry the information was given that it bore the name of "Saint Eulalie." How appropriate, as it brought back vividly the heroine of the region, who was called the "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie." Dinner over, the club was formally called upon by the physician of the district, a member of a well-known "blue nose" family, Dr. Chipman. The doctor is well up in all the folk-lore of the region, and immediately proceeded to conduct the B. C. D.'s to the various points of historic interest. His splendid team and comfortable carriage brought back, by strange contrast, the "broad-wheeled wains" of the old Acadians as they must have lumbered past. In a few minutes after starting the site of the village of Grand Pré was reached. Grand Pré is doubly famous. Here was pointed out the very spot where, in the old border wars between the English and French, Col. Noble, in 1757, and his band of British soldiers, were surprised in the night, and where the bodies of the poor fellows killed had been buried. But it was the Acadian village that most concerned us. In a field, directly in front of the little railway station of Grand Pré, is a clump of willow trees, and near them a well, which identifies the place. Near this well was dug up, a few years ago, a coffin, which was taken to point out the site of the belfry from which "softly the Angelus sounded." The coffin was soon cut up into relics. Our accomplished cicerone having pointed out the rows of old willow trees, and even one gnarled old apple tree, all said to be of the Acadian time, drove us a few miles over the country to a real find of relics of the time of the Acadian peasants. These are in possession of R. R. Duncan, Esq., of Grand Pré. They were all taken out of the famous well of the village, and included, among other things, many useful articles, which brought vividly to mind the famous character of "Basil the blacksmith," and afforded the B. C. D.'s many opportunities for appropriate jests in their subsequent journey. There were iron chains, pinchers, knives, hammers, spoons, a hatchet and the like, and a number of heavy iron clamps, which have puzzled all the antiquarians as to their use. These were certainly rusty enough to have belonged to the earliest workers in the iron age. When looking at relics it is best to be of a trustful disposition. Mr. Duncan is said to have been offered \$1,000 for his collection by young Vanderbilt, of New York, but refused the offer. Leaving behind the site of the village of historic memories, the carriage took us over the ridge, which overlooks the Annapolis valley. To the writer came back constantly visions of the expatriated Acadians. No doubt Longfellow has presented to us the poet's view of Acadian life, but, after all, the poet often gives a truer picture than the historian. The historian becomes confused and blinded in his attempt to disentangle the knotted threads of action, while the poet soars into the region of sorrow, fear and hope, and gives a true picture of the time at least. After carefully examining the "Nova Scotian archives," gathered together by T. B. Akin, Esq., and Parkman's case against the Acadians in his "Wolfe and Montcalm," as well as ex-Governor Archibald's paper, and while not excusing Abbé Casgrain for showing too much French-Canadian feeling in this discussion, yet the chairman of the club is compelled to say that the sad story of the poet remains with him, to the exclusion largely of the considerations of state necessity, by which the expulsion of the Acadians is justified. But, while the reverie is going on, the ridge is crossed, and the club is rapidly entering the valley of the Gaspereau. All the rivers here are tidal, which gives them, twice a day, a strange appearance, to a landsman from the interior. Here was passed the residence of Judge Weatherbe, a noted experimenter in apple culture. The open-

ing of the English apple market in the last few years, and the giving up of potatoe growing, which was so marked a feature of the lower provinces before Confederation, has resulted in the planting of thousands of new orchards; and while a western man sees little or no advance in the farming, the prairie dweller cannot help envying the "blue-noses" their orchards. Over the ridge again, and on its descent, there bursts upon us the aristocratic village of Wolfville. This is a village principally of one street, and yet it is the seat of a university, viz., the Acadian College of the Baptist Church. The long, straggling village is a perfect avenue of beautiful trees. The B. C. D.'s, with the doctor as their guide, as representing all the estates, called on the president of the college, and went through the substantial buildings, which contain a museum, having a particularly good mineral collection, and a neatly arranged library. The janitor was a good-natured son of Africa, and the decided features of his ebony face remains with us still. Leaving the classic shades, the party hurried off to catch the train, and with profuse thanks, presented by the club in its most effective manner to the son of Esculapius, who had so hospitably entertained its members, was soon en route for Hantsport, on the W. & A. Railway. On the train was Prof. Roberts, of King's College, Windsor, who, some say, has the truest spirit of poetry of any of our young *littérateurs*. He is an unassuming young man; did not strike us as having any "transcendental æstheticism" of the man of genius, but as being a common-sense young fellow. One of his critics, the day after, said he could see and describe more on a given square inch of surface than any man he knew. The club regarded this as a tribute to the penetration and intensity of the poet. How remarkable the man would be with whom we could find no fault! Over night at Hantsport, taking in a temperance lecture at St. John's, and up early next morning. The B. C. D.'s walked a couple of miles to pay their respects to the veteran Micmac missionary. This remarkable man, Silas T. Rand, is said to be the best living scholar in the Micmac tongue, a dialect of the Chippewa. He has been a Baptist missionary for forty years among the Indians, visiting them from time to time. He lives according to Muller's principle—"by faith." It is remarkable that his surprising ability as a linguist so long escaped recognition. It is said that the secretary of the B. C. D. club is largely responsible for his good qualities being brought to notice in the public press. Mr. Rand received in the same year (1886) the degree of D.D. from Acadia College, Wolfville, and LL.D. from Queen's College, Kingston. Our early morning visit was, however, in vain, as the worthy missionary was off on one of his "journeys of faith." His wife said that when he felt stirred to go abroad nothing could keep him, and his going was generally not in vain. From Hantsport a trim little steamer bore the club across the Basin of Mines. Around the whole basin is "Acadian land." The captain was impressed with the importance of the B. C. D.'s, and so went out of his course to allow them to gaze at the spot where, as Longfellow has it, "Away to the northward Blomidon rose." Blomidon is a great headland of new red sandstone layers, but on the top of it there has been an overflow of lava, which is solidified into a dark, massive trap rock. Every spring beautiful crystals from the lava formation are carried down to the base of the cliff and are picked up on the beach. Blomidon is the Micmac land of romance. The great prominent headland must impress white and red man alike. To the west of it is a long tongue of land called Cape Split. With this is associated the name of Gluscap, the Micmac Hiawatha. It is said that the Basin of Mines was originally shut in as a lake. The water was overflowing the shores and threatened to destroy every living thing. Gluscap, the Indian deliverer, placed his strong, broad shoulder behind Blomidon, and, hurling it round, opened up the way by which the high water escaped into the Bay of Fundy. Enjoying the sail, viewing the mountains of Cumberland in the distance, and the group of islands, called the Five Islands, up the basin, the club



again set foot on *terra firma* on Partridge Island, and were driven hurriedly over the village of Parrsboro, so called after the old U. E. governor of Nova Scotia. On the lookout for the party here was James Hannay, the author of the "History of Acadia," which is one of the best written works in the field of Canadian history. Hannay has long been identified with the newspaper press as a strong and telling writer. The club was never found wanting at dinner, and enjoyed Mr. Hannay's company with them very much. His crisp and well-timed run of small talk was very pleasant. Mr. Hannay is busy on a history of the war of 1812. A part of the afternoon was spent with Dr. Townshend, the magnate of Parrsboro. The doctor, quite a young man, is owner of a great part of Parrsboro, and is the moving spirit in it. This was, a hundred years ago, a settlement of half-pay officers and other gentlemen. Such an immigration makes but a poor showing in a new country, though their knowledge and cultivation are all of use in the sum total of colonial life. Now Parrsboro is becoming the port for the shipment of coal mines of Cumberland County. The faithful club secretary, in order to save time, had arranged for a special railway train to take the party to Spring Hill mines, 27 miles distant. At 5 o'clock the train, consisting of an engine and one coach, appeared, and in a short time the club was at Spring Hill mines, where they were met by the manager, and were most hospitably treated by the obliging managing-director of the mine, Mr. R. G. Leckie, and by his amiable wife. Mr. Leckie is a gentleman of education as well as practical experience. His library contains the latest scientific works of the most advanced kind. No sooner was dinner over than the club lost its identity by dressing up in old garments for the descent of the mine. C's hat was an object of much interest to the rest of the party, but it was evening. Every preparation had been made, and with Overground Manager Hall, and Underground Manager Swift, the party slowly descended the incline, at an angle of about 30 degrees for 1,900 feet into the bowels of the earth. The shaft was dark as Erebus, but each man carried his lamp, not excepting the members of the club. The different seams and galleries were inspected, and the chairman took especial interest in the "faults," varieties of rock, and especially trees and fern remains embedded in the walls. Manager Swift, who is a thoroughly practical man, conversed freely on his theories of coal formation, and the interchange of theoretical views was very interesting. Since coming away Manager Swift has kindly forwarded a box of valuable specimens of the carboniferous rocks to the museum of Manitoba college, and for these the thanks of the club are due. The ascent, in company with some forty workmen, was most striking. Forty grimy-faced men, with lamps in their caps, in six or eight connected flat cars, put one in mind of the swarthy followers of "She," in their subterranean passages, while the running up and down the incline suggested the descent in Jules Verne's journey to the centre of the earth. The sensation of having a quarter of a mile of solid rock above your head is somewhat oppressive. A short railway journey, next morning, brought the club to Maccan. This place is only celebrated as being the junction of the Joggins railway. The club thought there was something in the name Joggins peculiar. It suggested an episode or story. The secretary, no doubt thinking of Dicken's "Mugby Junction," was cudgelling his brains to find out the meaning of the name, till a plain countryman informed him it was simply where the shore hill had a "jog in." The secretary immediately collapsed. The Joggins Railway has only been open six months. It has but one engine, which is engaged in drawing coal. That one engine—the whole resources of the road—was placed at the disposal of the club, and on it the club proceeded. At Joggins there was building the mighty raft. This the club inspected. It was something amazing. Built on the ways like a schooner, it consisted of 22,000 pieces of spruce timber. These were piles for wharves, each averaging 35 to 40 feet in length. They were put

together in a cigar shape. The mass was 55 feet wide and 38 feet deep, was fastened together by chains, and girt about every few feet with steel wire. The model is patented by Mr. W. R. Robertson, and James Leary, of New York, is the owner. The dwellers at Joggins were all opposed to the raft. It would take 80 schooners to carry the timber. Hence these tears. In the last few days the papers state that the monster raft has been successfully launched. But Joggins is still more celebrated as a geological bonanza. Here Sir William Dawson's fame as a geologist was made. For two miles along the shore is a perpendicular cliff of carboniferous rock. The sea, at high tide, washes the base. This sweeps out the *débris* to sea, thus keeping the cliff face always free. Numerous fossil trees are seen on the cliff face. The fern impressions, sigillaria, calamites and other plant markings in the specimens carried away by the chairman of the club made his valise an object of dislike to the porters all the way to Winnipeg. Back from Joggins to Maccan, and thence to Amherst by train, brought the club to its last, but not least, interesting adventure. Amherst is the town on the isthmus—the Corinth—of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. It is the very centre of historic interest in Nova Scotia. And the man who knows most of all this is Judge Morse, the embodiment of law for Cumberland county. Judge Morse is a perfect encyclopædia on the Acadians. Moreover, as soon as dinner was discussed, he was on hand with his comfortable and stately equipage to transport the club to Fort Beausejour.

This is the old French fort, which the English in taking re-named Cumberland. A few miles from Amherst the highland is reached and this 'Calais' of Acadia is gained. Its site is simply grand. It looks out on the "Basin of Mines," which the French here called, with their felicity in giving names, "Beaubassin." The heavy earthworks of Beausejour remain. We saw to the east Fort Lawrence, where the English were. The French outpost in the marshes lay between. To the west are the wide Tentremar marshes, so called from the roar or shaking of the sea. Driving along the ridge for a mile was to be seen the site of the old French church, and the chairman indulged in a few outbursts of feeling against La Loutre, the violent priest, the troubles of the whole Acadian shore. A detour of a couple of miles brought us to the bridge by way of which the British crossed through the marshes and gained the heights of Beausejour. The capture of Beausejour was a hinge event in history. Well may its name be translated "Beautiful for situation." To Judge Morse the club was immensely indebted. It is a joy to visitors to meet one so thoroughly versed in the folk-lore of the locality. Judge Morse is also an enterprising leader in reclaiming the marshes. This is simply shutting out the sea from low flats along the shore by means of dikes. This needs experience, capital and patience. The French were adepts at it. These marshes along the "Beaubassin" of old are the best hay-producing regions of Nova Scotia to-day. There is here a source of great wealth. If the man who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is a philanthropist, then Judge Morse and his associates well deserve high honour. From Amherst the club separated. The secretary returned to Halifax to write editorials on the Cumberland election, the legal member came west to Ontario to spend a well-earned holiday, and the chairman to grind out these dreary lines. When shall we three meet again?

Esther Jezreel, the leader of the New and Latter House of Israel, died at her seat, the Woodlands, Chatham, lately, after twelve days' illness. She was known to her followers as "Queen Esther." This curious body hold that they are an elect people, who are to be preserved from the grave and corruption.

The Black Sea owes its name to its frequent tempests. The White Sea to its masses of floating ice. The Red Sea sometimes looks almost as red as blood.

## SESAME AND LILIES.

When John Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies" happened to be in my hands for a few days, I undertook its perusal without expecting much pleasure or even profit, for I had a pre-conceived idea that anything from Ruskin's pen would be rather over the head of an ordinary mortal.

I had a year or two previously read one of his volumes with blameable carelessness, for, afterward, the only idea I could recall from it was that the eye is best pleased by a landscape not definitely bounded, but which opens out with a suggestion of infinity. (Needless to say these are not the exact words.) So I took up "Sesame and Lilies," prepared for an abstruse dissertation on true and false conceptions of art and beauty, or some such theme, with an up-in-the-clouds treatment and a plentiful sprinkling of technical terms.

What an agreeable and startling disappointment it was to find it one of the most straightforward, practical of books, full of earnest purpose, clothed in simplest form!

It is true that, for a while in reading "Sesame," I felt somewhat as though the austere lecturer had set me on a stool in the corner with that relic of school-room barbarism, a dunce's cap, on my head, and said to me:—

"Firstly—You think you know something.

Secondly—You know nothing.

Thirdly—I shall try to teach you something, but it is doubtful if you can learn."

However, he let me down from my ignominious perch before long in a more receptive, if somewhat humiliated, frame of mind.

I need not dwell on the many points of interest in the little book—to the majority of readers it is doubtless well known—but to any girl who has not already profited by it I should strongly recommend a careful study of "Sesame and Lilies." When the last page is reached she will find her mind full of strong thoughts, her hands full of noble work, and a rare prospect of usefulness unfolding before her mental vision.

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

## PERPLEXITY.

### A HINT FROM THE FRENCH.

Saint Cupid! what a charming pair  
Of sisters I'm between—  
One brown as Autumn, one as fair  
As Tennyson's May Queen.  
Their beauty differs as the light  
Of Phœbus and the Moon:  
But, if I read my heart aright  
*Faime mieux la brune.*

And yet the blonde I dearly prize,  
And fain her charms would woo:  
Her hair is golden, and her eyes  
Are exquisitely blue.  
Each time I greet her, morn or eve,  
My passion grows more fond,  
Till, on the whole, I half believe,  
*Faime mieux la blonde.*

The elder siren's eyes are brown,  
Her dainty mouth is red;  
Her smiles (I never saw her frown)  
Would turn King Arthur's head.  
A perfect form and perfect face  
Are hers by Nature's boon,  
And so, for symmetry and grace  
*Faime mieux la brune.*

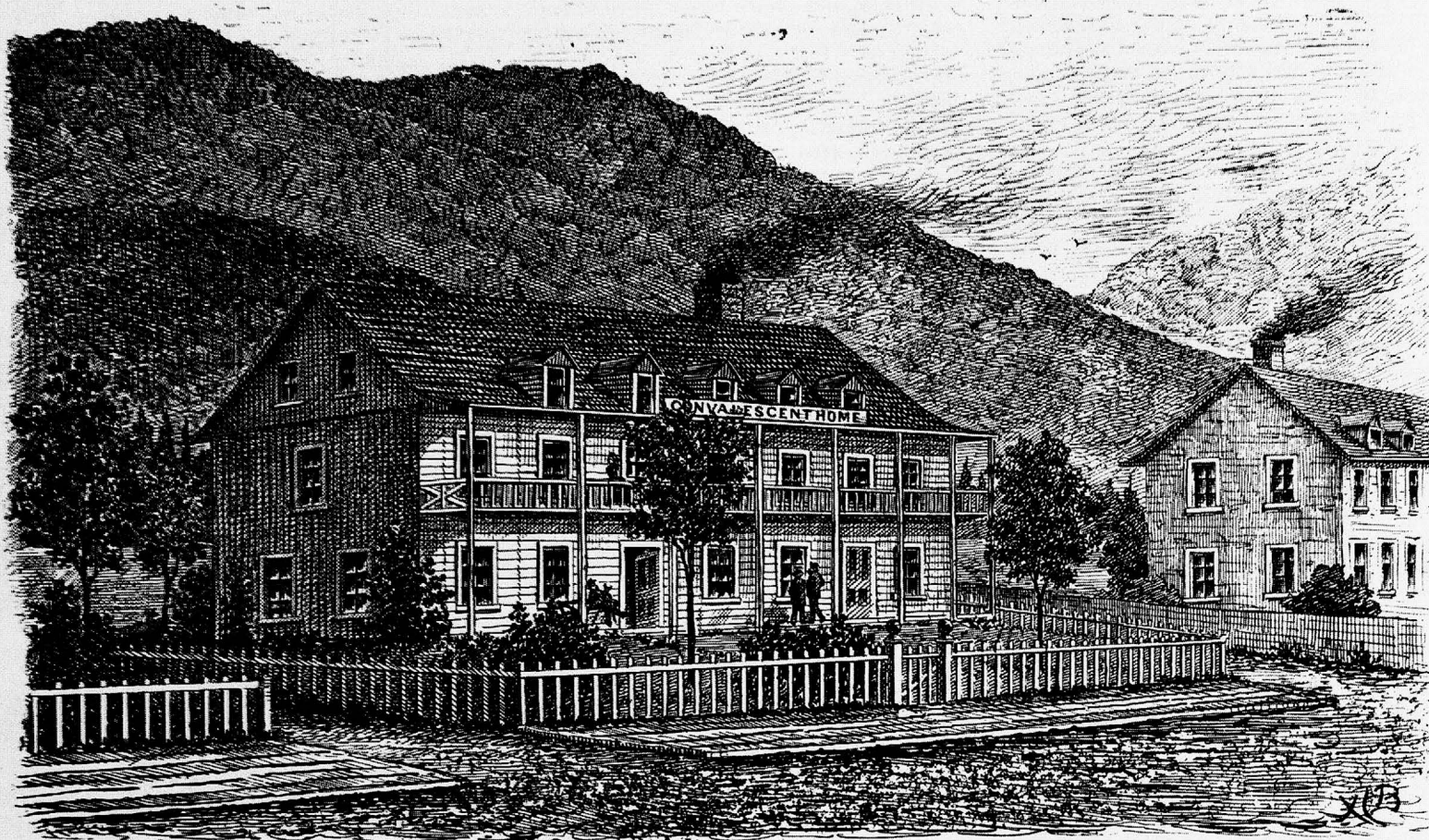
But still, when'er I turn my gaze  
Upon her sister pearl,  
I feel her soft bewitching ways  
Around my fancy curl.  
Fair as the lily's stainless flower,  
Lithe as a willow-wand,  
She seems more winning every hour—  
*Faime mieux la blonde.*

Compelled two magnets to obey,  
Well-poised the needle lies:  
My heart, that two attractions sway,  
To each, distracted, flies.  
Sweet girls! though honour bids me choose  
Between you, I am loath:  
Reluctant either one to lose,  
I love you both!

Montreal.

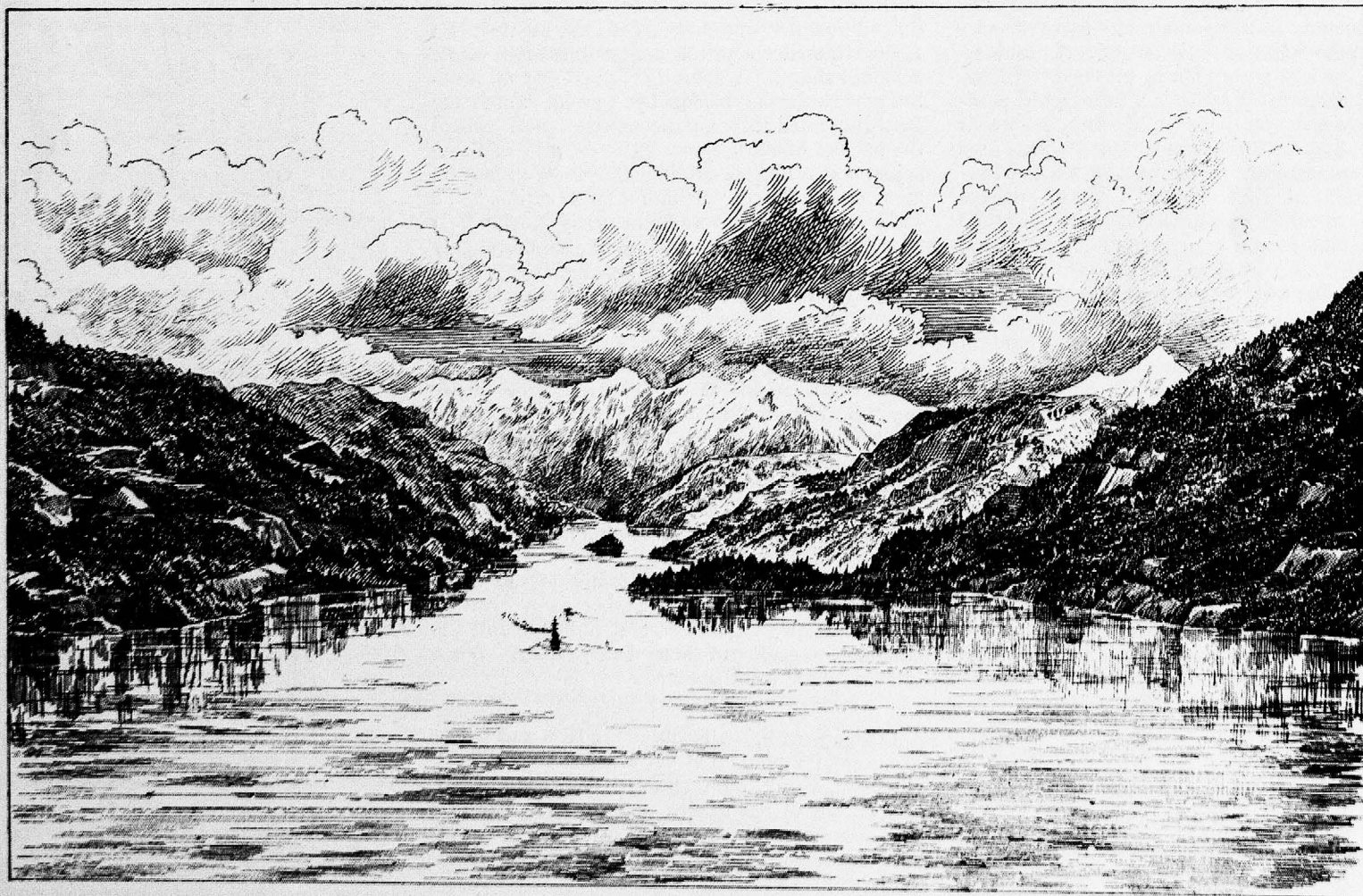
GEO. MURRAY.





THE CONVALESCENT HOME, MURRAY BAY.

From a sketch.



THE SKEENA EXPEDITION.—H. M. STEAMER "CAROLINE" NEARING PORT ESSINGTON.

From a sketch by Major Peters.





AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.





Nova Scotia ship owners will benefit to the extent of a quarter of a million dollars by the boom in freights.

During the first six months of the present year 10,501 emigrants have settled in Manitoba or the Northwest.

Discoveries of iron have been made by Duluth explorers on the north branch of the Vermilion range, on the Canadian side of the line.

By the 1st of September 8,000 bales of cotton goods will have been shipped from Canada to China, representing a value of half a million dollars.

The Canadian Pacific Railway having reduced the price of land 25 to 33 per cent., Land Commissioner Hamilton, of Winnipeg, reports largely increased sales.

Dominion Analyst Macfarlane has found that, of the water used by various Canadian cities, Hamilton has the purest and Ottawa very nearly the most impure.

Fishing on the north shore of Gaspé is pretty good, the catch of cod is fair, and there was a considerable run of large size mackerel in the neighborhood of Bonne Esperance.

The reports that the crops in the Northwest have been damaged by the cool wave have been effectively refuted. There was no frost and the crops are not damaged in the slightest. The weather has now grown milder and all fears of danger are past.

Fifteen thousand barrels of herring for bait purposes were exported from the Magdelene Islands to Newfoundland and St. Pierre, and five thousand seals were caught on shore this year. About one hundred American vessels have visited the island since the opening of navigation.

Immigration returns for July show the number of arrivals during the month to have been 19,621, being an increase of 4,260 over the same month last year. The number of settlers in the Dominion during the month was 11,196, being an increase of 3,106. During the first seven months of the fiscal year the total arrivals have been 104,164, of whom 51,519 settled in Canada, an increase over last year of 18,668 arrivals and 7,283 settlers.

## QUAINT FANCIES AND RHYMES.

BY A COLLECTOR.

### IX.

#### THE TRIOLET.

We come now to the short and sweet. The Triolet is, as it were, the quintessence of the other mediæval shapes of verse. It is short, but hard to do well, with one refrain brought in three times, the second refrain twice, and keeps strictly to two rhymes. The Triolet consists of eight lines. The first pair of lines are repeated as the seventh and eighth, and the first is repeated as the fourth. The first Triolet dates back to the days of Adenèz-le-Roi, 1258-1297, and has always been popular, being specially so in our day. In France, Theodore de Banville heads the list.

We shall begin by quoting from old Froissart. In the beginning of the fifteenth century, what is looked upon as a pattern of the Triolet:—

Mon coer s'esbat en oudourant la rose,  
Et s'esjoist en regardant ma dame,  
Trop mieulz me vaut l'une que l'autre chose,  
Mon coer s'esbat en oudourant la rose.  
L'oudour m'est bon, mès don regart je n'ose  
Juer trop fort, je vous le jur par m'ame,  
Mon coer s'esbat en oudourant la rose,  
Et s'esjoist en regardant ma dame.

Nor may I overlook what has been called the "King of Triolets," by Jacques Ranchin:—

Le premier jour du mois de mai  
Fut le plus heureux de ma vie:  
Le beau dessin que je formai,  
Le premier jour du mois de mai!  
Je vous vis et je vous aimai,  
Si ce dessin vous plut, Sylvie,  
Le premier jour du mois de mai  
Fut le plus heureux de ma vie.

Coming down to our own makers of Triolet, we light upon this from Robert Bridges—that is not complimentary to the fairies of the world:—

All women born are so perverse,  
No man need boast their love possessing,  
If nought seem better, nothing's worse:  
All women born are so perverse,  
From Adam's wife that proved a curse,  
Though God had made her for a blessing.  
All women born are so perverse  
No man need boast their love possessing.

Arlo Bates rather admires the young fairy:—

Wee Rose is but three,  
Yet coquettes she already.  
I can scarcely agree  
Wee Rose is but three,  
When her archness I see!  
Are the sex born unsteady?—  
Wee Rose is but three,  
Yet coquettes she already.

Here is a bit of *genre* that reminds one of the Brothers Cheeryble, in Dickens' great character story:—

A pitcher of mignonette  
In a tenement's highest casement;  
Queer sort of a flower-pot—yet  
That pitcher of mignonette  
Is a garden in heaven set  
To the little sick child in the basement,—  
The pitcher of mignonette  
In the tenement's highest casement.

The foregoing little gem is signed by H. C. Bunner.

I now give three, out of six "Rose-Leaves" by Austin Dobson:—

Rose kissed me to-day,  
Will she kiss me to-morrow?  
Let it be as it may,  
Rose kissed me to-day,  
But the pleasure gives way  
To a savour of sorrow;—  
Rose kissed me to-day,—  
Will she kiss me to-morrow?

The next is called: "A Greek Gift":—

Here's a present for Rose,  
How pleased she is looking!  
Is it verse? Is it prose?  
Here's a present for Rose!  
"Plats," "Entrées" and "Rots,"—  
Why, it's "Gouffé on Cooking!"—  
Here's a present for Rose,  
How pleased she is looking!

The other bears the title from Horace's Epistle to the Pisos: "Urceus Exit":—

I intended an Ode,  
And it turned to a Sonnet,  
It began *à la mode*,  
I intended an Ode;  
But Rose crossed the road,  
In her latest new bonnet,  
I intended an Ode,  
And it turned to a Sonnet.

By utmost stretching, we can make room for only three more, the first of which is "A Corsage Bouquet," by C. H. Lüders:—

Myrtilla, to-night,  
Wears Jacqueminot roses,  
She's the loveliest sight!  
Myrtilla, to-night!  
Correspondingly light  
My pocket-book closes,  
Myrtilla, to-night,  
Wears Jacqueminot roses!

The next is an apology for gazing at a young lady in church,—taken from the *Century*:—

The sermon was long,  
And the preacher was prosy.  
Do you think it was wrong?  
The sermon was long,  
The temptation was strong,  
Her cheeks were so rosy.  
The sermon was long,  
And the preacher was prosy.

Harrison Roberts will wind us up with a Double Triolet:—

I.

#### WHAT HE SAID.

This kiss upon your fan I press,  
Ah! Saint Nitouche, you don't refuse it,  
And may it, from its soft recess,  
This kiss upon your fan I press,  
Be blown to you a shy caress,  
By this white down whenever you use it:  
This kiss upon your fan I press,  
Ah! Saint Nitouche, you don't refuse it.

II.

#### WHAT SHE SAID.

To kiss a fan!  
What a poky poet!  
The stupid man,  
To kiss a fan,  
When he knows that—he—can,  
Or he ought to know it,  
To kiss a fan!  
What a poky poet!

## DERIVATION OF NAMES OF STATES.

Maine—From Province of Maine, France.  
New Hampshire—From Hampshire county, England; was originally "Laconia."  
Vermont—From *Verd* and *Mont*—Green mountain.  
Massachusetts—Indian, meaning "The country about the great hill."  
Rhode Island—Uncertain; supposed to be named after the Isle of Rhodes, also from the Dutch, "Red Island."  
Connecticut—Mohican—Quon-ek-ta-cut.  
New York—In compliment to the Duke of York.  
New Jersey—After the Isle of Jersey.  
Pennsylvania—From William Penn and "sylvania" woods.  
Delaware—From Thomas West, Lord Delaware.  
Maryland—From the queen of Charles I., Henrietta Maria.  
Virginia—From Queen Elizabeth—the "Virgin Queen."  
North and South Carolina—In honour of Charles IX. of France.  
Georgia—In honour of George II. of England.  
Florida—Named by Ponce de Leon to commemorate the day of his discovery, *Pasquas de Flores*, or Feast of Flowers, or Easter Sunday, as we call it.  
Alabama—From the Indian—Here we rest.  
Mississippi—From the Natchez Indians—signifying "Father of the Waters."  
Louisiana—In honor of Louis XIV. of France.  
Texas—From the Indian "Tehas," signifying Paradise.  
Ohio—From the Indian—"Very white with froth," and "steam."  
Indiana—From the word Indian.  
Illinois—From the Indian *illini* and French *ois*—meaning "tribes of men."  
Michigan—From the Indian—meaning "lake country."  
Wisconsin—Indian—"Wild rushing channel."  
Minnesota—Dakota language, meaning "Cloudy or sky water."  
Tennessee—Indian—"River of the Big Bend."  
Kentucky—Indian—"At the head of the river."  
Arkansas-Kansas—(Indian) and Arc (French), pronounced Ark an-saw.  
Nebraska—Indian, meaning "Shallow water and flat country."  
Colorado—Indian, referring to rivers.  
Nevada—Spanish, signifying "snow clad."  
California—Supposed to be derived from Cortez, and by him from an old Spanish island in romance, meaning an "Abundance of gold." Another suggested origin is from the Spanish *caliente fornata*, meaning "hot furnace."  
Oregon—Indian—"River of the West." In 1578 Sir Francis Drake called this portion of the continent "New Albion."  
Dakota—Sioux word, signifying "Many headed," or many in one government; referring to numerous Sioux tribes under one chief.  
Montana—French—*Mont*, meaning mountainous.  
Idaho—Indian—"The gem of the mountains."  
Utah—Indian—"Contented people." By the Mormons called "Deseret," signifying "virtue and industry."  
Arizona—Indian—"Blessed Sun."  
New Mexico—Aztec, denoting "The habitation of the God of War."  
Wyoming—Indian—"Wide plain."

It will be seen that of the forty-six States and territories, twenty-six have names of Indian origin. The dusky race must pass away, but their name will live as long as American history is known.

"Their memory liveth on your hills,  
Their baptism on your shore;  
Your everlasting rivers speak  
Their dialect of yore."

[Some of these derivations are fanciful; others faulty. Florida is not put forth rightly; Ohio is "Beautiful River"; Illinois, as here explained, is nonsense; the "Arc," in Arkansas, is imaginary, the whole word being Indian; and Colorado is pure Spanish for red-yellow.—EDITOR.]

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.—A bookseller at Lyons named Roux is issuing a literary curiosity. It is a volume entirely of silk, to be published in twenty-five parts, of which fifteen have already appeared, at the price of \$2 per number. The text is woven in the silk. As each number consists of only two leaves, the whole volume, containing the Roman Catholic mass and a number of prayers, will have only fifty leaves, round the Gothic text of which every leaf has a specially designed mediæval border. Both text and border are woven in black silk on a white surface, and the effect is said to be "very artistic."

The religious who attended the last days of the Emperor Frederick were the Sisters of St. Charles Borromeo. Among them was Sister Hedwige, who was by birth a Princess Radziwill. The *Germania* says that not only the venerable Empress Augusta, but also the widowed Empress Victoria and her late august husband, were warm admirers and patrons of both the Sisters of Mercy and the so called "Grey Sisters."





Hon. Mr. Haggart has been elected by acclamation. Sir Alexander Campbell and Mr. Mowat came over from England together.

James Johnson, editor of the *Ottawa Citizen*, is off on a trip to the Northwest.

Mr. Laurier is making a good impression in Ontario. What do you think of his English, gentlemen?

It looks well for a Minister to patronize a "Government House." Sir John is enjoying himself at the Inch Arran.

General Donald Cameron has entered upon his duties as Commandant of the Royal Military College at Kingston.

Sir Henry Tyler, president of the Grand Trunk, who has just arrived, has accepted an invitation to visit Winnipeg.

Mrs. Bates (nee Swan) the Nova Scotia giantess, died the other day at her home in Ohio. She was 7 feet 9 inches in height.

Mgr. Lemmens has been consecrated Archbishop in succession to Mgr. Leghers, so brutally murdered a short time ago in Alaska.

Archibald McLachlin, registrar of the county of Elgin, and formerly proprietor and editor of the *St. Thomas Journal*, has passed away.

Mr. Mackenzie Bowell has gone to the Northwest with several of his family. The story of his marriage was a piece of newspaper enterprise.

His Eminence Cardinal Manning completed his eightieth year on the 15th of July, having been born at Totteridge, Hertfordshire, July 15, 1808.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is falling into alliteration—a bad sign. He says that the Northwest wants three things: Fuel, Freedom and Filling Up.

Canon Brock has been dismissed from the Presidency of Kings College for the offence to the authorities of that institution, of advocating consolidation with Dalhousie.

It is stated that Lt.-Col. Ross, who retired two years ago from the command of the Governor-General's Foot Guards of Ottawa, has been asked to resume the control of that regiment.

Ernest J. Chambers, the well-known young journalist, is editing in chief the *Calgary Herald* (daily and weekly) and the *Alberta Live Stock Journal*. He is an acquisition to the Northwest.

Mr. L. E. Embree, B. A., the newly appointed head master of the Parkdale High School, brings an experience of twelve years in teaching, besides being the winner of several scholarships and a silver medal in the Toronto University.

In the death of Mr. Boyd Caldwell, which occurred at his residence in Lanark, last week, Canada loses one of her millionaires, and the county of Lanark one of its most prominent and esteemed citizens. He was born in Lochwinnoch, Scotland, in 1818.

## WITHIN THE NIGHT.

(THE MINNESINGER.)

I stood within the shadows of the Night,  
The weary lonesome night,  
And Sorrow, with her charioteer of Death,  
Went by with eyes affright.

And ever upward from the darken'd depths  
Of Life's sad troubled sea,  
The cry of stricken hearts came ceaseless from  
Pale lips of agony.

And joyous Hope with ruddy Mirth was there,  
In revel girt with light.  
The glow of Youth, the wail of wild Despair,  
Beneath me in the Night.

And lo! in sadness bent a man of years  
Upon a broken lyre,  
Whose golden strings no breath divine had swept,—  
Touch'd not with sacred fire.

An humble singer of that lowly band,  
Whose harpings, sweet withal,  
Strength have not as the bards of finer mould,  
Who through the ages call.

And gazing heavenward to the silent stars,  
From earth and earthy things,  
His soul went forth in earnest, pure desire,  
On faith's most holy wings:

"Father, I pray that thou would'st deign for me,  
Within thy vineyard grand,  
One little flower, although of low degree,  
To raise with trembling hand.

One little song-bud born from out the heart,  
Which unto men might be,  
Amidst the turmoil of the world's great mart,  
A still, small voice from Thee."

Montreal.

JOHN ARBORY.

## LAKE WINNIPEG FISHERIES.

A trip to Swampy Island, Reindeer Island, or the mouth of the Big Saskatchewan at this time of the year, says the Winnipeg correspondent of the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, gives some insight into the enormous white-fish industry of Lake Winnipeg. Professional fishing was commenced on the lake in 1884 by Reid & Clarke, who made fortunes out of it. The largest part of the business consists almost altogether in supplying Chicago, Detroit, New York, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other large American cities with the Lake Winnipeg white-fish, which occupy a special place on the bills of fare of all large hotels. During September the number of men employed is greatly increased, and large numbers of Indians are hired every day. An outfit consists of numerous boats and a large tug; each boat handles about twenty nets, while the tug handles from forty to sixty. Although fishing was not started this year till June 12th, one firm have already sent to their headquarters at Selkirk over 1,200,000 pounds of salted fish, 800 boxes of frozen fish (130 pounds to the boxes), and from twenty to twenty-five tons of fresh fish. The boats are generally clinker built, one-half deck, carrying a main and fore sail. Each boat sets a "gang" or 9,450 feet of net at one time. The plant of the fishing companies amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars in value. The lake is probably the most productive on the continent. On Lake Huron if thirty nets get 1,500 pounds or 300 fish, the catch is called excellent. On Lake Winnipeg sixteen nets take 2,500 fish or 10,000 pounds in one night, and it is not considered extraordinary. Our advantage is over three times greater than this, for while the nets are lifted but every third day on Lake Huron, they are lifted daily on Lake Winnipeg. Fishermen all agree that they never knew what fishing was till they "struck" Manitoba. The fishing is carried on in winter as well as in summer, but not by the professionals. In winter holes fifteen fathoms apart are cut in the ice and the nets inserted and passed under by means of long poplar poles through the water from hole to hole. The Indian dogs or hunkies haul the portable canvas house—like the top of a prairie immigrant waggon on runners—with a sheet iron stove and a supply of fire wood to the "basin holes," and there the nets are "set" and "lifted" in comparative comfort. The fish caught in summer are either artificially frozen or salted before being shipped to the United States. In the winter they are frozen and transported without the assistance of refrigerator cars. In 1886, 214,000 pounds of salt white-fish were shipped to Minneapolis alone. The industry must grow to enormous proportions, for besides Lake Winnipeg—8,500 square miles in an area—we have Lake Manitoba, 1,600 square miles; Winnipegosis, 1,936 square miles; also Nepigon, Rainy Lake, Lake St. Joseph, Lake Seul, and others. Great Bear Lake, 10,000 square miles, and Great Slave, 12,000 square miles, are at present inaccessible, but in a few years they, too, will come within range of the Canadian and American markets.

A GOOD VOICE.—There is no doubt that one of the most useful qualifications of an orator is a good voice. Burke failed in the House through the lack of it, while William Pitt, through the possession of it, was a ruler there at the age of 21. Mr. Lecky says that O'Connell's voice, rising with an easy and melodious swell, filled the largest building and triumphed over the wildest tumult, while at the same time it conveyed every inflexion of feeling with the most delicate flexibility. The great majority of celebrated orators have been aided by the possession of a good voice. Webster's voice, on the occasion of his reply to Senator Dickinson, had such an effect that one of his listeners felt all the night afterward as if a heavy cannonade had been resounding in his ears. Garrick used to say that he would give a hundred guineas if he could say "Oh!" as Whitefield did. Mr. Gladstone's voice has the music and the resonance of a silver trumpet.



"Silence is golden," which may account for the belief of many that silence at times indicates guilt.

A travelled blue nose says: "They can't begin fur till give an eddication in New Brunswick like they can in Massachewters."

An American woman is now second in command of the German army—the wife of Von Waldersee. Come to think of it, perhaps she is first in command.

The *Buffalo Courier* announces that "the Hon. Peter Mitchell, formerly Minister of Marine and Fisheries, conducts the baseball department of the *Montreal Herald*."

When a preacher in Hutchinson, Kan., announced as his text last Sabbath, "Ye are the salt of the earth," the congregation rose simultaneously and indulged in prolonged cheering.

"I suppose Miss Astergoold's rejection of young Snipkins nearly broke his heart?"

"No, it didn't break his heart, but it busted his scheme to go abroad on her money."

Young physician (pompously)—Yes, I've called at Mr. Brown's three times a day for a week. He is a very sick man, Miss Smith.

Miss Smith—He must be by this time.

"What do you publish a paper for, I'd like to know?" sarcastically enquired an irate politician, tackling a country editor.

"For two dollars a year, in advance," responded the editor, "and you owe me for four years."

"What is that you are wearing?" asked the farmer of his fair city boarder.

"Oh, that's my red Jersey."

"All right," was his reply, "but don't go near my brown Jersey over in the fields, unless you are good at climbing trees."

An Eastern traveller was asked to write a line in a lady's album. He wrote: "L'habitude de vivre avec les bêtes m'a rendu indulgent pour les femmes." He signed his name. The lady underlined it with this: "L'habitude de vivre avec les hommes m'a rendu indulgent pour les bêtes." She signed her name.

"Father, the papers say you 'officiated at the wedding, clad in the traditional garb of the clergy.' What does traditional mean?"

"Traditional, my son," replied the poor minister, as he looked at his suit of black with a sigh, "refers to things that have been handed down."

TOASTING THE DOCTORS.—At the late annual meeting of the Indiana State Medical Society, a telegram was received from Bill Nye as follows: "Sorry I cannot be there. May you and associates continue to take life easily, as heretofore. Bill Nye." This was received with great applause, which commenced as a murmur and increased to a roar, as the joke gradually percolated.

She was sitting in the parlour with her beau when the old man came down stairs and opened the front door.

"Surely, papa," she said, "you are not going out at this late hour?"

"Merely to untie the dog," he replied.

"Well, Miss Clara," said the young man, and reaching for his hat, "I think I will say good night."

A young man failed to receive an invitation to a surprise party, to which many that he knew were specially invited. He brooded over it awhile, and then stole a march on all the others by inviting the young lady, in whose honour the party was, to go with him to the theatre. Not knowing of any other arrangement, she gladly accepted, and after the performance he suggested a lunch, thereby making the other party, kept waiting for her return, literally one of surprise.

Scene in the office of M. Pasteur:

Sufferer—"Doctor, I have come to consult you as a last resort. Can you do anything to relieve me from the consequences of these wounds?"

Doctor—"Those are a little the worst dog bites I ever saw."

Sufferer—"Doctor, those are not dog bites. They are Jersey musquito bites."

Doctor—"My dear sir, I can do nothing for you. Next!"

An amusing scene was witnessed at the post office corner on Monday. A distinguished-looking and well-dressed man bought a newspaper from a newsboy, handing him in exchange five coppers.

"Now you don't," said the boy. "They are no good here. This ain't Ontario."

The distinguished-looking man, with a pained and indignant look, handed back the paper and returned the five coppers to his pockets.

He was one of the Ontario excursionists who did not share the Northwest contempt for cents.





NEAR ENOUGH.

SHE: Do you make any reduction to clergymen?  
 GALLANT OLD CONFECTIONER: Always; are you a clergyman's wife?  
 SHE (BLUSHING): Oh, no; I am not married.  
 G. O. C. (BECOMING INTERESTED): Daughter, then?  
 SHE (BLUSHING DEEPER): No; but I—I am engaged to a theological student.

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8.15 p.m. Arrive	Montreal	Leave 8.00 a.m.
6.50 p.m. "	St. Hyacinthe	" 9.10 a.m.
5.32 p.m. "	Richmond	" 10.45 a.m.
2.15 p.m. Leave	Point Levi	Arrive 2.00 p.m.
9.15 a.m. "	Rivière du Loup	" 6.45 p.m.
8.54 a.m. "	Cacouna	" 7.08 p.m.
6.00 a.m. "	St. Flavie	" 10.30 p.m.

Making connections at Montreal with trains to and from the West and South and at Richmond with trains to and from the East. For excursion tickets and full information, apply to Ticket Agents.

JOSEPH HICKSON,  
General Manager.

Montreal, June 8th, 1888.

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## DOMINICA Lime Fruit Juice

Pure and undiluted.  
Wholesome,  
Purifies the Blood,  
Refreshing,  
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Cooling,  
Absolutely free from Alcohol.

Lyman, Sons & Co.,  
MONTREAL.

Pts., Qts. (Imp. Measure.)

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DICKSON'S BEEF TEA.

Contains no Insoluble, Unassimilable Sediment. Delicious! The Best Made! Nutritious!  
Is Supplied to the British House of Commons.

Wholesale Agents: **C. A. LIFFITON & CO.**, Proprietors Aome Coffee & Spice Mills,  
327 & 329 St. James Street, and St. Gabriel Locks, Montreal.

## THE Canadian Pacific Railway

has provided its usual extensive list of tourist tickets to the various summer resorts of Canada and New England, which may be obtained at its different agencies at very reasonable rates.

Among the most desirable localities covered by these tickets may be mentioned Banff, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore, and San Francisco. The sleeping and dining cars of the company's transcontinental trains are proverbial for their comfort and luxury, and now that the hotels at Banff, Field, Glacier, Fraser Cañon and Vancouver are all completed and open for guests, every want of the traveller is carefully provided for.

Tourist tickets to the above mentioned points are good for six months and permit stop over at pleasure.

From Montreal the rates are:

To Banff and return. - \$90 00  
 To Vancouver, Victoria,  
 Tacoma, Seattle, or  
 Portland and return, 125 00  
 To San Francisco and re-  
 turn, - - - 140 00

From other stations the rates are proportionately low.

Descriptive books may be obtained of Company's agents, or by addressing the Passenger Traffic Manager at Montreal.

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**50 TEACHERS:** from beginning to graduation, including piano, vocal art, organ, violin, sight-singing, harmony, etc.; also elocution. **Certificates and Diplomas.** Tuition, \$5 and upwards per term. Both class and private instruction. Pupils are charged only from date of entrance. Board and room provided. **FREE ADVANTAGES:** Elementary harmony and violin instruction, lectures, concerts, etc. Calendar mailed on application.

FALL TERM BEGINS WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th. There being private schools bearing names somewhat similar, it is particularly requested that letters for the Conservatory be addressed

**EDWARD FISHER, Director.**  
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**HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,**  
144 St. Lawrence Main Street.



## Sault Ste. Marie Canals.

### Notice to Contractors.

**SEALED TENDERS**, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on **TUESDAY**, the 23rd day of October next, for the formation and construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary.

The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island; the construction of locks, &c. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal; construction of piers, &c.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after **TUESDAY**, the 9th day of October, next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information, relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and be accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further a *bank deposit receipt* for the sum of \$20,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks; and a *bank deposit receipt* for the sum of \$7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, &c.

The respective *deposit receipts*—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The deposit receipt thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. This Department, however, does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tenders.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,  
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.



## St. Lawrence Canals.

### NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

**SEALED TENDERS**, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on **Tuesday**, the 25th day of September next, for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galops Canal. And for the deepening and enlargement of the summit level of the Cornwall Canal. The construction of a new lock at each of the three interior lock stations on the Cornwall Canal between the Town of Cornwall and Maple Grove; the deepening and widening of the channel way of the canal; construction of bridges, etc.

A map of each of the localities together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after **Tuesday**, the 11th day of September next, at this office for all the works, and for the respective works at the following mentioned places:—

For the works at Galops, at the Lock-keeper's House, Galops. For deepening the summit level of the Cornwall Canal, at Dickenson's Landing; and for the new locks, etc., at lock-stations Nos. 18, 19 and 20, at the Town of Cornwall. Printed forms of tender can be obtained for the respective works at the places mentioned.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same and further, a *bank deposit receipt* for the sum of \$6,000 must accompany the tender for the Galops Canal Works, and a *bank deposit receipt* for the sum of \$2,000 for each section of the works on the summit level of the Cornwall Canal; and for each of the lock sections on the Cornwall Canal a *bank deposit receipt* for the sum of \$4,000.

The respective *deposit receipts*—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,  
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.